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MARCH, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

One of the neatest and cleverest characterisations of a literary success that we have heard in a long time was that of Gertrude Atherton, who, in a recent casual conversation, referred to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* as "David Harum's Widow."

An amusing blunder which we found in the London *Academy* a few weeks ago seemed somehow very much out of place in that usually careful weekly. It occurred in a review of Jacob Riis's *The Battle With the Slum.* A fine portrait of Jacob Riis forms the frontispiece," wrote the critic, "and we note a curious resemblance to Mr. Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley." As Mr. Dunne and Mr. Riis do not look at all alike, this line very naturally caught our attention. Taking up the volume, we find that the caption of the frontispiece reads "A Valiant Battler with the Slum." The portrait is one of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

On Magazines and Manuscripts.

It was only the other day that she told us all about it and, with just a little mingled hesitation and defiance, asked our advice. Then, the barriers down, she rattled on somewhat nervously in a strain that proved to us that it was not, after all, our advice that she wanted, or, at any rate, had ever thought of following, but our unqualified approbation. It was not by any means, she confided, the first thing that she had written, but her lack of success in finding acceptance formerly she attributed to the fact that she had proffered her work in the "wrong way," by which we found she meant the regular way. "I simply sent it in to the magazines, just as all outsiders do; and it came back, just as all outsiders' work comes back." This time she was going to act very differently. She had decided to send it to, let us say, the *Century.* She had once met Mr. Gilder, or was it Mr. Johnson or Mr. Buell, of an evening. She had told him that she adored literature and herself cherished literary aspirations. She wanted to do a little something in the line of George Meredith or Thomas Hardy. The aforesaid Mr. Gilder, or Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Buell had said: "Oh," or "Indeed," or that he was very glad to hear it. Whatever it was that he said, she considered it most significant. Did not we think likewise? So she was going to write him a nice long letter in which she would recall their meeting and his remark, and tell him diffusively all about her manuscript and her literary work. "You know you really must have a personal pull to begin with. Without it the magazines will not pay any attention to your work."

While we did not give her exactly that hearty approbation which she expected, we refrained from attempting any wholesome advice simply because we knew that it would do absolutely no good. If hers were an individual case, what she said and what she thought would have but little interest and significance. But there are thousands of literary beginners in the country to-day who are thinking and saying exactly the same thing. Constantly we are being asked about that "pull"

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which is needed at the start. It is a very convenient term in a way. It has charitably covered and excused away a great deal of incapacity. "No; ——'s magazine didn't accept my story. They only take things from people who have a 'pull.' It's no use sending them anything unless you have." So we suppose that we are not polite to everybody when we say frankly and flatly that this much discussed "pull" does not exist, and that if the persons who talk about it would consider the matter sensibly, they would see that it never could exist, and for very obvious reasons. While we do not wish to disparage the benignity and amiability of all editors, it is not wrong to point out that an editor will naturally think of himself and his own reputation first of all. If he were to accept your manuscript because you have a "pull," or be influenced in any material way by the so-called "pull," he might be doing you a little temporary good, but he would be doing himself irreparable harm, and would probably very soon cease to be an editor. He is in most cases responsible to the firm which owns the magazine and which pays him, and above and beyond them, always to the people who buy and read it. We are not trying to point out that he would be dishonest; simply that he would be a fool. And since human nature is human nature, you cannot seriously expect such self-sacrifice.

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Yet, having said this much, we are going to contradict it, or, at least qualify it by saying that there is one kind of a "pull" which is always effective and which is at the disposal of every person who is willing to make use of it. That is simply a carefully prepared manuscript submitted with the proper courtesy and consideration. For instance, on the first page of this magazine there appears every month a notice requesting that all manuscripts be sent "To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN" and not to either of the editors personally. This is more than a mere formality, and yet by the contributors to this and probably all other magazines it is a request that is continually being ignored, perhaps because of a belief that a manuscript addressed personally and marked "personal" will receive more prompt and favourable consideration. It should be obvious that this is just the reverse of the truth. Probably in all magazine offices manuscripts are received in much the same way. When sent properly they are opened. The title, the name and address of the sender and the date of receipt are entered in a book kept for that purpose and the manuscript placed in a box, or drawer, or a set of pigeonholes. Soon those manuscripts which for some reason or other are seen at once to be "not available" are sorted out and returned, and the remainder held for final decision. Of course, occasionally, manuscripts are lost through carelessness or indifference in magazine offices, but when they are sent in "the regular way" the percentage is, we think, very small. On the other hand when they are sent personally the loss is undoubtedly much greater, and we cannot honestly say that the sufferers are entitled to much sympathy. A magazine editor goes away on a trip for business or pleasure, and when these "personal" letters, which have naturally been forwarded, overtake him, what is he to do with them? He is perhaps on his summer vacation, and perhaps finds himself in Paris. The morning after *La Savoie* has arrived in Havre with the American mail he walks round to 7 Rue Scribe or to 31 Boulevard Haussmann. A bundle of innocent-looking envelopes is given him. He opens them. Out of the first drops "Sonnets from the Sanskrit;" from the second, "The Cake Walkers' Christmas;" from the third, "Did Bacon Write Shakespeare?" and so on. Oh! the joy of going about Europe with a bushel or two of these, with the consciousness of the curses of the senders in far away America hanging over him, and the thoughts of the New York Custom House looming up in front! Is it entirely his crime if one of these manuscripts should slip out of his dressing-case when he is making a quick change? No; in fact, if he were indeed the vicious, vindictive, cold-blooded creature that many paint him, he would probably take the whole bundle, and——

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Edgar Allan Poe on Cryptography.

An interesting chapter in the life of Edgar Allan Poe, which seems to have been forgotten by most people, although it is curiously illustrative of one important side of his genius, is that which showed his great

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power in the matter of unravelling and deciphering secret writings. In "The Gold Bug," he gave a singularly lucid description of the method of translating a cipher message. At first sight the cipher in "The Gold Bug," with its mingling of letters, figures and symbols, appears bafflingly formidable; but after Poe has started us on the scent by pointing out to us that which should have been at once perfectly obvious, we are ready and eager to carry out the reading of the message for ourselves. But Poe was not only able to invent and analyse systems of secret writing; he stood ready to decipher those which others would submit to him. He even went so far as to assert, in a Philadelphia weekly paper on which he was employed, that no cipher could be sent to him that he would not be able to resolve. This challenge excited a lively interest among the readers of the paper, and letters were sent to him from all parts of the country. In many cases the writers were not strictly scrupulous in observing the conditions of the challenge. Foreign languages were used. Words and sentences were run together without interval. Several alphabets were employed in the same cipher. And yet out of, perhaps, one hundred ciphers received there was but one which Poe did not succeed immediately in solving, and that one was proved to be an imposition, a jargon of random characters having no meaning whatever.

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But the world is full of suspicious and distrustful people (those persons for instance who inquire darkly whether we do not ourselves compose the letters which are answered in the Letter-Box); and by the public at large, Poe's feat was looked upon in the light of a gigantic humbug. Some averred that the mysterious characters were inserted for the purpose of giving an odd look and thereby advertising the paper. Others fancied that Poe not only solved the ciphers, but put them together for solution. In fact, very few, with the exception of those who had written the ciphers, really believed in the authenticity of the answers. And it was with the hope of dispelling these ideas of deception that Poe afterward wrote his papers on "Secret Writing" in the pages of *Graham's Magazine*. The first method of cryptography which Poe attacked and riddled was that of the *scytalæ* of the Spartans, long considered impossible of solution. The *scytalæ* were two wooden cylinders, precisely similar in all respects. The general of an army, starting on an expedition, received one of these cylinders, while the other remained in Sparta. To communicate, a narrow strip of parchment was so wrapped round the *scytala* that the edges of the skin fitted accurately each to each. The writing was then inscribed longitudinally, and the letter unrolled and dispatched. The general addressed had only to wrap the second cylinder in the strip to read the message. But as Poe pointed out, certain solution was easy enough. The strip intercepted, let there be prepared a cone of great length. Let the strip be rolled on the cone near the base, edge to edge; then still keeping edge to edge, and holding the parchment close to the cone, let it be slipped gradually toward the apex. In this way some of the letters whose connection is intended will come together at that point of the cone where its diameter equals that of the *scytala* on which the cipher was written; a similar cylinder can be obtained and the message read.

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One of the principal means of devising a cipher, as Poe pointed out, is to take as the key some phrase or name or title containing just the number of letters of the alphabet, and then for "a" to use the first letter of the phrase, for "b" the second, for "e" the fifth, etc. For instance, if we were to propound the cipher: "RM EEHMEERRIEOKIRCEEHTOETOE TFCIEOFEEORTH" in THE BOOKMAN, all our astute readers (and that of course means them all), after a brief, superficial study, would discover that we were at our old tricks again, that we had taken as a key "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," a title which happens to contain just twenty-six letters, and would glibly read our cipher: "If you decipher this you are a real Sherlockian." But the cryptograms in which Poe delighted were not of this simple nature, and in his second challenge to readers, through the pages of *Graham's Magazine*, he invited ciphers of which the key-phrase might be in English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin,

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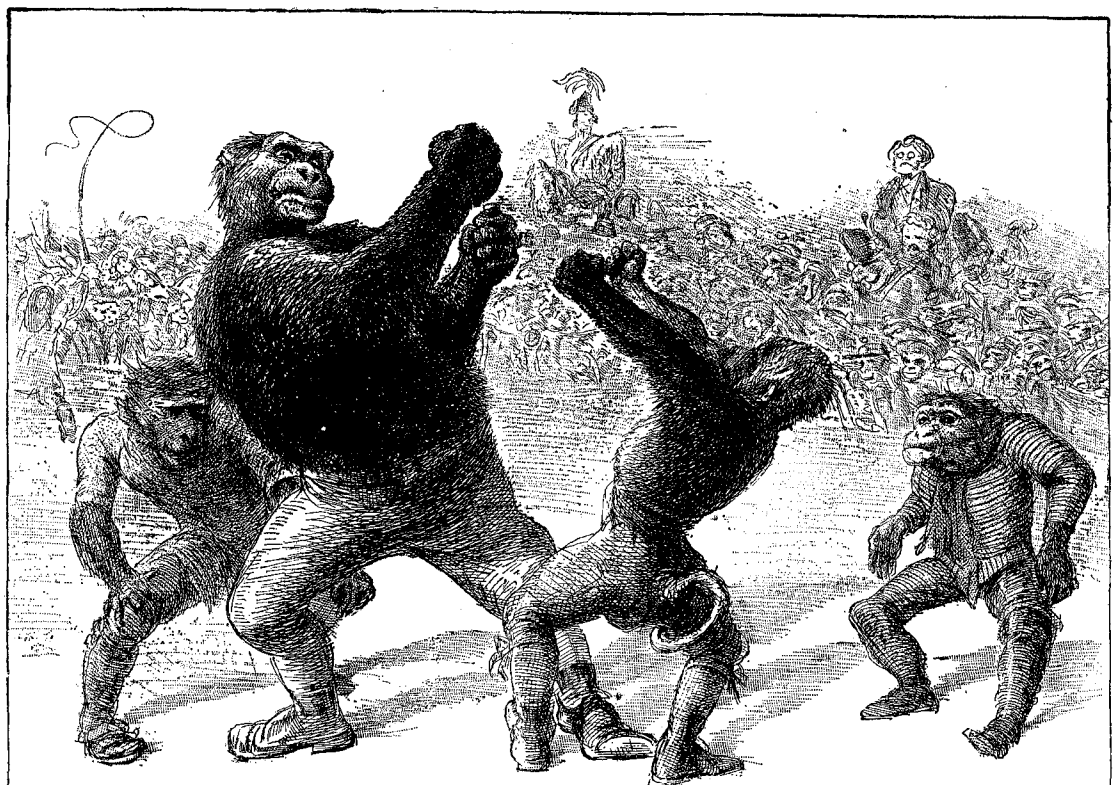

THE FIGHT BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS. THE FIGURE OF THACKERAY LOOMS UP AT THE RINGSIDE.

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or Greek, or in any of the dialects of these languages. Although there were but few responses to this challenge, the complex and intricate nature of these responses, and the swift and unerring manner in which Poe solved them, served to bear out in no doubtful way Poe's contention that undecipherable cryptogram had never yet been found.

In the article on William Harrison Ainsworth in the February number we omitted giving credit to the Lippincott Company, who are the American publishers of the Windsor edition. For the portrait of Mr. James L. Ford in the January number, credit should be given to Miss Ben Yusuf.

Thackeray and the Prize Ring.

The subject of the accompanying curious bit of Thackerayana is the famous fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," in 1858. Some of the newspaper accounts of the battle reported Thackeray as having been present with a number of his literary friends and members of both Houses of Parliament. But this Thackeray denied. "If so," he wrote in the *Roundabout Paper* "On Some Late Great Victories," "I must have walked to the station in my sleep, paid three guineas in a profound state of mental abstraction, and returned to bed unconscious, for I certainly woke there about the time that history relates that the fight was over. I do not know whose colours I wore—the Benician's or those of the Irish champion—which, indeed, no somnambulist is bound to recollect." Despite this denial, Thackeray's literary predilections for making use of the language and figures of the prize ring were such that the artist could not allow the chance to escape. Paul du Chaillu had just returned from Africa, and his book on gorillas was being much talked about. Hence the appearance presented by Heenan and Sayers and their seconds in the ring.

The Count de Montesquiou.

It was unfortunate for Count Robert de Montesquiou that the "bright young men" on the New York *Sun* saw in him such excellent material for their wittiest and most diverting "copy." Montesquiou is a man of about forty, coming of a really good family in France, and possessed of ample means, whose sole interest in life is the pursuit of those finer and more delicate shades of literary and artistic criticism which the modern Frenchman is forever pursuing. Actually he is no mean critic, a volume of his writings in this field having been taken seriously on the other side by some of the least tolerant of modern men of letters. If his mind has a fault, it is the fault of preciosity, amateurishness, over-cultivation, call it what you will—*décadence* even. With him comes his friend, Gabriel de Yturri, a Spaniard, with similar tastes and similar "preciosities." These two have come here seriously to deliver a series of *conférences* on topics entirely out of tune with modern American life and manners. It is inevitable that Montesquiou should be laughed at and derided here. The American spirit is all against him, and perhaps rightly so. But the newspaper "gems" that have appeared from time to time concerning the poor gentleman's plush waistcoats, his *trois mousquetaires* hat, and his orchid shirt collar, are, of course, simply emanations of the Park Row spirit. His vogue in society thus far has been more or less pronounced, but amounts to little more than the idle curiosity which Americans are prone to show for the latest "novelty" from the other side. The Count understands America not in the least, and it is idle to suppose that he will long be taken seriously here.

F. Marion Crawford Interviewed.

"I could not write at all, if I did not delight in such employment," said Mr. F. Marion Crawford, when being interviewed the other day by Mr. Charles Hall Garrett for THE BOOKMAN. "I know of no one who has written many books who would willingly lay down his or her pen. After twenty years of continuous writing it has become second nature to me. I should be unhappy if I stopped. Can you name a well-known writer of romance who is not in harness, or has not died in harness? The writing of a novel is as absorbing to the author as the painting of a picture to a painter or the modelling of a statue to a sculptor, and in criticism

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should be considered in the same light. So you see I do not believe in a novel being written with what is called 'a purpose.' The main aim of the novel is to amuse, and the best way to win the reader's sympathy is to draw some character he would like to be—or it would be good for him to be. Does any artist think of any admonishing, or revolutionising, effect of his work when he is painting, or a sculptor when modelling? Neither should a novelist. That would be preaching and necessarily narrowing to the poetical scope of every endeavour. Of course many great novels have, incidentally, served a purpose, but it has been only secondary, the writer in no way restricting his liberty, or confining himself to pointing a moral.

"Novel writing is much like picture painting," he continued. "That there be correct proportion and distribution, there must be, as in a picture, foreground, middle distance and background, to present a harmonious whole. Nor is this accomplished by commencing without a definite idea and plan, and allowing a novel to develop itself as you write. Some novelists' first work has been done in this way; but it is nothing but luck if the result is satisfactory. The more you

COMTE MONTESQUIOU FÉZENSAC.

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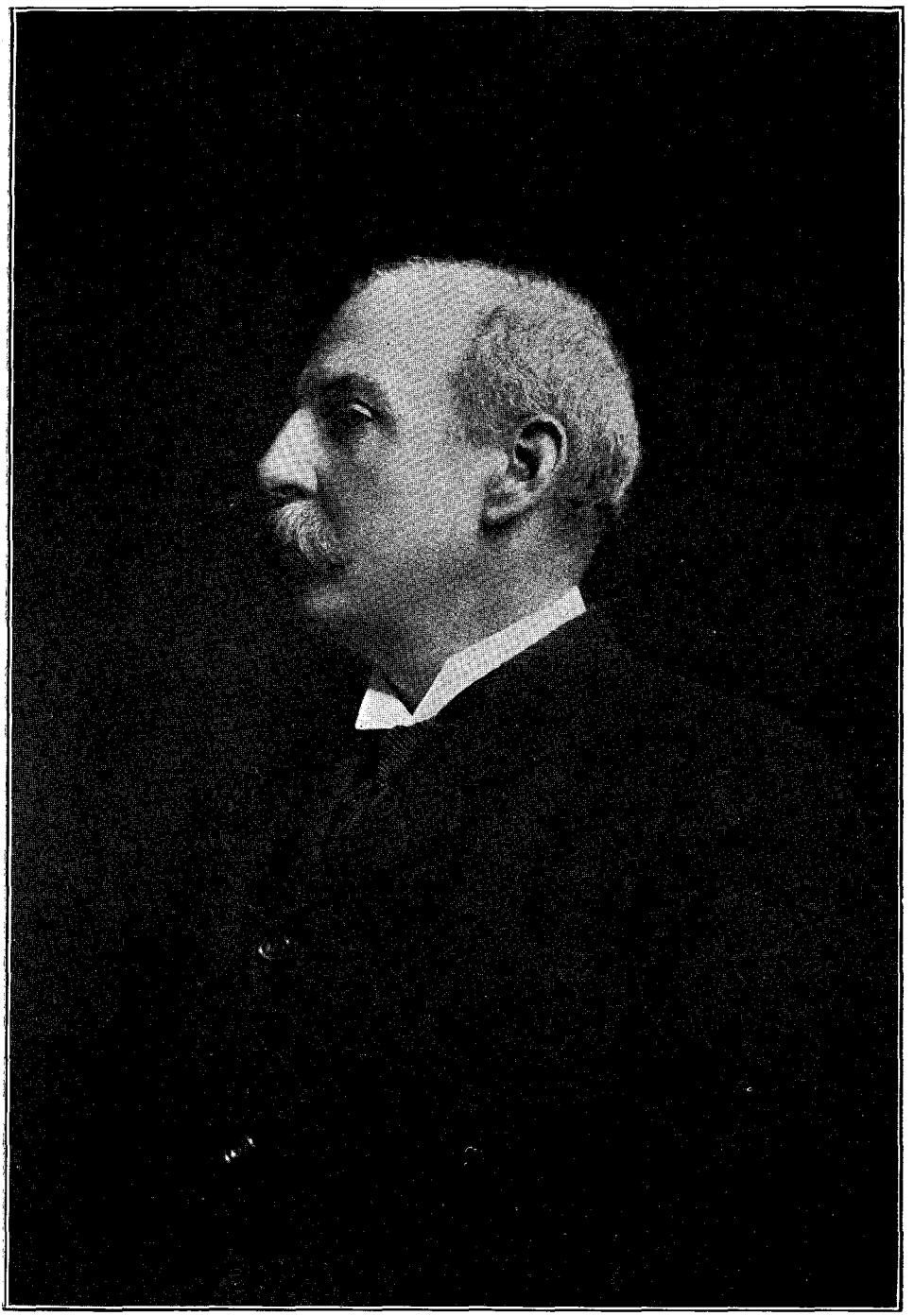

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD. FROM HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

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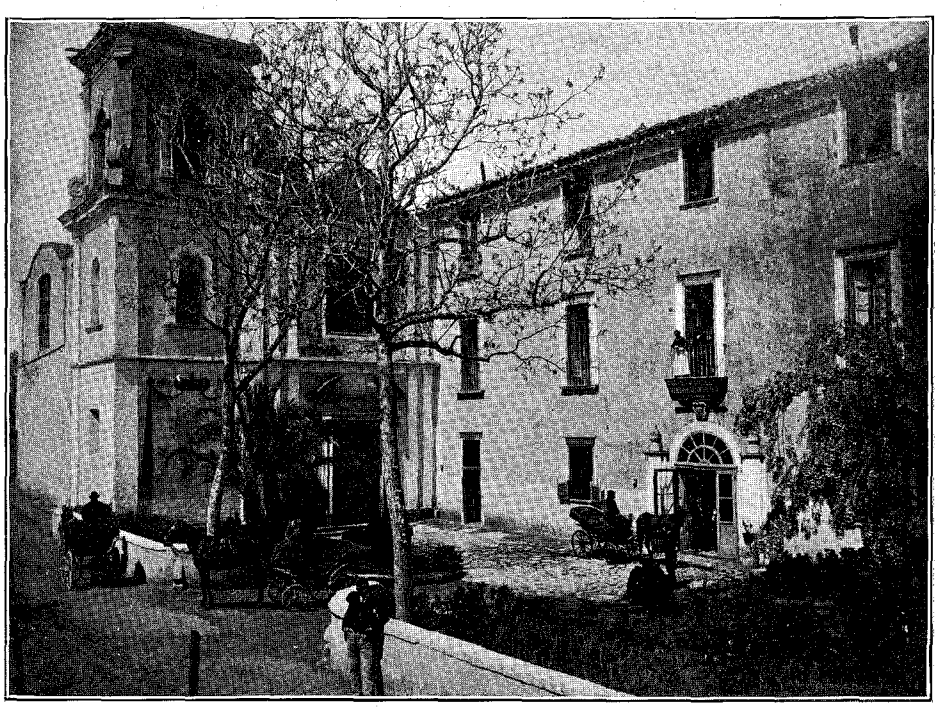
write, the more you realise that good work can only be done by thorough previous planning. I think out my whole story and every detail before putting my pen to paper; so after starting it is not difficult. I had *Cecilia* in my mind, planning it, for two years, while it took me but a few months to put it down. If I were asked how long it takes me to write a novel, I would include all such hours of construction. My first outlining is done on one large sheet of paper; this is seeing of what you have been dreaming, and seeing in your mind's eye for a long time takes shape and come into real existence. It is as much of a pleasure as seeing the likeness of a friend develop before you on a canvas. Yet, you may get to dislike it on account of its not being a good likeness. It is so in writing. You are soon disappointed with what you have done and worked over so long.

"No, my characters are not creatures



THE HOTEL COCUMELLA, AT SORRENTO.

Once a monastery, and now a pension, well known to tourists to this part of Italy. Here Mr. Crawford lived with his family for many years. And in the visitors' book is still to be read, in his minute, clear-cut handwriting, a cordial endorsement to the effect that nowhere else in Europe could be found a similar combination of comfort, courtesy and economy, and that he left only because he was about to enter his own villa in the immediate neighbourhood.

the construction stage. I write over my words and make serious changes, one incident suggesting another, so when I have done with that sheet, the original plan is hardly recognisable. This is the real labour, when you study, argue the value and form the important relations of different parts of the story to one another; after which the flesh must be put on the skeleton, and you must take care not to create a hunchback or a cripple. The rest is an actual pleasure, the pleasure of of invention. It would be as impossible for me to 'invent' a character as for one who had not seen an elephant to draw one. They are evolved out of the brain, in so far as they may be composite, the combined characteristics of many individuals, the result of varied observation. I never knew of one who invented a character. All writers are indebted to people about them, or personages of history. In many cases characters in novels are, largely, portraits of people; with which,"

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he added parenthetically, "they may, or may not be, pleased; you run that risk. Some persons suggest a story. The foundation of all fiction is real, and is only an attempt to present real life to the reader from a point of view. Essential to good handling is knowledge of the locality, its environments and atmosphere, in which you place your story. I always write of one which I know; having what may be called a visual memory, I never forget a place I have once visited, I can recall it pictorially, and years afterward am as familiar with it as if it were but yesterday I was last there. But it is not necessary in romance that you be accurate in your description; though it is in historical work. In fiction it matters little if a house is on one side of a road or the other.

VIEW OF THE BAY OF NAPLES FROM THE HOTEL COCUMELLA.

"A novel's lease of life depends upon its human interest; it is bettered if its subject is of permanent interest, and if it is historical, but paramount is its human interest—that which appeals to the manhood or womanhood of you. Let me prove this by citing Mr. Churchill's *Crisis*. It is of historical and permanent interest, and I know continues to have large sales, and I am sure will continue to sell for those reasons, while novels quite properly dealing with topics of the times, valuable as literature and important in their way, gradually drop off and cease to sell. It is the novel's subject that is responsible for its length of life. A novel with great human interest may at the outset, as *Ben-Hur,* have hardly any sale, but sooner or later it will be unearthed and recognised. I remember, in 1882, finding on my uncle's table a copy of *Ben-Hur*. It had been out for some time, but had not been talked about. I opened it at the chariot race, and read it with absorbing interest; then I turned to the first chapter and read the book through. Probably five hundred persons besides myself read it at that time and appreciated it; they told their friends, and to-day *Ben-Hur* sells steadily. That is a typical case. Before its enormous sale in the United States, and before General Wallace realised the importance of his work, *Ben-Hur* was published abroad in cut-up editions. He took very little interest in its sale; it was the book

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with him; and it was not until those mangled editions had been selling for some time that he awoke to the advantage it would be to him to protect himself. I was in Constantinople when he was Minister to Turkey, and learned to know him well, a most delightful and interesting man, and a great student. He was at that time collecting material and making studies for the *Prince of India.* His way, also, is thorough preparedness with all the material in hand, and the story minutely thought out and planned before beginning."

After six years of wandering and litigation, the Académie Goncourt has become a legalised institution. The first meeting was held January 11th, when this picture was taken. Seated in the centre is J. K. Huysmans. To his left is Léon Hennique, and to his right J. Rosny. Behind, standing beginning on the right, are Léon Daudet, Lucien Décaves, Paul Margueritte, M. Géffroy and E. Bourges.

Bret Harte in Glasgow.

A writer in a recent number of the London *Literary World* gave an interesting sketch of the late Bret Harte in 1880, when he went to London on his way to take up his duties as American consul at Glasgow. He was the guest for some months of various literary and artistic folk living in or around the metropolis, and was a great favourite in the highest Bohemian circles. He was at that time about forty years of age, and picturesque in appearance and in personality. He wore his hair long, he affected velvet coats and soft hats, and his conversation was full of vivid phrases and weird swear-words that struck strangely on English ears. His numerous stories were humorous and extravagant, and he enjoyed nothing better than to get hold of half-a-dozen good story-tellers and then "swap lies." But almost before his many fascinations had time to tell, his duties called him to Glasgow. His first letter from that Calvinistic city was typical; he described how he arrived in the dreary greyness and dirt and how uninviting and cold his rooms looked, so that he left his keys for his landlady to unpack, and betook himself to an hotel for dinner. When he came back he found his landlady standing on the doorstep with arms akimbo, and she said, "I've unpacked yer kists, and *whaur's yer Bible?*"

It was a miserable mistake to send a joyous, freedom-loving man like Bret Harte to a narrow-minded, money-mak-

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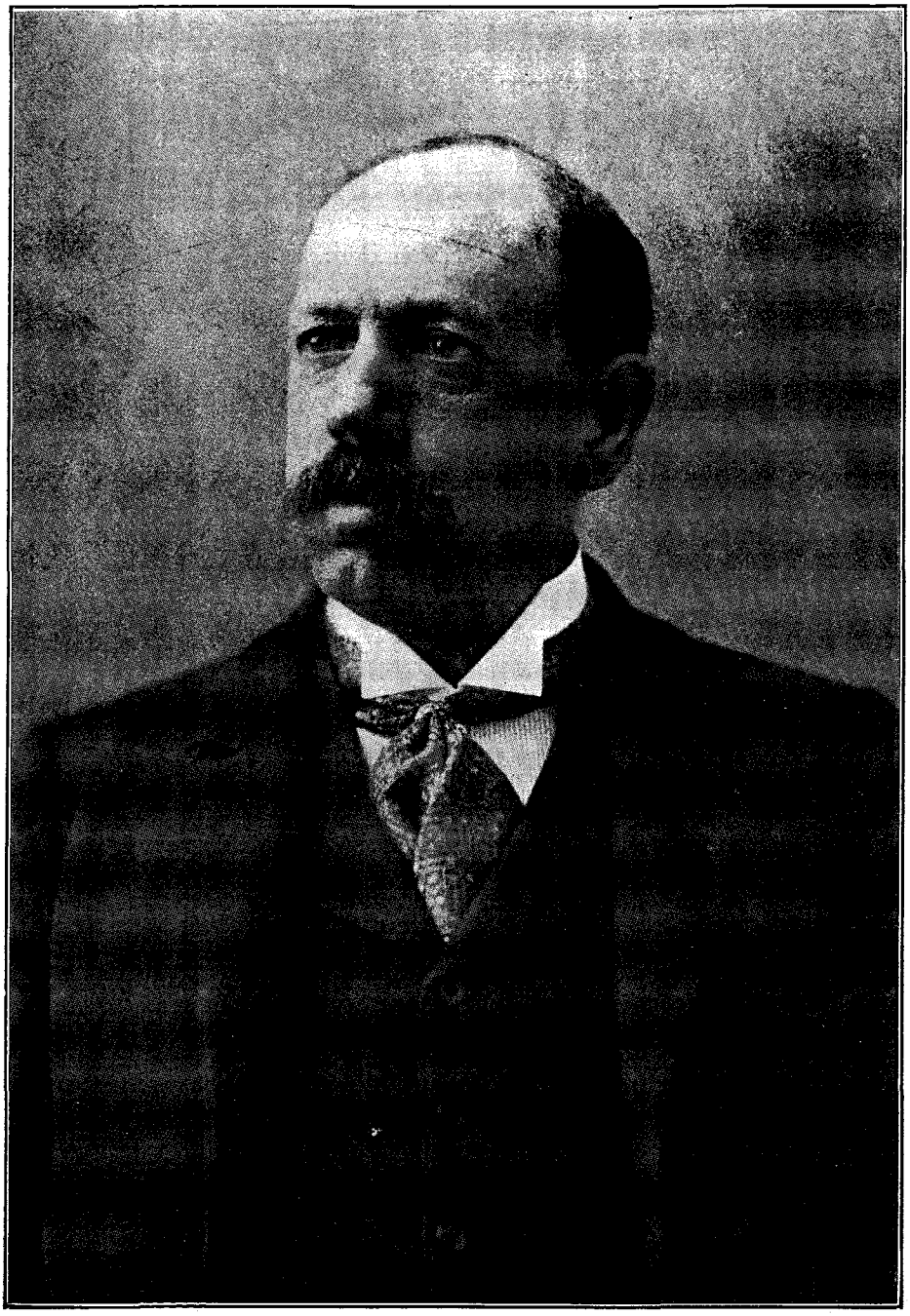

JULIAN RALPH. DIED JANUARY 20, 1903.

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ing place like Glasgow, where humour and beauty are alike regarded as wicked. He hated the town and he hated his duties, and he always slipped off to London and Paris whenever he could. He had left his wife in America with his sister. But the real Bret Harte never appeared in London again; both person and appearance changed: he put it down himself to two accidents that happened to him—first, he met Oscar Wilde, and immediately went and had his hair cut; and, secondly, in showing a friend how to pull the trigger of a gun with his toe he shot himself in the mouth and, though not seriously injured, the lips never had the old mobility which had given such charm to his story-telling and his smile. After five years of Glasgow, Bret Harte settled in the north of London with his friends, the Van de Welds, and though he sometimes appeared at the Academy private view or like places, he dropped out of the old gay circle in which he had shone for those brief few months, and gradually retired more and more into private life. Then came his death last year at the age of sixty-three, then the news that he had left but some three hundred pounds, and finally a paragraph stating that Mme. Van de Weld had erected a tombstone to his memory in Frimley Churchyard.

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The Egregious English.

The war started by Mr. T. W.H. Crosland with *The Unspeakable Scot* goes merrily on, Briton is soundly belabouring Briton, and when to *The Egregious English* are added the *Irrational Irish* and the *Wicked Welsh,* the British Islands will all be a gorgeous literary Donnybrook Fair. And perhaps after all these books have been written and read and abused, we shall learn that Mr. T. W. H. Crosland has been the author of them all, for if you will look at the picture of him that was printed in THE BOOKMAN a few months ago, you will decide that nothing he could perpetrate in the way of a literary hoax would surprise you. For, as some one very fittingly but inelegantly expressed it, he looks "like an old bird." "Angus McNeill," the name which on the title-page is given as that of the author of *The Egregious English,* is too obviously Caledonian to command absolute confidence. To be sure, there is a Major Angus John McNeill, whose name is to be found in the English *Who's Who,* but we do not suspect him. The "Angus" in this case has a little too much local colour. We believe that his existence is as purely mythical and hypothetical as that of Alphonse and Gaston, and in reading *The Egregious English* we find ourselves continually studying some passage in the hope of catching a resemblance to some other passage in *The Unspeakable Scot.*

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The Englishman as you see him in *The Egregious English* is not a nice man; in fact, he is almost but not quite so objectionable as the Scotchman who was depicted in *The Unspeakable Scot.* At the very beginning, Angus McNeill assures you that it is the Englishman's instinct to take himself for the head and front of the universe; but Max O'Rell told us the same thing a good many years ago, and many others said it long before Max O'Rell. In fact, the Englishman himself will not strenuously deny the impeachment, and so there is no libel in that; only Angus McNeill starts out vigorously to prove that the idea is entirely a false one. In many cases it is the *tu quoque* method that he adopts toward Mr. Crosland. The latter asserted that the Scotchman was a drunkard; Angus calls back that the Englishman is a "soak," and that even if the man north of the Tweed does like his "wee drap" once in a while, he likes it with discrimination; whereas the Englishman spends his days and nights guzzling the vilest of liquors for the pure sake of guzzling. It is a very pretty little set of epithets that these gentlemen fling at each other across the border. If the Scotchman is a trifle penurious, argues Angus McNeill, very well, there is a fine dignity in thrift. The Englishman is, on the other hand, ostentatiously and vulgarly prodigal. His prodigality springs in nowise from any generous impulses, but from the love of display and from that corruption which the spirit of speculation has instilled in his mind. The English Army, as Mr. McNeill points out, was tried in the war in South Africa, and was found to be rotten and inefficient; the Navy, he is convinced, is in much the same way. The

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Englishman's cloak of religious sanctity is all humbug and hypocrisy; his method of education does not educate. When he is not a barbarian, he is a Philistine; and instead of being the "first chop" he is, as a matter of fact, in the racial scale somewhat below the "Conch nigger."

It is in a way a tribute to Mr. Kipling that Angus McNeill in his desire "to get back at" Mr. Crosland for the latter's chapter about Robert Burns, whom he summed up as "an incontinent yokel" with a taste for metricism, should single out the author of "Mandalay" as his chief point of attack. But in this, Angus McNeill has not been nearly so clever as was Mr. Crosland. Mr. Crosland made out a very shrewd case against Burns, although it was not one that could in any way change our opinions, or, indeed, that was intended to do so. The gist of Angus McNeill's yowl is that Mr. Kipling is neither "a scholar nor a gentleman." He refers to "Tommy Atkins" as being in Kipling's "usual vulgar manner." Tested by sales and the amount of dust he has managed to kick up, Mr. Kipling should be a poet of parts. But Angus McNeill assures us that he has already

KATHERINE G. THURSTON. AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCLE."

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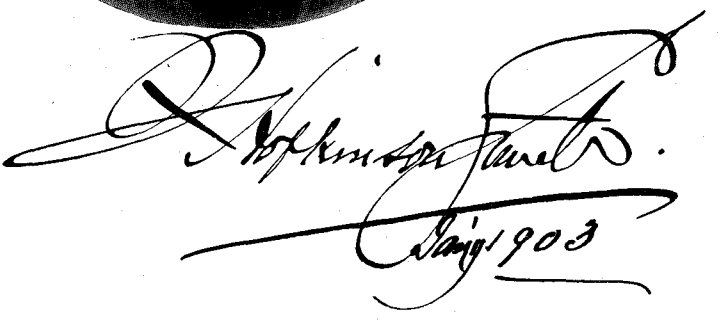
outlived his reputation. Most of his poems are already forgotten. It is doubtful if the next generation will know anything about him, and if it does it will be only as the author of three pieces—"The Recessional," "The Envoi," appended to "Life's Handicap," and "Mandalay." All the rest is about as dead and forgotten as "the costersongs of yesteryear." He has not even made a cult; nobody quotes him, nobody believes in him as a poetical master, nobody wants to hear any more of him. His imitators have all gone back to the imitation of better men. If a copy of verses have a flavour of Kipling about it nowadays, editors drop it as they would drop a hot coal. "So much for the poet of empire, the poet of the people, the metrical patron of Thomas Atkins, Esquire."



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Great Sales.

In these days, when the number of copies of a popular novel sold is surpassed in magnificence only by the manner in which information on the subject is imparted to the general public, it is not at all strange that readers occasionally become a trifle puzzled. So many conflicting statements appear in print, some of them from totally unreliable sources. There is one book which we have in mind of which we have seen the sale estimated in various places all the way from eighteen thousand to three hundred and twenty thousand copies. With the idea of getting a little, at least authoritative, light on the subject, we sent out about the beginning of February to all those publishing houses who have had one or more books on THE BOOKMAN lists during the last year a letter in the following form:

MESSRS. .....

GENTLEMEN: Will you kindly let us have your latest advertised figures for the sales of the following books:

.....
.....
.....

We should like to discuss the sale of books at the present day in the Chronicle and Comment of THE BOOKMAN.

Very truly yours,
THE EDITORS OF "THE BOOKMAN."

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your favour of the 28th, we would say that the latest advertised figure on the sale of *Audrey* is 170,000 copies.

Very truly yours,
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Answering your inquiry of the 28th inst., we give you herewith our latest figures for the following books:

The House with the Green Shutters,	21,858
The Hound of the Baskervilles, .	83,558
The Two Vanrevels, ...	80,154

Yours very truly,
MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & Co.

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your note of yesterday, asking for the latest advertised figures for the sale of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* we have not announced any figures except such as are contained in the enclosed slip.* Our reasons for not making public the total sale from time to time have been, (1) the sale, while it has been rather extraordinary, has not yet approached the *great* figures of *Richard Carvel, David Harum, et al;* (2) the sale is so continuous that any figures made public one week would be considerably surpassed before the news got well out, and (3) we have had a kind of sentiment against "working" the public, and making them buy *Mrs. Wiggs* because it is "a big seller." The book itself is too delicate in its motive to be handled in that way—at least, so it seems to some of us.

We do not mind the announcement that the sales of *Mrs. Wiggs* have considerably exceeded two hundred thousand, and are going merrily on. We will give you that much toward the figures—as a guarantee of good faith, and for publication or not as you please.

Sincerely,
WM. W. ELLSWORTH, *Secretary.*

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: We are advertising the 94th thousand of *The Leopard's Spots.*

Very sincerely yours,
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.

* *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is reported as the best-selling book in the United States during the month of December last, and it is a satisfaction to know that it has been bought for itself and for the good there is in it, and not because it has been announced to be in any extraordinary edition, although it has really surpassed in sale any book ever before issued by its publishers. Issued in October, 1901, the sale by Christmas of that year had reached 5555 copies; in December, 1902, on several days the daily output equalled those figures, and the sale between December 1st and December 24th was 62,900. In the first three days of 1903 (when trade is normally at its lowest ebb) 6000 copies of *Mrs. Wiggs* were sold. It goes on like an endless chain. One gets half a dozen copies to send to friends, and the friends buy more copies to send to other friends. As Mrs. Wiggs says: "Seems like good things don't b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else."

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JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In answer to yours of the 28th instant, we beg to enclose a clipping about *The Eternal City* which we sent out to the newspapers. (*Clipping.*—Hall Caine's *The Eternal City,* published by D. Appleton and Company, has reached a sale of 325,000 copies.) We have sold 40,000 copies of *Donovan Pasha.*

Yours truly,

D. APPLETON & COMPANY.

JANUARY 31, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your letter of the 27th, in which you request the advertised figures for the sale of certain of our publications, we regret, at least in this instance, to say that for nearly two years we have neither advertised nor given out for publication the figures of the sales of any of our books.

As you probably know, we are credited with having rather large ideas of what the sale of a successful novel should be, and, admitting this, we are perfectly willing to say that in *Lazarre, The Mississippi Bubble, Hearts Courageous* and *The Fifth String,* these being the books you ask about, we have been in no way disappointed.

In regard to *An Old Sweetheart of Mine.* We understand that it is to-day the best-selling book of verse in the country. We expected a large demand, and prepared for it accordingly, but the *Sweetheart's* popularity was so great that the supply was wholly inadequate. We are glad of this opportunity to apologise to Mr. Riley's many admirers who were disappointed at the holiday time.

Regretting that we cannot give you the definite information asked for, we are,

Yours very truly,

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY.

JANUARY 31, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: Replying to your letter of January 28th, the total editions of *If I Were King* will run about 40,000 copies. I am just getting the last edition of 5000 off the press now, and have already sold about one-quarter of it.

Trusting this information will be sufficient for your purpose, I am,

Very truly yours,

R. H. RUSSELL.

JANUARY 30, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: I have your letter of inquiry with reference to the sale of Ralph Connor's books, and below you will find the totals up to the present. These figures are somewhat approximate, as the books are made not only in New York, but also in Chicago, Toronto and London.

With thanks for giving us the opportunity of supplying this information, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

The Man from Glengarry, . . .	150,000
Glengarry School Days, . . .	80,000

JANUARY 29, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your inquiry of January 28th, I beg to advise you that our latest advertised figures of *The Lady Paramount,* by Henry Harland, are 55,000. The companion volume, *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,* published two years previously, is in its 85th thousand.

Yours truly,

JOHN LANE.

FEBRUARY 6, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: We regret that owing to the writer's absence from the city no reply has been sent to your inquiry of January 28th. We beg to say that we are now printing the 70th thousand of *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,* and have so few copies remaining of the last edition (and these going so rapidly) that by the time your article gets into print, the actual sale will be considerably over 60,000.

Very truly yours,

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.

FEBRUARY 3, 1903.

The Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your recent inquiry, we beg to say that our last advertised figures for the sales of the following books are:

The Crisis, ...	405,000
Dorothy Vernon, ...	125,000
The Conqueror, ...	70,000
The Virginian, ...	190,000
Cecilia, ...	65,000

Yours very truly,

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

The following is the gist of the reply from Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Cavalier, ...	100th 1000
Lives of the Haunted, .	80th 1000

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Ruling Passion, . . .	70th 1000
Ranson's Folly, . . .	50th 1000
Oliver Horn, ...	70th 1000
Captain Macklin, . . .	70th 1000

The letter of the Messrs. Harper is withheld from publication at their request.

The following letter we consider of interest:

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
18 PLACE TOLOZAN,

LYONS, JANUARY 24, 1903.

EDITOR BOOKMAN:

I have just read in your ever-interesting magazine an article on Edgar A. Poe, in which the writer speaks of the editions of Poe in several foreign languages, but makes no mention of Poe in France. The immortal author of "The Raven" is better known in this country than any other American poet. The translation of his stories *Histoires Extraordinaires* by the poet Charles Baudelaire, is very popular here among all true lovers of the highest school of literature. It is illustrated by a number of exquisite etchings, done in the highest art of artistic France. An edition de luxe, bound by Meunier, is offered in this city for twelve hundred francs. The more common paper edition, two large volumes, for fifty francs, is also a work of high art, with fine and appropriate etchings, but little less desirable than the twelve hundred francs edition, if we omit the binding. Editions are also sold for two francs a volume. None of Poe's poems are known in France. In fact, but very few of our poets are known in this country.

Yours truly,
JOHN C. COVERT,
U. S. Consul, Lyons, France.

Mr. Hewitt as a Public Speaker.

Among all the comments called forth by the death of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, we have observed none that contains any adequate recognition of his gifts as a public speaker. Mr. Hewitt would have disclaimed the title of orator, and, indeed, he was not an orator in the popular acceptance of that word. There was no touch of conscious rhetoric in what he said. He never dreamed of dazzling or overwhelming or astonishing an audience. Yet he was, nevertheless, under certain conditions one of the best public speakers whom we have ever listened to. If he had a theme that was very close to his heart and a body of intelligent men as hearers, he could display a power such as is rarely to be found. His great gift was the gift of persuasiveness. His strength was the strength of reason. His charm was the charm of lucidity and simplicity combined. And late in life he attained the art, if art it was, of infusing into what he said a flavour of personality —something that brought you into intimate sympathy with the man himself. When he retired from the mayoralty of New York, and was defeated in his second campaign for the same office, he delivered an address to a meeting of his supporters which was one of the most effective and truly eloquent utterances conceivable. Purely conversational in tone, almost colloquial, it affected his hearers to a degree that is indescribable. Dignity, conviction of right, sincerity, and an unuttered element of pathos were all there, and no one who heard it can forget the impression which was made. Of course, the occasion was one of local interest; and in point of fact, the best of Mr. Hewitt's public utterances dealt with municipal rather than with national themes; and this is why, no doubt, so little has been written of him as a speaker. Had he but developed this gift more fully in the years when he was a party leader, his name would now be far more widely known, and perhaps his own career might have been different in its ultimate development.

A Question of Title.

We have a small grievance against the musical critics. Why don't they decide upon some consistent forms under which they may speak of the artists of the operatic stage? The simplest way would be to give to each singer the courtesy prefix required by his or her nationality, as, for example: Signor Mancinelli, M. Plançon, Mlle. Calvé, and Frl. Ternina. But this would lead to awkwardness, for "Mrs. Eames" and "Mrs. Melba" would scarcely do, especially the latter; and we think that the French rule of describing every woman artist as "Ma-

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dame" is desirable. But what we really wonder at is the latest dodge of giving the men the prefix "Mr.," and then using no definite system at all with regard to the women. We don't suppose that many of the critical fraternity will pay any attention to what we say; but there is Mr. Huneker, who is, we are sure, open to reasonable expostulation. We make a personal appeal to him to tell us why, if he writes (as he always does) "Miss Ternina," he should not write "Miss Calvé" and "Mrs. Gadski"; and if he gives us "Mme. Adams," why not "M. de Reszke." Somehow or other, "Miss Ternina" gets on our nerves and spoils our pleasure in even the best critique.

❧

"Bulgent."

We are not in favour of the promiscuous coinage of new words. A new word, to justify its existence, must be one that is actually needed. That is, it must express either an idea which no other word alone can now express, or it must embody a slight *nuance* which differentiates it from other words which it resembles. To Mr. G. P. Burgin we owe the creation of a new vocable which satisfies the last condition, and which, therefore, we hail with gratitude and admiration. This is the adjective "bulgent." It stands to our mind as essentially distinct from either the existing participle "bulging" or the existing adjective "bulgy." When a person crams something shapeless, huge and incongruous into his pocket, the pocket may then be accurately described as "bulging." For example, if you purchase a porterhouse steak at your butcher's and you carry the raw mass of meat wrapped in brown paper and thrust into the pocket of your spring overcoat, then it is proper to say that your pocket is "bulging." If you do such a thing as this often, your pocket will have, even when empty, a sort of outward slant and flabby droop, which can be best described as "bulgy." But if on some chance occasion you crowd into your pocket a number of neat little packages, such as jewel-cases or *bonbonnières,* then the receptacle is more delicately to be spoken of as "bulgent." We beg Mr. G. P. Burgin to accept our thanks.

AMONG THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES

There is such a wealth of interesting material in the magazines that it is impossible to do justice even to the most essential features in a mere bird's-eye view. We may as well begin with our old friend *Harper's Monthly,* in which we can especially commend an article on Pearline, which is one of the best that has appeared on that popular subject, an illustrated tale of travel by the Totem Pole Route, showing it to be the last place to send a nervous person or one suffering from D. T., and an account of the Oneida Community, revealing quite another phase from that which appears in *Scribner's.* Besides, there is a fantastic romance of a reduced gas bill, showing imagination of a high order, and some delightful examples of the eternal juvenile, of which it is difficult to decide which is the most winning, the brother and sister who await their Malta Vita, the roguish youngster holding up the dollar watch, the dear little tot who

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sits up in bed to take her Shredded Wheat Biscuit, or the little girl who is cured while she sleeps.

Everybody's has an appreciative article on Van Camp's Pork and Beans, handled in quite a new manner, illustrated by a picturesque landscape of the Dutch school, and a peculiarly ingenious offer of what appears on first sight to be a Free Watch, but which on consideration proves to be a Free Catalogue of Watches, which you will admit is not quite the same thing. There is also a paper in which the reader is admonished, "Be Beautiful!" by one lady who sells a hair destroyer, and by another who recommends a hair restorer, and a lady-or-the-tiger-ish story ending, "If you are not cured, let the druggist send the bill to me," in which as to the final outcome both the reader and the druggist are left somewhat in the dark. Then we have the inimitable "His Master's Voice," which I hope the Talking Machine Company will never be tempted to change, and an offer of a piano with a Whole Year's Free Trial, which must make the exploiters of a certain mattress fairly green with envy.

A new appeal for Swift's Hams adorns the cover of *Scribner's*, together with a man in great agony of mind suspended from a huge coffee cup—the initiated have already spelled Postum! On other pages a lady in ball dress struggles with a giant lobster who tries to carry off her salad cream, an impossibly attractive cook is using Aluminum cooking utensils, a man bending over a wash tub might be termed an infringement on Women's Rights, and we deem the Fairbanks Company guilty of *lèse majesté* with their cut of the Heads of the Nations most absurdly decked out in rakish lathers of white soap. The editor of *Scribner's* is peculiarly lavish to his readers, giving them, besides all this interesting and valuable matter (the variety of which can only be hinted at), a number of original illustrated jokes.

In our new friend, *The World's Work*, there is an effective page on Shawknit, a most impressive picture with a popular Southern hotel seen in the distance against Corotesque clouds, a dusky woman, who does not particularly attract us toward Tahiti, and a flippant young woman seated *à la* Geraldine the Stubborn on a can of Lowney's Cocoa. We must not fail to call attention to the interesting series of articles on "It's the hair and not the hat," "It's the hat and not the dress," "It's the feet and not the face," "It's the figure and not the feet," "It's the complexion and not the figure," and so on. The article on the Chickering Piano was written evidently by a believer in programme-music, and the illustration accompanying the announcement of a certain book determines us—short of a breach-of-promise suit—to choose neither woman.

McClure's really gives us a great deal at very little outlay. There is a new and original study of Gold Medal Flour, an interesting description of the process of cutting glass, of a comb that dyes the locks as it passes through, a decidedly decorative notice of the Oceanic Steamship Company, and the announcement of a competition by the makers of the Regal Shoe. Wool Soap has a new little girl starring for it, but she does not lay such siege to our hearts (and backs) as the pathetic little twins with which Wool Soap first made its bow before the public.

The Century contains some very artistic work on Hot Air Pumps, Pearline Girls, Fountain Pens, and noticeably the Tar Soap Lady. The cover is decorated with a delightful colour scheme by the Royal Baking Powder artist, and just inside a fascinating maid opens a can of Libbey's Corned-beef Hash. I am sorry to say that the Father and Mother of Our Country honour the backs of some playing-cards (cannot the ladies of the W. C. T. U. switch off from the canteen on to this?), and the popular author of Hand Sapolio offers yet another story.

The Critic, as behooves it, is more distinctly literary in tone, with accounts of Rare and Curious Books, Artistic Stationery and Desk Ornaments, and Cards from Authors' Agencies, Bureaus for Correcting MSS., and those "untiring people who daily supply one with the thinking of one's critics."

I apologise for neglecting so many features of the magazines with which we are all familiar: "Instruction at Home," "Tooth Washes," "Naphtha Launches," "Lamp Chimneys," "Shingle Stains," "Artistic Mantels," "Model Homes on Easy Payment," our old friends the canned soups, and the placid, united fam-

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ilies seated about various pianolas, angeluses, graphophones, *et al.*

On the whole, one arises from a reading of the magazines distinctly encouraged. It is a literature full of promise—brave, exultant. It might well be prescribed by physicians for patients recovering from the grippe, when one always looks on life through blue spectacles. Why, there is magic in turning over these pages. "The ills that human flesh is heir to"—it is evident that to Hamlet was denied the advantages of a course in magazine reading. In the bright annals of magazine literature there *are* no ills (at least, none that cannot be cured by ME). Here do we not learn that "Deafness can be relieved and prevented," "Pimples may easily be removed," "Intemperance cured by your wife without your knowing it," "Stammering is cured by correspondence," "The fat may easily become thin," and "The thin as easily become fat," "Cancer is cured without the knife," "Rheumatism without medicine," Stomach troubles "without opiates or cathartics," Blindness "by absorption," "Consumptives in the last stages of the disease need no longer worry about the future"?

Sirs, believe me, 'tis a good, kind world. Not only this little matter of no incurable disease, but beauty, health, success, may all be secured by "My system," and here's my "phiz" with my new way of wearing my beard to prove it, and a letter from my best patient from Oklahoma to conquer your last wavering doubt. Positions of trust secured on payment of a postage stamp, six per cent. bearing gilt-edged bonds for the asking, butchers' bills are effete remnants of an unscientifically fed age, gas bills will grow less, and a perfect substitute for coal has been found; while one cannot purchase an article from a couch to a cottage without putting money into one's pocket, so one's wife can easily master the science of growing rich.

Who can deny that the magazines are the most potent champions of romanticism left us to-day? Believe it all? Why, there is a horse smilingly pacing by the side of an automobile, so it would be foolish to strain at gnats. Delightful, transcendently beautiful world of magazine literature! say I, in which the plumbing never leaks, the hard-wood floors never lose their polish, in which the telephone rings not, and the automobile puffs not, neither does it smell. Commend me to it for an hour or two of pure, unadulterated joy!

Annie Nathan Meyer.

THE MURDERER

To them that murder Love, of no avail
  Shall be the penance of a thousand years!
  At every midnight to my soul appears
Upon the sea of sleep a spectral sail;
I see the moonlight wavering and pale
  On the remembered face of him that steers,
  Deep graven with the ghosts of many tears—
The hopelessness of them that love and fail.

And when in the dawn-twilight cold and grey
  I wake, despair and emptiness are mine.
Though I implore, the vision will not stay;
  But on the purple dim horizon line
  There lies a deeper shadow for a sign
That in the night a soul has passed that way.

Elsa Barker.

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FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS

I. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Ten or twelve years after the world first made the acquaintance of Uncle Tom and Topsy and little Eva and St. Clair and "Miss Feely," at a time when the clouds hanging over the nation were blackest, President Lincoln met Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for the first time. "So this is the little woman," he said, "who brought on this big war." For though the question of slavery was the question which had agitated and divided the nation since the early years of the nineteenth century, it had been a question for statesmen and politicians to discuss and for newspapers to wrangle about. It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that carried it into the very homes of the people, rousing those in the North to indignation and stirring the South to resentment. As to whether it was an accurate and conservative description of the existing conditions in the slave-holding States, "a triumph of reality;" or, on the other hand, "a monstrous distortion inspired by Abolitionist fanaticism, and designed to excite sectional discord," it is not easy to say. By few if any of those who read it as it appeared serially in the *National Era,* or when it was first published in book form, was it judged with any degree of dispassion. To some of them it seemed "infamous," to others "inspired." Consequently, there has probably never been another book which calls out so many diverse opinions. Those who discussed it in print were in no mood to do so with restraint and judgment. The novel, the piece of literary work, was lost sight of in the cause it championed, and each critic found in it the reason for an article designed to set forth the writer's own personal beliefs and prejudices. Hence, in the matter of its contemporary criticism, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* occupies a unique place among the famous works of fiction.

The *National Era,* in which the novel appeared serially, had been established in Washington in 1847. Its editor was Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, a prominent Abolitionist, and the *Era* became the recognised organ of the anti-slavery party in the national capital. Several times the *Era* passed through the ordeal of mob violence. Dr. Bailey wrote to Mrs. Stowe, asking her to write a story for the paper which should aim to further the cause with which they both were so much in sympathy. The result was *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* which began in 1851. It was originally intended by Mrs. Stowe that the story should run through three or four numbers; instead, it ran through about fifty, and when, in 1852, it was brought out in book form by a Boston publishing house, its fame was secure.

I.

To readers of a later generation the opinions of a book's enemies must, of course, be more interesting than those of its friends. So we shall begin with some extracts from the press of the Southern States. The following is from the *Southern Literary Messenger* for June, 1853. The *Messenger,* published in Richmond, was probably the leading literary periodical of the South. The review from which we quote was provoked by the publication of *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Apropos to *The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,* Mrs. Stowe protrudes herself again upon our notice, and though we have no predilections for the disgusting office of castigating such offences as hers and rebuking the incendiary publications of a woman, yet the character of the present attack and the bad emanations which she and her books have both won render a prompt notice of the present encyclopedia of slander even more necessary than any reply to her previous fiction. Her second appearance on the stage of civil dissension and social polemics is much changed from what it was at the time when her first revelations were given to the world. She was then an obscure Yankee schoolmistress, eaten up with fanaticism, festering with the malignant virus of abolitionism, self-sanctified by the virtues of a Pharisaic religion devoted to the assertion of women's rights, and an enthusiastic believer

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in many neoteric heresies, but she was comparatively harmless as being almost entirely unknown. She has now by a rapid ascent and by a single dash risen to unequaled celebrity and notoriety, and at the present moment she can give currency to her treacherous doctrines and her big budget of scandal by the prestige of unprecedented success. That success has been attained less by the imaginary merits of the fiction, though these obtained unmeasured commendation, than by the inherent vices of the work. Its unblushing falsehood was its chief passport to popular acceptance, but however acquired, she has certainly won a brilliant vantage ground for the repetition of her assault upon the South. Is she not now hailed as the great prophetess of the wretched by the multitudes of the earth? . . . The Southern States of the Union and the institution of slavery are proposed as the scapegoat for the sins and the expiation for the miseries of all humanity. Mrs. Stowe is worshipped as the chosen messenger of heaven to whom the revelation of this new and easy atonement has been committed, and who has been entrusted with the sole gate to salvation. The Pharisees of Northern abolition are taught a pleasant escape from the consciousness of their own iniquities and domestic disorders by magnifying the supposed guilt of their neighbours and concentrating their whole attention upon the only scene in which they do not more zealously participate. . . . Before touching the Key, however, we have a preliminary remark to introduce which may seem foreign to our immediate subject, but is most intimately combined with it as explaining and perpetuating the agitation which Mrs. Stowe has been able to excite. It is a horrible thought that a woman should write or a lady read such productions as those by which a celebrity has been acquired. Are scenes of license and impurity, and ideas of loathesome depravity and habitual prostitution to be made the cherished topics of the female pen, and the familiar staple of domestic consideration for promiscuous conversation? Is the mind of woman to be tainted, seduced, contaminated, and her heart disenchanted of its native purity of sentiment by the unblushing perusal, the free discussion and the frequent imitation of such thinly veiled pictures of corruption? Can a lady of stainless mind read such works without a blush of confusion, or a man think of their being habitually read by ladies without shame and repugnance? It is sufficiently disgraceful that a woman should be the instrument of disseminating the vile stream of contagion, but it is intolerable that Southern women should defile themselves by bringing the putrid waters to their lips. If they will drink of them in secret, let them repent in secret, and not make vices unknown to the ears of the pure and upright of their sex the subject of daily thought and conversation. Grant that every accusation brought by Mrs. Stowe is perfectly true, that every vice alleged occurs as she has represented, the pollution of such literature to the mind and heart of woman is not less but, perhaps, even more to be apprehended. It may accord with the gross fancies and coarse nature of a Cincinnati schoolmistress to revel over the imagination or the reality of corruptions with which she is much more conversant than the majority of Southern gentlemen, but the license of a ribald tongue must be excluded from the sanctity of the domestic hearth. If Mrs. Stowe will chronicle or imagine the incidents of debauchery, let us hope that women, and especially Southern women, will not be found poring over her pages.

St. Louis in 1852 was a city divided in its allegiance. The St. Louis *Western Journal and Civilian,* in an article which conceded that "with all its faults" *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was no ordinary book, said in part:

Most Southern readers, and it is to be hoped very many of their Northern countrymen, will be painfully impressed with her neglect—a neglect not confined to her, but general to the class of writers to which she belongs—of truthfulness in her details. Even the license allowed the historical novelist is exceeded here, and that in a work aimed at an institution existing in a large portion of the Union, and where very little license is allowable. Exaggeration pervades the whole; characters, uncommon anywhere, in any state of society, however Christian or refined are held up as types of a race long held in a state of mental and moral degradation. The literature of the Abolition Society is at last aspiring to something above mere handbills and tracts.

From the *Weekly Picayune,* New Orleans, August 30th, 1852:

It is stated in Eastern papers that an experienced writer in Boston is engaged in dramatising the abolition novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and that it is about to be produced upon the stage in that city. The gross misrepresentations of the South which have been propagated so extensively through the press with the lau-

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dations of editors, politicians and pious fanatics of the pulpit, are to be presented in tableaux, and the lies they contain acted by living libellers before crowds of deluded spectators. The stage is to be employed in depicting to the people of the North the whole body of the people of the South as living in a state of profligacy, cruelty and crime, tyrants who fear not God and cruelly oppress their fellow-creatures, and the drama is thus enlisted among the promoters of sectional hatred, a teacher and preacher of national discord, whose end inevitably would be the disruption of the Union. How long is it supposed that political harmony can subsist after the alienation, the feeling, shall have been fully established which this organised system of misrepresentation and insult on one side and the natural instincts of resentment and retaliation on the other must create? What better materials can be found for mutual hatred and perpetual warfare? How long would men consent to live together on such terms; and from a severed Union what else can follow but open and unappeasable hostilities? The tendency of all the anti-slavery demonstrations in the North, abolition novels, abolition lectures, pictorial abolitionism, and now the abuse of the stage to the purpose of calumny and insult in aid of abolitionism, is to create a more intense international enmity than could ever rage between nations of different languages and institutions. There are no feuds so deadly as those of disunited families, no enemy so remorseless as brothers who have once torn asunder all the ties and charities of kindred blood. It is with a shudder that all these consequences which the folly and cupidity of the times will not see that we read of the popularity at the North of such books as *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and the attempts to give it a more effective form by presenting it on the stage, fixing it with all the arts of scenery on the memory of thousands who do not read as a true picture of life and morals at the South, bringing up a new generation with the ineradicable idea that there is in one-half the territory of the United States a people to whom the monstrous inhumanities and shameless corruptions described with so much deplorable art by this authoress are familiar and welcome as their daily food. The success of the attempt must be a dreadful calamity, the source of innumerable horrors to both sections and both races, and even if it should not prove to be successful, the attempt itself is a great crime, meriting universal abhorrence. It is deplorable that a woman should be the chief instrument in this labour of mischief. We know nothing of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe except from her book, but there is enough in that to give her an odious notoriety. She has too much mind not to comprehend the wicked injustice and dangerous consequences of the distorted picture she has drawn of slave life and Southern morals. She knows that a picture of Northern society, in which the Polly Bodines, the Ann Hoags and John W. Websters

H. B. Stowe

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portrayed as true representatives of the principles and habits of New York or Massachusetts would be as correct in material facts as her story of planting life in the South, and she would no doubt feel an inexpressible disgust for the yellow-bound literature which should circulate such abominations. But her own task has been not a particle more honourable; nay, her work ought to be ranked below those in its moral purpose, and herself rebuked with sterner severity because she has degraded to her unseemly and mischievous labours the powers which might have been usefully and gracefully devoted to delicate and womanly compositions. The secret of this voluntary debasement is, we fear, to be found in a calculation of profit most greedily masculine, in the misusing of her thoughts for the sake of gain. The dollars with which she has been enabled to make herself rich, to buy that snug country-place, and seat herself down for a life of luxurious leisure, had more attractions for her than the love of truth or the natural feminine instincts for peace. Hence, she dipped her pen in the bitterest gall of malevolence, and has written one of the most abominable libels which the age has produced, full of all manner of calumnies and uncharitableness, and provocative of mischief beyond her power to check if she would. Such a desecration of woman's nature is a sorry and a rare sight even in this age of feminine aspirations to rivalry with man in all his harshest of traits and all his most unamiable pursuits.

From the *Southern Press:*

Mrs. Stowe may have seen during her residence in Cincinnati, in the arrival and departure of emigrants and in the trade and navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi, more families separated forever; she must know that from that single city more husbands, brothers, sons and fathers have gone voluntarily, as she calls it, from wives, mothers and children, and in pursuit of trade met with untimely death by fevers and cholera on the river or in the wilderness, leaving their families to suffer from want, their children to perish from neglect, than probably all who have been separated by the slave trade. Why don't she write a romance against emigration and navigation and commerce? They are all permitted by our laws. But Mrs. Stowe complains that slavery gives to one man the power over another to do these things. Well, does not freedom, as she calls it? Cannot the landlord of Cincinnati turn out a family from his dwelling if unable to pay the rent? Cannot those who have food and raiment refuse them to such as are unable to buy? And does not Mrs. Stowe herself virtually do these very things? Suppose a poor man were to present himself to her and say: "Madam, I am a poor man with a large family, and we are destitute. And unless you prevent it, I shall be compelled to-morrow to hire myself as a hand on a flat-boat for New Orleans, and, besides exposing myself to the cholera and yellow fever, leave my wife in delicate health, my oldest daughter to the dangers of a large city without a protector, and my young ones to the diseases that depopulate the infancy of this place every summer. Now I have read your novel, and I understand that you have already received a large fortune by the copyright of it. Now we are equals, except that I have none of your education, and that is not my fault. Yet somehow or other the laws of this free-soil State allow you to keep thousands of dollars in bank which you do not need, whilst I, for the want of a small part of it, am doomed to separation from all I hold dear." We doubt whether Mrs. Stowe would recognise the cogency of this argument.

From the *Southern Quarterly Review,* January, 1853:

To disprove slanders thus impudently uttered and obstinately persevered in is impossible unless those who are to judge the question had some little insight into the facts of the case, and could know something of our habits and our laws, thus being enabled to judge of the respective worth of the testimony brought before them. So far from this being the case in the present question, not only is our cause prejudged, but our very accusers assume to be our judges. They make the assertion, they swear to its truth, they pronounce sentence, and then at once judge, jury, witness and plaintiff, they set up the most lamentable wailing over the horrible creations of their own fancy. To those who are determined to credit such assertions in spite of all testimony, no argument can be of avail. To such as are willing to hear both sides we have endeavoured to invalidate Mrs. Stowe's testimony by proving that so far from being well acquainted with our habits and manners she has probably never set foot in our country, and is ignorant alike of our manners, feelings and even habits of language. She makes her Southern ladies and gentlemen talk rather vulgar Yankee-English. Her Louisiana negroes all talk "Kentuck."

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II.

In taking up the subject of Uncle Tom's appreciation in the Northern States, it is curious to note the small impression the book apparently made in the office of the *Liberator* of Boston. The *Liberator* was professedly the organ of the New England Abolitionists. In its columns its editor, William Lloyd Garrison, had been thundering out his weekly diatribe against the slaveholding States. A great part of the paper was given over to clippings inimical to the South, designed to rouse Northern indignation and to inflame Southern resentment. Yet in the *Liberator,* the review of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* which appeared in the issue for March 26th, 1852, was not only unenthusiastic, it was actually unsympathetic. Mrs. Stowe and her book were damned with faint praise and roundly scored for what the reviewer called "her objectionable sentiments respecting African colonisation."

The Boston *Morning Post* expressed itself in another tone:

Since *Jane Eyre* no book has had so sudden and so great a success on this side of the Atlantic as *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Everybody has read it, is reading it, or is about to read it, and certainly it is one of the most remarkable literary productions of the time, an evident result of some of the highest attributes of the novel writer.

As all the world knows, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* purports to be a picture of slavery as it now exists in the Southern States. It is an attempt to present the accidental and inevitable evils of slavery side by side with the practical advantages of the system in its paternal care of a long-depressed, if not actually inferior, race. It paints both slaveholder and slave, and no one can doubt the intention of the author to deal justly with both, nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice. The incidents are stated to be drawn from the personal experiences of the writer or her most immediate friends, and we believe it is universally admitted that as a mere story the book is of intense interest. . . . But brilliant as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is as a literary work, it is yet more creditable to the author in another point of view. It appears that, unlike most women, and very many men, Mrs. Stowe has the high ability of looking on both sides of one question. With feelings and principles equally opposed to slavery for its inevitable evils as well as its accidental abuses, she is yet able to paint the slaveholder as he lives and moves with no touch of bigotry or fanaticism. More than this, Mrs. Stowe has fairly presented the various arguments in favour of slavery and the various feelings which exist in the mind of the South in reference to this terrible evil, and indeed were it not for the incidental remarks in the book, one would be rather puzzled to say from the dialogue alone what were Mrs. Stowe's real sentiments. Both sides are presented with heart, soul and strength.

A severe tone of Northern disfavour runs through the review of the New York *Courier and Inquirer* for October 21st, 1852:

It is not only untrue, but it is untruthful. It conveys erroneous impressions, it introduces false conclusions. It is not, as it purports to be, a picture of slavery as it is. All the two hundred thousand Englishmen, and no small number of the one hundred thousand Americans, who now have it in their hands are duped men. It is not one individual alone against whom Mrs. Stowe has borne false witness, she has slandered hundreds of thousands of her own countrymen. She has done it by attaching to them, as slaveholders, in the eyes of the world, the guilt of the abuses of an institution of which they are absolutely guiltless.

The New York *Evening Post* of June 16th, 1852, in an editorial entitled "We Must Judge by What we are Compelled to See," said in part:

The *Southern Press* of yesterday, which we remark is principally filled with extracts from the Boston *Commonwealth* in denunciation of slavery, and thus makes itself an accomplice in the circulation of abolition sentiments in the South, complains, in a notice of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* that the work is a caricature of slavery. "It selects," says the *Southern Press,* "the most odious features of slavery, the escape and pursuit of fugitive slaves, the sale and separation of domestic slaves," etc. We might say in behalf of the book, to which the *Southern Press* devotes its leading article, a column in length, that it is a mistake to affirm that the worst features of slavery only are selected in the portraiture given by the author. On the contrary, she sets before her readers a picture, honourable not to the institution but to many who live under it, of a planter's

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family, the slaves of which are treated with exemplary kindness and unvarying humanity, a kindness not merely good-natured and well-meaning, but judicious and painstaking.

III.

From the criticisms which we reprint below some small idea may be had of the excitement which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* created in England; an excitement which in a minor degree was shared by all the Continental nations. A very short time after the book originally appeared in this country, it had been translated all over Europe. In French it became *La Case de l'Oncle Tom;* in German, *Oncle Tom's Hütte;* in Danish, *Onkel Tomas;* in Dutch, *De Negerhut;* in Flemish, *De hut van Onkel Tom;* in Hungarian, *Tama's Batya;* in Italian, *La Capanna dello Zio Tommaso;* in Polish, *Chata Wuja Tomasza;* in Portuguese, *A Cabana do Pai Thomaz;* in Spanish, *La Cabaña del Tio Tom;* in Russian, *Khizhina dyadi Toma;* in Swedish, *Onkel Tom's Stuga.* Thirty years later, at a garden party given in honour of Mrs. Stowe, to commemorate her seventieth birthday, Oliver Wendell Holmes referred to these foreign editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the following lines:

If every tongue that speaks her praise,
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase,
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet,
Of mingled accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Manchoo,
Would shout, "We know the lady!"

The scope of the interest in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in England may be gauged by the appended rather brief quotations from some of the more important reviews.

The following is from the London *Times* of September 1st, 1852:

Twenty thousand copies of this book, according to its title page, are circulating among the American people, but three times as many thousands more have probably issued from the American press since the title page was written. Already, according to the *Boston Traveller,* the authoress has received from her publishers the sum of $10,300 as her copyright premium on three months' sale of the work—we believe the largest sum of money ever received by any author, either American or European, from the sales of a single book in so short a period of time. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is at every railway bookstore in England, and in every third traveller's hand. The book is a decided hit. It takes its place with Pickwick, with Louis Napoleon, with the mendicant who suddenly discovers himself heir to twenty thousand pounds a year, and in fact with every man whose good fortune it has been to fall asleep Nobody and to awake in the morning an institution in the land. It is impossible not to feel respect for *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Here follows an analysis of the plot of the book. The *Times* points out the fatal mistake it considers Mrs. Stowe to have made in painting her negroes, mulattoes and quadroons in the very whitest white.

The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish slavery. Its effect will be to render slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill blood at boiling-point, and irritate instead of pacifying those whose proceedings Mrs. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not required to convince the haters of slavery of the abomination of the institution. Of all books it is the least calculated to weigh with those whose prejudices in favour of slavery have yet to be overcome, and whose interests are involved in the perpetuation of the system. If slavery is to cease in America, and if the people of the United States who fought and bled for their liberty and nobly won it are to remove the disgrace that attaches to them for forging chains for others which they will not tolerate on their own limbs, the work of enfranchisement must be a movement not forced upon slave owners, but voluntarily undertaken, accepted and carried out by the whole community. . . . The writer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and similar well-disposed authors, have yet to learn that to excite the passions of their readers in favour of their

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philanthropic schemes is the very worst mode of getting rid of a difficulty which, whoever may be to blame for its existence, is part and parcel of the whole social organisation, of a large proportion of the States, and cannot be forcibly removed without instant anarchy and

Harriet Beecher Stowe
1896

all its accompanying mischief. . . . The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the civilised slaves of the United States, we hold to be the most promising element in the question, upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself and to

achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilisation of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianised by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian duties. We have said that the process of liberation is going on, and that we are convinced the South, in its own interests, will not be laggard in the labour. Liberia and similar spots on the earth's surface proffer aid to the South which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more *Uncle Tom's Cabins* engendering ill

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will, keeping up bad blood and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically placed men their own enemies and the stumbling-blocks to civilisation and to the spread of glad tidings from heaven.

A writer in the *Literary World* brought against Mrs. Stowe the charge of plagiarism, pointing out and proving that the weakest part of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been borrowed from Mrs. Sherwood, and that little Eva was unquestionably nothing more than an adaptation of the little Henry of the English lady.

The London *Christian Observer* published a long article in its October, 1852, number, in which, after much moralising, it smugly concludes:

On the whole we venture to hope that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is destined to achieve a great work in the world. We are by no means among the number who despair of great and good things among our trans-Atlantic relations. . . . Good English blood runs in the veins of a large proportion of the population; and this will at length force its way to their hearts.

The *Prospective Review* of London, in an article published in its number for November, 1852, finds the prominent excellence of the book to be its moderation.

From some previous experience in works of a similar tendency, from a knowledge of the exciting nature of the subject, and in some degree, too, if we may venture to say so, from the sex of the authoress, we had prepared ourselves for a dash of impassioned advocacy, for horrors heaped upon horrors, fiends in human shape gibbering on every page, the constant surging of the lash, the frequent hiss of the branding iron, and influenced by a natural dislike to more horrors than must perforce be encountered in daily life, and the consciousness that our personal indignation against slavery needed no such stirring up, we had resolved to rank ourselves among the few who had not read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. We need hardly say how agreeably we were disappointed when at last we were induced to take up the book.

Blackwood's Magazine, in a review printed in October, 1853, appraises *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as unquestionably a remarkable book.

Upon the whole we are not surprised at its prodigious success even as a mere literary performance, but whether it will have any direct effect upon the dreadful institution at which it is aimed may be regarded as problematical. Of one thing we are persuaded, that its author, as she has displayed in this work undoubted genius, in some respects of a higher order than any American predecessor or contemporary, is also a woman of unaffected and profound piety, and an ardent friend of the unhappy black. Every word in her pages issues glistening and warm from the mint of woman's love and sympathy, refined and purified by Christianity. We never saw in any other work so many and such sudden irresistible appeals to the reader's heart, appeals which, moreover, only a wife and a mother could make. Mrs. Stowe is unquestionably a woman of genius. . . . It is evident that the writings of one English author at least of the present day have made a deep impression on Mrs. Stowe. This is Mr. Dickens, with whom indeed she has much in common, but he must not attribute it to mere gallantry if we express our opinion that there are parts of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which he can never surpass, which he never has surpassed. . . . It occurs to us that had Mr. Dickens passed his life among the same scenes as Mrs. Stowe, making allowance for certain special circumstances affecting the latter, he would have produced a work very similar in both its faults and excellencies to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA

I.

When we stand upon the portal of a new century a glance back may serve to reassure us for a gaze forward; although we must acknowledge that in the nineteenth century, as indeed in the eighteenth also, the drama did not pass through a splendid period of expansion such as made glorious its history in the seventeenth century. We are forced to remark that in the course of the last two hundred years the drama had lost its literary supremacy, partly as a result of its own enfeeblement, and partly in consequence of the overwhelming competition of prose-fiction, which was able to perform in the nineteenth century even more than it had promised in the eighteenth.

But we are encouraged to note that a score of years before the century drew to an end the novel was beginning to show signs of slackening energy, while the play was apparently again gathering strength for a sharper rivalry. In German and in English, in Italian and in Spanish, young writers of ardent ambition were mastering the methods of the theatre and were recognising in the drama the form in which they could best express themselves and in which they could body forth most satisfactorily their own vision of life, with its trials, its ironies, and its problems. Even in French, in which language the drama had flourished most abundantly during the middle of the century only to languish a little toward the end, the final years were to be illumined by the triumphs of a young poet, possessed of a delightful fantasy and initiated into every secret of stage-craft. And afar in the Scandinavian land, which seems so remote to most of us, there still towered the stern figure of the powerful playwright whose stimulating influence had been felt in the dramatic literature of every modern language.

Thus we catch a glimpse of one of the most striking characteristics of the modern theatre—its extraordinary cosmopolitanism which made possible the performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and of the *Doll's House* in every quarter of the globe. Not only can we find French and German plays acted frequently in New York, but we are glad to record that the English-speaking stage was again exporting its products, and that Mr. Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* was performed in Berlin, Mr. Gillette's *Secret Service* in Paris, and Mr. Pinero's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in Rome. Even more noteworthy is the fact that the playgoers of New York had been permitted to see an English play, *Hamlet,* acted by a French company, a German play, *Magda,* acted by an Italian company, and a Russian play, the *Power of Darkness,* acted by a German company.

An educated man to-day is more than a native of his own country: he is also a citizen of the world, just as the educated man was in the Middle Ages when all Europe was governed by the Church of Rome and by the Holy Roman Empire, and when all men of learning wrote in Latin and studied the same Roman law. The spread of instruction, the ability to understand other languages than the native tongue, and the intelligent curiosity of the more cultivated public, have brought about a unity in modern literature like that which was visible in mediæval literature before the Renascence came and before the population of Europe was segregated into separate peoples, hostile and intolerant. We have not let go the idea of nationality, and indeed we cherish it unceasingly; but we are not now afraid to see the idea of cosmopolitanism grafted on it.

In the Middle Ages the drama was almost the same everywhere; and a French mystery was always very like an English mystery, just as an Italian sacred representation was very similar to a Spanish sacramental act. So at the beginning of the twentieth century the forms of the drama are almost identical throughout the civilised world. In structure there is little difference nowadays between an English play and a Spanish—far less than there was when John Webster and Lope de Vega were almost simultaneously putting upon the stage the pitiful story of the sad Duchess of Malfi. There is a flavour of the soil about the *Doll's House,* about *Magda,* and about the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray;* the first is unmistakably Scandinavian, the second is indubitably Teutonic, and the third is frankly Brit-

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ish; but in form there is little to distinguish them from one another—just as there is nothing in the structure of any one of them to differentiate it from *Le Gendre de M. Poirier,* or from the *Frou-frou,* written in French during the same half century.

II.

The cosmopolitanism of our civilisation at the beginning of the twentieth century, the eagerness of artists of every nationality to profit by what they can learn from their fellow-craftsmen in other capitals, the widespread international borrowing—these are not the sole causes of the similarity of structure observable in the pieces of the chief living playwrights of to-day. There is another reason to be detected by extending our glance into the past history of the drama and piercing beyond the Middle Ages into antiquity. If we do this we cannot fail to see that this likeness of the English play and the German play to the French play is due in part to the fact that in all the modern languages the drama has reached an advanced period of its evolution, when it has definitely specialised itself and when it has been able to disentangle itself from the other and non-dramatic elements with which it was perforce commingled in the more primitive periods.

The history of the drama is the long record of the effort of the dramatist to get hold of the essentially dramatic and to cast out everything else. The essence of the drama is a representation of a human will exerting itself against an opposing force; and the playwright has ever been seeking the means of presenting his conflict without admixture of anything else. The tragedy of the Greeks, elaborated out of rustic song and dance, retained to the end the evidences of its origin, not only in the lyrics of the chorus but in their vocal music and in their sculpturesque attitudes. The drama of the Elizabethans, descended directly from the mysteries and moralities of the Middle Ages, was often prosily didactic, one character being permitted to discourse at undue length, in much the same fashion as the mediæval expositor, and another being allowed to deliver a bravura passage, lyric or rhetorical, not unlike the tenor solo of Italian opera, frequently delightful in itself but always undramatic.

The stage of the Elizabethan theatre was sometimes in the course of a single play made to serve as a pulpit for a sermon, a platform for a lecture, and a singing-gallery for a ballad; and it would be easy enough to single out scores of passages, even in Shakespeare, which exist for their own sake and which are not integral to the play wherein they are embedded. But Shakespeare could when he chose anticipate the more modern swiftness and singleness of purpose; and sometimes when he was inspired by his theme, as in *Macbeth* and *Othello,* he put all his strength in the depicting of the central struggle which was at the heart of his play. He excluded all accidental and adventitious superfluities, of which the most of his fellow-playwrights never thought of depriving themselves. There is also to be remarked in the Elizabethan plays generally a narrative freedom which is epic rather than dramatic. So in the plays written under Louis XIV. there is to be observed, more especially in Corneille's tragedies, an oratorical tendency, a proneness to formal argument, which is equally aside from the truly dramatic.

But this confusion is not peculiar to the drama and it is to be studied in all the other arts also. As M. Émile Faguet has put it clearly, "literatures always begin with works in which the various species are either fused or confused, depending on the genius of the authors; they always continue with works in which the distinction of species is observed; and they always end with works which embrace only the half or the quarter or the tenth of a single species." In other words, there is always increasing differentiation; there is an advance from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous; and M. Faguet gives as a typical example the simplification of Greek comedy. He asserts that the lyrical-burlesque of Aristophanes was more or less a medley of every possible species—"true comedy, farce, pantomime, *opéra-bouffe,* ballet, fairy spectacle, political satire, literary satire;" and yet, in the course of less than a century, little by little, whatever did not belong strictly to pure comedy was eliminated. The chorus was cast aside, taking with it the opera, the ballet, the fairy

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spectacle: and with the departure of the parabasis personal satire went also, taking eloquence with it. So the lyrical burlesque of Aristophanes was slowly simplified into the comic drama of Menander, which is but "the witty and delicate depicting of average manners." Latin comedy followed Greek comedy slavishly; but French comedy, although it inherited the classic traditions, still further differentiated itself into subspecies, Molière, for example, showing how pure comedy could sustain itself without the aid of farce.

The simplification of the primitive play, which was carelessly comprehensive in its scope, has been the result of a steadily increasing artistic sense. It is due chiefly to the growth of a critical temper which is no longer content to enjoy unthinkingly and which is educating itself to find pleasure in the purity of type. This more delicate appreciation of æsthetic propriety is likely to be gratified only in the higher efforts of the dramatist, in those plays which plainly aspire to be judged also as literature. We need not look for anything of the sort in the more boisterous popular pieces which make no pretence to literary merit. In sensational melodrama, for example, we are none of us shocked by the commingling of farce and tragedy; and in operetta we are not even surprised by the admixture of lyric sentimentality and horse-play fun-making. But the more literary a play may be, the more elevated its quality, the more carefully we expect it to avoid incongruity and to conform to the type of its species.

It seems now as though the unliterary plays, like melodramas and operettas, would always owe some portion of their popularity to sheer spectacle, to extraneous allurements devised to tickle the ears or to glut the eyes of the unthinking populace. But it is evident also that the critical spirit of the more cultivated playgoers is now inclined to resent the inclusion in the literary drama of anything foreign to the main theme, whether this extraneous matter is didactic or lyric, rhetorical or oratorical. They prefer that the stage should not be a platform or a pulpit. In Athens under Pericles, and in London under Elizabeth, the poets who wrote plays were addressing audiences which had not read the newspapers and which might welcome instruction nowadays needless. The impatient playgoers of our own time can see no reason why they also should not profit by the invention of printing; and they are quick to resent any digression from the straight path of the plot. They are frankly annoyed when the author ventures to halt the action that he may deliver a sermon, an oration, or a lecture, that he may declaim a descriptive report or an editorial article. They have not come to the theatre to be instructed, but to be delighted by the specific pleasure that only the theatre can give.

III.

This elimination from our latter-day stage-plays of all the non-dramatic elements which are so abundant in the earlier periods of the drama has been accompanied, and indeed greatly aided, by certain striking changes in the physical conditions of performance, and, more especially, in the shape and size and circumstances of the theatre itself. The modern playhouse is as unlike as possible, not only to the spacious Theatre of Dionysus in Athens, with its many thousand spectators seated along the curving hillside, but also to the Globe Theatre and its contemporary rivals in London and in Madrid, which were only unroofed courtyards.

The plays of Sophocles were performed outdoors, where the wind from the Ægean Sea might flutter the robes of the actors; and the plays of Shakespeare and of Calderon were performed in buildings open to the sky, so that a sudden rain-storm might interfere sadly with the telling of the tale. The English and the Spanish playwrights were like the Greek in that they all had to depend on the daylight. The pieces of Molière were performed by candle-light in a weather-tight hall and on a stage decked with the actual scenery, which had been lacking in London and Madrid, as well as in Athens: and this is one reason why Molière was able to perfect the outward form of the modern play. The comedies of Sheridan and of Beaumarchais were produced originally in theatres externally similar to ours of to-day, but huge in size, villainously ill-lighted with oil lamps, and having a stage the curve of which projected far beyond the proscenium arch. It was

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on this space, beyond the curtain and close to the feeble footlights, that all the vital episodes of the play had to be acted, because it was only there that the expression of the actor's visage could be made visible to the spectators.

The most marked differences between our more modern playhouses at the beginning of the twentieth century and their predecessors a hundred years ago are due to the improvement in the methods of lighting, gas giving a far better light than oil, and the later electricity having many advantages over gas. As a result of the newer means of illumination the actor can now stand on whatever part of the stage it is best for him to place himself, and he is no longer forced to come down to the centre of the footlights so that his features may be in the full glare of the "focus" (as it used to be termed). The footlights themselves are of less importance, since there are now "border-lights" and "bunch-lights," and since the whole stage can be flooded with a sudden glare or instantly plunged in darkness at the turn of a handle or two. The space that used to curve out into the auditorium has been cut back to the curtain; and the proscenium opening has now assumed the form of a picture-frame, within which the curtain rises and falls and before which no actor has any occasion to advance.

This change is much more momentous than it may seem at first sight—indeed, it is probable that its influence will be far-reaching. Only in the score or two years since the proscenium has become a picture-frame have all the audience been seated in front of the performers. Until then the acting had always taken place in a space more or less surrounded by the spectators and in closest proximity to them. In Greece the chorus and the three actors played their parts in the orchestra, around which the citizens sat in tiers that rose high on the sides of the hill. In England in the Middle Ages the performers may have presented the major portion of their mystery on the separate pageants, but not a little of the action was represented in the neutral ground around and between the pageants, and therefore in the midst of the assembled sight-seers; and in England, again, under Elizabeth, the stage was but a bare platform thrust out into the yard, with some of the spectators sitting along the edges of it and with the most of them standing on three sides. In France after the *Cid* of Corneille and until after the *Semiramis* of Voltaire a portion of the audience was also accommodated with seats on the stage. And in the eighteenth century, as we have seen, the stage curved forward into the auditorium far beyond the stage-boxes, the spectators in these being able to see the actors only in profile.

But in the eighteenth century the stage had been so far withdrawn that the use of the curtain became general to mark the division into acts. The absence of a curtain had forced Sophocles and Shakespeare to end their pieces by withdrawing all the characters from the view of the spectators; and even Molière and Voltaire, perhaps in deference to the presence of those who sat on the stage, always marked the end of an act by a general exit of the performers. Not until the nineteenth century was well advanced did the dramatic poets begin to avail themselves of the advantages of "discovering" one or more characters in sight as the curtain rose, and of dropping it at the end of the act upon several characters grouped picturesquely.

The modern playhouse differs from its predecessors of past ages in the power to illuminate every part of the stage. Sometimes we are inclined to suppose that gorgeous spectacle, elaborate scenery and ingenuity of mechanical effects are characteristics of our latter-day theatres only; but when we consider the records we soon find that this is not the fact. The late M. Nuitter, archivist of the Opéra in Paris (than whom there was no higher authority), once assured me that there was no spectacular device in which the Italians of the Renascence had not anticipated the utmost endeavour of the moderns. Leonardo and his followers foresaw all that could be done in this direction; and they invented many a marvel for the royal processions and for the court-ballets with which their princes liked to amuse themselves. It was in Italy that Inigo Jones learned the secrets of the wonders he was wont to display in the beautiful masques for which Ben Jonson found fit words.

IV.

The Italian scene-painters and their apt pupils in France and in England

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could accomplish all that is within the reach of the most liberal of modern managers—excepting only the ability to show the result of their labours properly illuminated. The power of directing at will whatever light may be desired confers an advantage upon the modern stage-manager denied to his predecessors; and it is certain to impress its mark upon the drama of the next half century —just as every other changing circumstance of the theatre in the past has necessarily registered itself in the history of the dramatic literature that followed it. What will hereafter be shown on the stage within the picture-frame is likely to be increasingly pictorial and plastic.

The dramatist will profit by his ability to reach the soul through the eye as well as through the ear. He will be tempted to let gesture supplement speech, or even on occasion to let it serve as a substitute. In real life the action precedes the word; and it is sometimes so significant that the explanatory phrase which follows is not always needed. Lessing had seized this truth, which Diderot had half suggested; and he urged that the playwright should leave much to the player, since there were many effects which the actor could produce better than the poet. Herbert Spencer has remarked upon "the force with which simple ideas are communicated by signs;" and he noted that it was far more expressive to point to the door or to place the fingers on the lips than to say "Leave the room" or "Keep silent." The more accomplished the playwright chances to be, the more often he will have simple ideas to communicate forcibly; and the more frequently will he speak to the eye rather than to the ear.

In the ill-lighted theatres of old, the dramatic poet had to take care that his plot was made clear in words as well as in deeds; and he was tempted often to let his rhetoric run away with him. But in the well-lighted modern houses he can, if he chooses, let actions speak louder than words. Being able to reach the playgoers through their visual as well as their auditory sense, he sometimes plans to let a self-betraying movement do its work without any needless verbal elucidation. He recognises that there are moments in life when a silence may be more eloquent than the silver sentences of any soliloquy. He is well aware that a sudden pause, a piercing glance, an abrupt change of expression, may convey to the spectator what is passing in the minds of the characters more directly than the most brilliant dialogue. He has noted not only that emotion is often inarticulate when it is keenest, but also that a mental struggle at the very crisis of the story can often be made intelligible by visible acts; and he knows that the spectators are far more interested in what is done on the stage than in what is said.

At first sight it may seem to some as though this utilisation of the picture-frame must result in making the drama in the immediate future even less literary than it is to-day. This will surely appear to be the case to those who are accustomed to consider the drama as though it was merely one of the divisions of literature—or, indeed, as though it was a department of poetry. But the drama, although it has often a literary element of prime importance, does not lie wholly within the boundaries of literature; and it has always exercised its privilege of profiting by all the other arts, pictorial and plastic, epic, lyrical and musical. Above all, the drama is what it is because of its specifically dramatic qualities; and these qualities can be exhibited wholly without rhetorical assistance, as every one will admit who has had the good fortune to see the *Enfant Prodigue*. In fact, many a noble drama—*Hamlet*, for one—has a pantomime for its skeleton, and calls on literature only to furnish its flesh and blood.

The dramaturgic art being distinct from the poetic, it can on occasion achieve results impossible to the lyric poet or the epic. Indeed, its ability to do this is the sole reason for its existence. What need of it would there be if it was no more than the echo of another art? As Lessing asked with his customary directness: "Why undergo the painful toil of the dramatic form? Why build a theatre, disguise men and women in costumes, task their memories, pack all the population in a playhouse, if my work, when acted, can produce only a few of the effects which could be produced by a good narrative read by each at the fireside?" And the younger Dumas pointed out how an effect made in a theatre is sometimes so unlike any produced by a good narra-

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tive read at the fireside that a spectator seeking to recover, by means of the printed page, the emotion that had stirred him as he saw the piece performed, is sometimes "unable not only to find the emotion again in the written words, but even to discover the place where it was. A word, a look, a gesture, a silence, a purely atmospheric combination, had held him spellbound."

But we may go further, and insist that literature has a broader scope than is carelessly allowed it; and it is not lightly limited to mere rhetoric. It is not confined to phrase-making only. Literature goes deeper than style or even than poetry. It includes invention and construction; it is concerned with the meaning and with the propriety of the thought contained. It deals with philosophy and with psychology also. Now, if we take this larger interpretation of literature, we need not fear that the drama is likely to be less literary because the stage has receded behind a picture-frame. But it is likely to be less rhetorical, less oratorical, less lyric, less epic, more purely dramatic.

Brander Matthews.

THE NOVEL AND THE SHORT STORY

There is still a curious confusion in the mind of both the Anglo-Saxon critic and author as to what constitutes a novel. People who begin their literary life as short-story writers seem to look upon this detached and delicate art as a preparation for the novel. The wise wait until they have made their reputation secure; in other words until the critics have become accustomed to approval of their work; when approval of the longer work follows as a matter of course. Both writer and critic take for granted that a work of fiction which consumes some eighty or a hundred thousand words in the making is necessarily a novel. Occasionally, the voice of an experienced reviewer is heard protesting that such a work is but a long short story, but he is unheeded; for in this country at least, it is the author who, on general principles, is approved or disapproved, not any specific output. Such a state of things is bound to last while criticism remains in what might be called the fugitive state, that is to say, while books are parcelled out to the less driven on the press, or where the official reviewer is himself too driven to read any book carefully from start to finish. In course of time we will have critics who train their minds to criticism as the artist educates himself in the art to which he was born, or to which he elects himself; but not until they are willing to observe the rigid rules laid down by Sainte Beuve will their criticism be of any help to the author. Now we read their effusions with considerable interest, being human, but I for one am not conscious of having been helped by a single criticism on my work since I began to publish. The function of the critic is to educate, to admonish, out of a large and conscientiously acquired knowledge, unclouded by the vagaries of the creative mind, or any sort of prejudice.

Of all short-story writers ambitious to turn novelist, Bret Harte is the only one I recall who was warned by the artistic failure of his first effort and wisely refrained from a second. Even Mary Wilkins, one of the few real creators—as distinguished from the intellectually manufactured—has gone on beating out short stories, which, if turned out of the mould presented to her by nature, would have added new facets to a brilliant reputation. As it is, the present generation at least is in danger of forgetting that she is an artist. However, her permanent reputation is secure.

If born writers like Bret Harte and Mary Wilkins fail with the sustained effort, how necessarily fatal is this ambition to the manufactured author; he—it is usually she—who, having arrived at years of maturity, says to himself: I am educated, accomplished; I have seen something of the world, I have the analytical mind, a knowledge of good literature; I have observed people until I find my brain well furnished with both types and stories; experience has taught me that I am cleverer than the majority—I

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will write. Add to these qualifications ambition and industry, and a first-class manufactured author will be the result, an acceptable imitation of the real thing. We have a number of such writers in American and English fiction, and we are grateful for them. Having less to say than the creators, a cooler laboratory in which to mix their essences, their work is oftener distinguished by a greater niceness and precision than that of the highly imaginative writer whose faculty often gets too hot to bother with details, which, however, become second nature in time. They never startle; and this point, so essential in Anglo-Saxon literature, added to the excessive nicety of their phrase, makes it safe at all times to praise them. If nothing is more feared by the critic than originality, it is only fair to add that nothing is more appreciated by him than a thoroughly good manner.

There is no reason why these writers should not win and hold a high place in letters—if they will cultivate wisdom and remain faithful to the short story. But no amount of cleverness, accomplishment, determination, and industry, not even an excessive knowledge of life, will manufacture a novelist. He, like the poet, is born, not made. Art will carry the short story. Here but an episode is treated, at most a small group of episodes; it is no great effort to sustain a few characters through even ten thousand words. If the story is not absorbing—and life is full of absorbing episodes for which the persistent writer's mind becomes a magnet—brilliancy of phrase and lightning strokes from the observing brain will carry it. No great amount of illusion is necessary; the intelligent reader is charmed by too many other appeals to his carefully trained appreciation. But no amount of art will carry a novel that has not sprung hot from a genuinely creative brain, that is not sustained by natural power from start to finish, whose characters do not live and breathe in a manner which makes them rather the masters of their author than the puppets, which is not full of the unexpected complexities of life, which is not only vital with that life, but produces the impression of having once been actually a part of it, absorbed in some atmospheric flight by a creative faculty.

It is impossible for the manufactured novelist even to observe all the rules of the novel, for these never have been and never will be revealed to the mere brain. They are instinctive in certain faculties. They can neither be reduced nor summoned by the most painstaking. And without this instinctive novel-sense no illusion can be created. The manufactured novel is always the work of fiction, not life. The reader never forgets to admire the manner, to see the author behind the work. The story moves with weights, if it moves at all; the characters, elaborately analysed, charmingly written about, even in their peculiarities true to life, perhaps, are dead and green. The whole effect is like a Chinese painting, flat against the canvas.

But even if the manufactured author could substitute art for instinct, still would he fail, for nature has not given him a sufficient abundance of invention—to say nothing of imagination. Still would his work be a short story beaten out to a thread, for the mind is tractable to a certain point only. It will, if commanded long and arduously, create after a fashion, but it rebels at a heavy strain. It will labour along, but it will lose what little moss it had at starting, and show its naked sides long before it is permitted to reach its goal. Felicity of phrase, erudition, a certain newness of material, fine bits of description, will show faintly on its surface, but even the acid of the etcher refuses its aid, and when the work is finished it is not a novel, perhaps it has ceased even to be a long short story; it is merely a narrative cast in the well-known mould of fiction. And to all lovers of good fiction it is an object of genuine regret, for it represents a waste of time and brain. When advertising ceases it makes straight for the dust heap. Only the genuine in any art survives by will of the people.

Gertrude Atherton.

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NELSON DESTROYING THE FRENCH FLEET AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE. AFTER GILLRAY.

(For full description see page 59.)

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HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part First.—The Napoleonic Era

NOTE.—*While, as the title indicates, the object of this series of articles is to deal with "The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature," and not "The History of Caricature in the Nineteenth Century," it will be obvious to all readers that the authors must in a measure pass over lightly those historical events which have failed to provoke great or striking caricature. Thus, in the period with which the present article of the series deals, merely casual allusion is made to the affairs of our own country simply because in the great, fateful sweep of the imperial eagles, the European cartoonists could give us little attention, and such American caricature as existed was rather feeble imitation, both in method and invention. It was against Napoleon that the hand of the cartoonist in the first fifteen years of the century was at work; and English caricature with Gillray and Rowlandson, and later George Cruikshank, was predominant.*

The second paper of the series will cover a long period—from the downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons to the general upheaval all over continental Europe in 1848.

INTRODUCTION.

While the impulse to satirise public men in picture is probably as old as satiric verse, if not older, the political cartoon as an effective agent in moulding public opinion is essentially a product of modern conditions and methods. As with the campaign song, its success depends upon its timeliness, upon the ability to seize upon a critical moment, a burning question of the hour, and anticipate the outcome while public excitement is still at a white heat. But unlike satiric verse, it is dependent upon ink and paper. It cannot be transmitted orally. The doggerel verses of the Roman legions passed from camp to camp with the mysterious swiftness of an epidemic, and found their way even into the sober history of Suetonius. The topical songs and parodies of the Middle Ages mi-

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grated from town to town with the strolling minstrels, as readily as did the cycles of heroic poetry. But with caricature the case was very different. It may be that the man of the Stone Age, whom Mr. Opper has lately utilised so cleverly in a series of caricatures, was the first to draw rude and distorted likenesses of some unpopular chieftain, just as the Roman soldier of 79 A.D. scratched on the wall of his barracks in Pompeii an unflattering likeness of some martinet centurion which the ashes of Vesuvius have preserved until to-day. It is certain that the Greeks and Romans appreciated the power of ridicule latent in satiric pictures; but until the era of the printing press, the caricaturist was as one crying in a wilderness. And it is only with the modern co-operation of printing and photography that caricature has come into its full inheritance. The best and most telling cartoons are those which do not merely reflect current public opinion, but guide it. In looking back over a century of caricature, we are apt to overlook this distinction. A cartoon which cleverly illustrates some important historical event, and throws light upon the contemporary attitude of the public, is equally interesting to-day, whether it anticipated the event or was published a month afterward. But in order to influence public opinion, caricature must contain a certain element of prophecy. It must suggest a danger or point an interrogation. As an example, we may compare two of the cartoons reproduced in the present article: "A Connoisseur Examining a Cooper" and the "King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver." In the latter, George III., in the guise of a giant, is curiously examining through his magnifying glass a Lilliputian Napoleon. There is no element of prophecy about the cartoon. It simply reflects the contemptuous attitude of the time toward Napoleon and underestimates the danger. The other cartoon, which appeared several years earlier, shows the King anxiously examining the features of Cooper's well-known miniature of Cromwell, the great overthrower of kings. Public sentiment at that time suggested the imminence of another revolution, and the cartoon suggests a momentous question: Will the fate of Charles I. be repeated? In the light of history, the Gulliver cartoon is to-day undoubtedly the more interesting, but at the time of its appearance it could not have produced anything approaching the sensation of that of a "Connoisseur."

The necessity of getting a caricature swiftly before the public has always been felt, and has given rise to some curious devices and makeshifts. In the example which we have noted as having come down from Roman times, a patriotic citizen of Pompeii could find no better medium for giving his cartoon of an important local event to the world than by scratching it upon the wall of his dwelling-house after the fashion of the modern advertisement. There was a time in the seventeenth century when packs of political playing-cards enjoyed an extended vogue. The fashion of printing cartoons upon ladies' fans and other articles of a similarly intimate character was a transitory fad in England a century ago. Mr. Ackermann, a famous printer of his generation, and publisher of the greater part of Rowlandson's cartoons, adopted as an expedient for spreading political news a small balloon with an attached mechanism, which, when liberated, would drop news bulletins at intervals as it passed over field and village. In this country many people of the older generation will still remember the widespread popularity of the patriotic caricature-envelopes that were circulated during the Civil War. To-day we are so used to the daily newspaper cartoon that we do not stop to think how seriously handicapped the caricaturists of a century ago found themselves. The more important cartoons of Gillray and Rowlandson appeared either in monthly periodicals, such as the *Westminster Magagine* and the *Oxford Magazine*, or in separate sheets that sold at the prohibitive price of several shillings. In times of great public excitement, as during the later years of the Napoleonic wars, such cartoons were bought up greedily, the city vying with the aristocratic West End in their patriotic demand for them. But such times were exceptional, and the older caricaturists were obliged to let pass many interesting crises because the situations would have become already stale before the day of publication of the monthly magazines came round. With the advent of the illustrated weeklies the situation was improved, but it is only in recent times

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JOHN BULL taking a Luncheon:— or *—British Cooks cramming Old Grumble-Gizzard, with Bonne-Chère*

(For full description see page 63.)

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that the ideal condition has been reached, when the cabled news of yesterday is interpreted in the cartoon of to-day.

There is another and less specific reason why caricature had to await the advent of printing and the wider dissemination of knowledge which resulted. The successful political cartoon presupposes a certain average degree of intelligence in a nation, an awakened civic conscience, a sense of responsibility for the nation's welfare. The cleverest cartoonist would waste his time appealing to a nation of feudal vassals; he could not expect to influence a people to whom the ballot box was closed. Caricature flourishes best in an atmosphere of democracy; there is an eternal incompatibility between its audacious irreverence and the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

And yet the best type of caricature should not require a high degree of intelligence. Many clever cartoonists overreach themselves by an excess of cleverness, appealing at best to a limited audience. Of this type are the cartoons whose point lies in parodying some famous painting or a masterpiece of literature which, as a result, necessarily remains caviar to the general. There is a type of portrait caricature so cultured and subtle that it often produces likenesses truer to the man we know in real life than a photograph would be. A good example of this type is the familiar work of William Nicholson, whose portrait of the late Queen of England is said to have been recognised by her as one of the most characteristic pictures she had ever had taken. What appeals to the public, however, is a coarser type, a gross exaggeration of prominent features, a wilful distortion, resulting in ridicule or glorification. Oftentimes the caricature degenerates into a mere symbol. We have outgrown the puerility of the pictorial pun which flourished in England at the close of the seventeenth century, when cartoonists of Gillray's rank were content to represent Lord Bute as a pair of boots, Lord North as Boreas, the north wind, and the elder Fox with the head and tail of the animal suggested by his name. Yet personification of one kind and another, and notably the personification of the nations in the shape of John Bull and Uncle Sam and the Russian Bear, forms the very alphabet of political caricature of the present day. Some of the most memorable series that have ever

Promis'd Horrors of the French INVASION. — Forcible Reasons for negociating a Regicide PEACE Vide *The Authority of Edmund Burke*

GILLRAY'S CONCEPTION OF THE FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(For full description see page 60.)

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appeared were founded upon a chance resemblance of the subject of them to some natural object. Notable instances are Daumier's famous series of Louis Philippe represented as a pear, and Nast's equally clever but more local caricatures of Tweed as a money-bag. It would be interesting, if the material were accessible, to trace the development of the different personifications of England, France, Russia and the rest, from their first appearance in caricature, but unfortunately their earlier development cannot be fully traced. The underlying idea of representing the different nations as individuals and depicting the great international crises in a series of allegories or parables or animal stories—a sort of pictorial Æsop's fables—dates back to the very beginning of caricature. In one of the earliest cartoons that have been preserved, England, France, and a number of minor principalities which have since disappeared from the map of Europe, are represented as playing a game of cards with some disputed island possessions as the stakes. In this case the several nations are indicated merely by heraldic emblems. The conception of John Bull was not to be evolved until a couple of centuries later. This cartoon, like the others of that time, originated in France under Louis XII. The further development of the art was decisively checked under the despotic reign of Louis XIV., and the few caricaturists of that time who had the courage to use their pencil against the King were driven to the expedient of publishing their works in Holland. An impressive illustration of the advantage which the satirical poet has over the cartoonist lies in the fact that some of the cleverest political satire ever written, as well as the best examples of the application of the animal fable to politics, were produced in France at this very time in the fables of La Fontaine.

From Holland, caricature migrated to Great Britain in the closing years of the seventeenth century—a natural result of the attention which Dutch cartoonists had bestowed upon the revolution of 1688—and there it found a fertile and congenial soil. The English had not had time to forget that they had once put the divine right of kings to the test of the executioner's block, and what little reverence still survived was not likely to afford protection for a race of imported monarchs. Moreover, as it happened, the development of English caricature was destined to be guided by the giant genius of two men, Hogarth and Gillray; and however far apart these two men were in their moral and artistic standards, they had one thing in common, a perennial scorn for the House of Hanover. Hogarth's contemptuous satire of George II. was more than echoed in Gillray's merciless attacks upon George III. The well-known cartoons of "Farmer George," and "George the Button-Maker" were but two of the countless ways in which he avenged himself upon the dull-witted king who had once acknowledged that he could not see the point of Gillray's caricatures.

BUONAPARTE, 48 Hours after Landing!

Although Hogarth antedates the period covered by the present articles by fully half a century, he is much too commanding a figure in the history of comic art to be summarily dismissed. The year 1720 marks the era of the so-called "bubble mania," the era of unprecedented inflation, of the South Sea Company in London, and the equally notorious Mississippi schemes of John Law in France. Popular excitement found vent in a veritable deluge of cartoons, many of which

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originated in Amsterdam, and were reprinted in London, often with the addition of explanatory satiric verses in English. In one, Fortune is represented riding in a car driven by Folly, and drawn by personifications of the different companies responsible for the disastrous epidemic of speculation: the Mississippi, limping along on a wooden leg; the South Sea, with its foot in splints, etc. In another, we have an imaginary map of the Southern seas, representing "the very famous island of Madhead, situated in Share Sea, and inhabited by all kinds of people, to which is given the general name of Shareholders." John Law

The above are true Likenesses of CAMBACERES LE BRUN the ABBE SEIYES and BUONAPARTE, drawn at Paris Novr 1799.

The French-Consular-Triumverate, settling the New Constitution, with a Peep at the Constitutional-Pigeon Holes of the Abbe Seiyes in the Back Ground.

BY GILLRAY.

(For full description see page 59.)

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"BONAPARTE AND HIS ENGLISH FRIENDS—THE BROAD BOTTOM ADMINISTRATION." BY GILLRAY.
(For full description see page 63.)

"ARMED HEROES." BY GILLRAY.

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"NAPOLEON AND PITT DIVIDING THE WORLD BETWEEN THEM." BY GILLRAY.

(For full description see page 61.)

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J.s Gillray inv.t & fec.t British Tars, towing the Danish Fleet into Harbour; — the Broadbottom Leviathan trying to swamp Billy's old Boat, & the little Corsican tottering on the Clouds of Ambition —

"THE CAPTURE OF THE DANISH SHIPS." BY GILLRAY.

(For full description see page 63.)

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Pacific-Overtures — or — *a Flight from St.e CLOUDS* — "over the Water to Charley" — *a new Dramatic Peace now Rehearsing*

(For full description see page 62.)

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came in for a major share of the caricaturist's attention. In one picture he is represented as assisting Atlas to bear up immense globes of wind; in another, he is a "wind-monopolist," declaring, "The wind is my treasure, cushion and foundation. Master of the wind, I am master of life, and my wind monopoly becomes straightway the object of idolatry." The *windy* character of the share-business is the dominant note in the cartoons of the period. Bubbles, windmills, flying kites, play a prominent part in the detail with which the background of the typical Dutch caricature was always crowded. These cartoons, displayed conspicuously in London shop windows, were not only seen by Hogarth, but influenced him vitally. His earliest known essay in political caricature is an adaptation of one of these Dutch prints, representing the wheel of Fortune, bearing the luckless and infatuated speculators high aloft. His latest work still shows the influence of Holland in the endless wealth of minute detail, the painstaking elaboration of his backgrounds, in which the most patient examination is ever finding something new. With Hogarth, the overcharged method of the Dutch school became a medium for irrepressible genius. At the hands of his followers and imitators, it became a source of obscurity and confusion.

"You may have seen Gillray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout, old, hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy? Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon."—*Thackeray's "Four Georges."*

While Hogarth is rightly recognised as the father of English caricature, it must be remembered that his best work was done on the social rather than the political side. Even his most famous political series, that of "The Elections," is broadly generalised. It is not in any sense campaign literature, but an exposition of contemporary manners. And this was always Hogarth's aim. He was by instinct a realist, endowed with a keen sense of humour—a quality in which many a modern realist is deficient. He satirised life as he saw it, the good and the bad together, with a frankness which at times was somewhat brutal, like the frankness of Fielding and of Smollett—the frankness of the age they lived in. It was essentially an outspoken age, robust and rather gross; a red-blooded age, nurtured on English beef and beer; a jovial age that shook its sides over many a broad jest, and saw no shame in open allusion to the obvious and elemental facts of physical life. Judged by the standards of his day, there is little offence in Hogarth's work; even when measured by our own, he is not deliberately licentious. On the contrary, he set an example of moderation

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"THE NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE." FROM A GERMAN CARICATURE.

which his successors would have done well to imitate. He realised, as the later caricaturists of his century did not, that the great strength of pictorial satire lies in ridicule rather than in invective; that the subtlest irony often lies in a close adherence to the truth, where riotous and unrestrained exaggeration defeats its own end. Just as, in the case of *Joseph Andrews,* Fielding's creative instinct got the upper hand of the parodist, so in much of Hogarth's work one feels that the caricaturist is forced to yield place to the realistic artist, the student of human life, carried away by the interest of the story he has to tell. His chief gift to caricature is his unprecedented development of the narrative quality in pictorial art. He pointed a road along which his imitators could follow him only at a distance.

With the second half of the eighteenth century there began an era of great license in the political press, an era of bitter vituperation and vile personal abuse. Hogarth was one of the chief sufferers. After holding aloof from partisan politics for nearly half a century, he published in 1762 his well-known cartoon attacking the ex-minister, Pitt. All Europe is represented in flames, which are spreading to Great Britain in spite of the efforts of Lord Bute, aided by his Highlanders, to extinguish them. Pitt is blowing upon the flames, which are being fed by the Duke of Newcastle from a barrow full of *Monitors* and *North Britons,* two scurrilous papers of the day. The bitterness with which Hogarth was attacked in retaliation and the persistence of his persecutors resulted, as was generally believed at the time, in a broken heart and his death in 1764.

An amazing increase in the number of caricatures followed the entry of Lord Bute's ministry into power. They were distinguished chiefly by their poor execution and gross indecency. As early as 1762, the *Gentleman's Magazine,* itself none too immaculate, complains that "Many of the representations that have lately appeared in the shops are not only reproachful to the government, but offensive to common-sense; they discover a tendency to inflame, without a spark of fire to light their own combustion." The state of society in England was at this time notoriously immoral and licentious. It was a period of hard living and hard drinking. The well-known habits of such public figures as Sheridan and Fox are eminent examples. The spirit

FROM A GERMAN CARTOON OF THE PERIOD.

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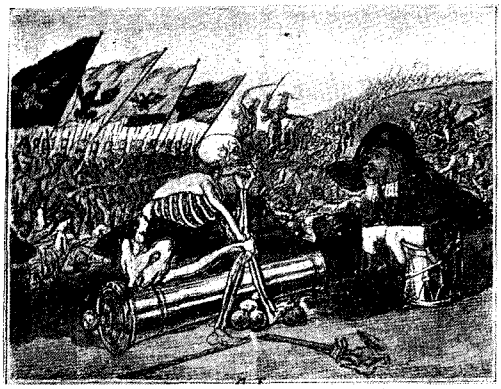

"THE TWO KINGS OF TERROR."
After a cartoon by Rowlandson.

of gambling had become a mania, and women had caught the contagion as well as men. Nowhere was the profligacy of the times more clearly shown than in the looseness of public social functions, such as the notorious masquerade balls, which a contemporary journal, the *Westminster Magazine,* seriously decried as "subversive of virtue and every noble and domestic point of honour." The low standards of morals and want of delicacy are revealed in the extravagance of women's dress, the looseness of their speech. It was an age when women of rank, such as Lady Buckingham and Lady Archer, were publicly threatened by an eminent judge with exposure on the pillory for having systematically enticed young men and robbed them at their faro tables, and afterward found themselves exposed in the pillory of popular opinion in scurrilous cartoons from shop windows all over London.

At a time when cheap abuse took the place of technical skill, and vulgarity passed for wit, a man of unlimited audacity, who was also a consummate master of his pencil, easily took precedence. Such a man was James Gillray, unquestionably the leading cartoonist of the reign of George III. Yet of the many

FROM A GERMAN CARICATURE COMMEMORATING GERMAN SUCCESS IN 1814.

"THE DEVIL AND NAPOLEON."
From an anonymous French caricature.

who to-day are familiar with the name of Gillray and the important part he played in influencing public opinion during the struggle with Napoleon, very few have an understanding of the dominant qualities of his work. A large part of it, and probably the most representative part, is characterised by a foulness and an obscenity which the present generation cannot countenance. There is a whole series of cartoons bearing his name which it would not only be absolutely out of the question to reproduce, but the very nature of which can be indicated only in the most guarded manner. Imagine the

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works of Rabelais shamelessly illustrated by a master hand! Try to conceive of the nature of the pictures which Panurge chalked up on the walls of old Paris. It was not merely the fault of the times, as in the case of Hogarth. Public taste was sufficiently depraved already; but Gillray deliberately prostituted his genius to the level of a procuror, to debauch it further. From first to last his drawings

NAPOLEON: "Dear cousin, how do you find my condition?"
CARDINAL FESCH: "Sire, it cannot last. Your Majesty has too bad a constitution."

From the collection of John Leonard Dudley, Jr.

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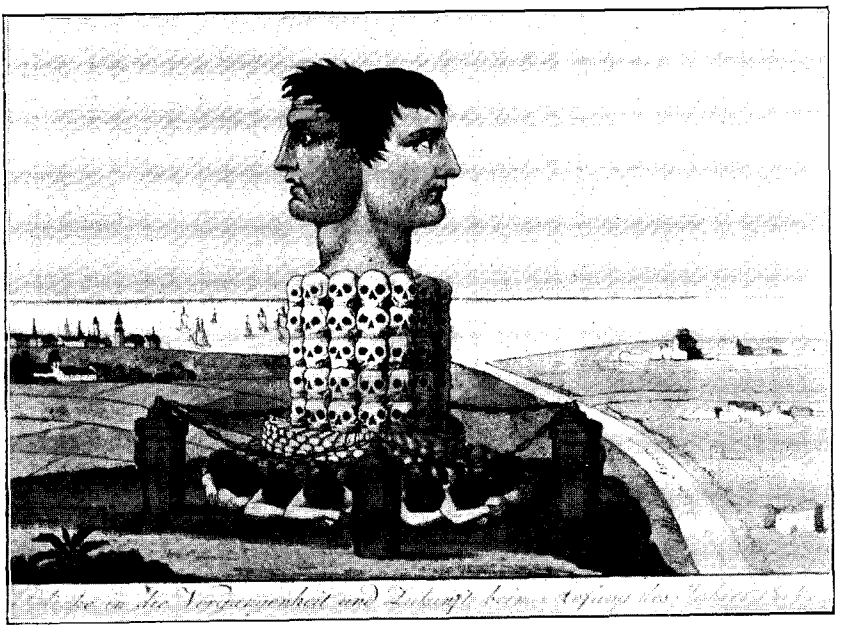
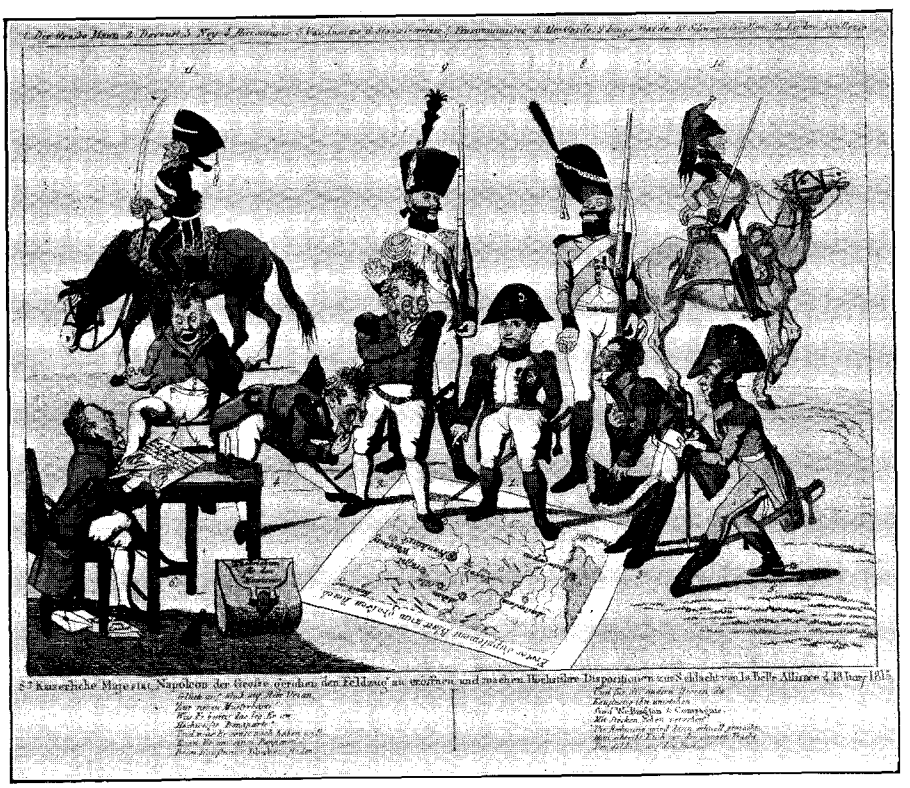


"THE DOUBLE-FACED NAPOLEON."
From the collection of John Leonard Dudley, Jr.



"THE PARTITION OF THE MAP."
From the collection of John Leonard Dudley, Jr.

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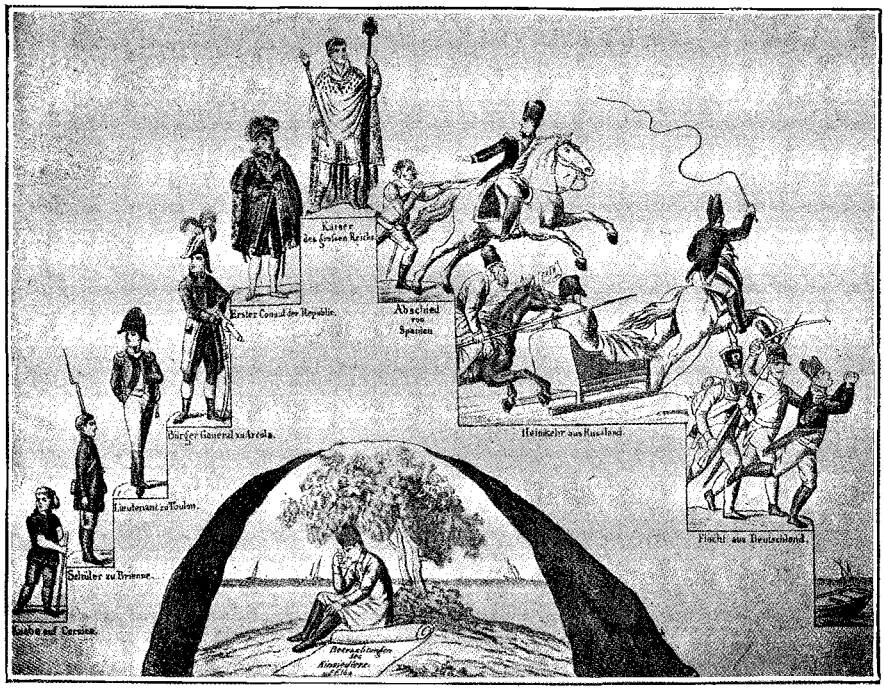

"THE DIFFERENT STAGES IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."
From a German Stamp.

"THE CORSICAN TOP IN FULL FLIGHT."
From a coloured stamp of the period.

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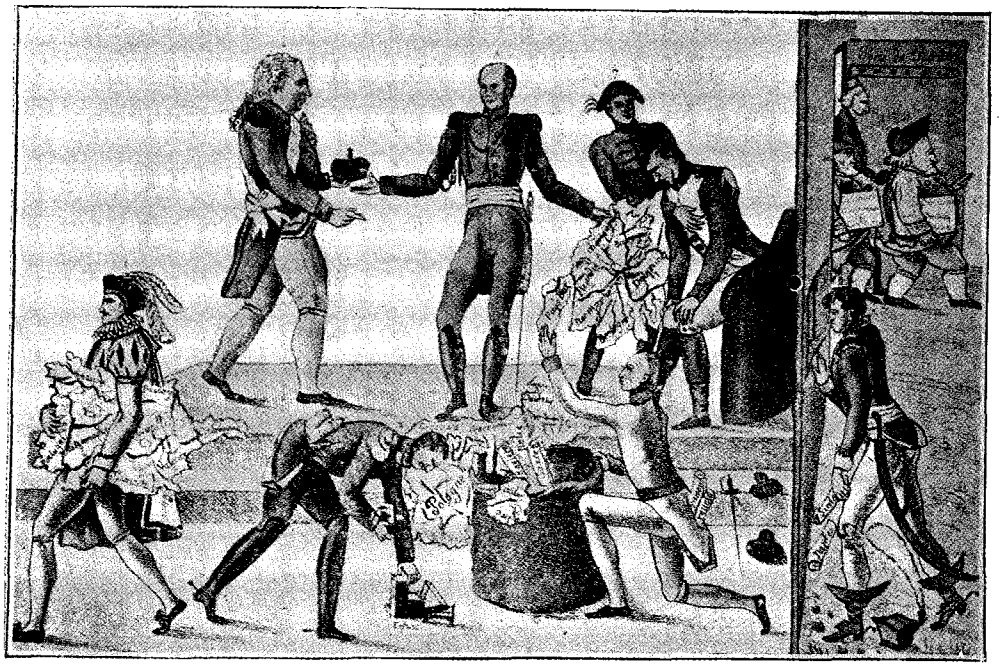
"THE SIGNATURE OF ABDICATION."

From a caricature in colour by George Cruikshank.



"RESTITUTION; OR, TO EACH HIS SHARE."

From a coloured stamp of the period.

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J Gillray del. F W Fairholt F S A sc

"THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL."

(For full description see page 60.)

"THE OVEN OF THE ALLIES."

From an anonymous French cartoon.

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"THE GREAT CORONATION PROCESSION OF NAPOLEON," BY GILLRAY,

(For full description see page 61.)

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impress one as emanating from a mind not only unclean, but unbalanced as well —a mind over which there hung, even at the beginning, the furtive shadow of that madness which at last overtook and blighted him. There is but one of the hallmarks of great caricature in the work of Gillray, and that is the lasting impression which they make. They refuse to be forgotten; they remain imprinted on the brain, like the obsession of a nightmare. While in one sense they stand as a pitiless indictment of the generation that tolerated them, they are not a reflection of the life that Gillray saw except in the sense that their physical deformity symbolises the moral foulness of the age. Grace and charm and physical beauty, which Hogarth could use effectively, are unknown quantities to Gillray. There is an element of monstrosity about all his figures, distorted and repellent. Foul, bloated faces; twisted, swollen limbs; unshapely figures whose protuberant flesh suggests a tumified and fungoid growth—such is the brood begotten by Gillray's pencil, like the malignant spawn of some forgotten circle of the lower inferno.

It would be idle to dispute the far-reaching power of Gillray's genius, perverted though it was. Throughout the Napoleonic wars, caricature and the name of Gillray are convertible terms; for, even after he was forced to lay down his pencil, his brilliant contemporaries and successors, Rowlandson and Cruikshank, found themselves unable to throw off the fetters of his influence. No history of Napoleon is quite complete which fails to recognise Gillray as a potent factor in crystallising public opinion in England. His long series of cartoons aimed at "little Boney" are the culminating work of his life. Their power lay, not in intellectual subtlety or brilliant scintillation of wit, but in the bitterness of their invective, the appeal they make to elemental passions. They spoke a language which the roughest of London mobs could understand—the language of the gutter. They were, many of them, masterpieces of pictorial Billingsgate.

There is rancour, there is venom, there is the inevitable inheritance of the warfare of centuries, in these caricatures of Gillray, but above all there is fear—fear of Napoleon, of his genius, of his star. It has been very easy for Englishmen of later days to say that the French never could have crossed the Channel, that there was never any reason for disquiet; it was another matter in the days when troops were actually gathering by the thousands on the hills behind Boulogne. You can find this fear voiced everywhere in Gillray, in the discordance between the drawings and the text. John Bull is the ox, Bonaparte the contemptible frog; but it is usually the ox who is bellowing out defiance, daring the other to "come on," flinging down insult at the diminutive foe. "Let 'em come, damme!" shouts the bold Briton in the pictures of the time. "Damme! where are the French bugaboos? Singlehanded I'll beat forty of 'em, damme!" Every means was used to rouse the spirit of the English nation and to stimulate hatred of the French and their leader. In one picture, Boney and his family are in rags and are gnawing raw bones in a rude Corsican hut; in another we find him with a hookah and turban, having adopted the Mahometan religion; in a third we see him murdering the sick at Joppa. In the caricatures of Gillray, Napoleon is always a monster, a fiend in human shape, craven and murderous; but when dealing with the question of this fiend's power for evil, Gillray made no attempt at consistency. This ogre, who through one series of pictures was represented as kicked about from boot to boot, kicked by the Spaniards, the Turks, the Austrians, the Prussians, the Russians, in another is depicted as being very dangerous indeed. A curious example of this inconsistency will be found by placing side by side the two cartoons considered by many to be Gillray's best, "The King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver," already referred to, and "Tiddy-Doll, the Great French Gingerbread Maker, Drawing out a new Batch of Kings." The "pernicious, little, odious reptile", whom George the Third is holding so contemptuously in the hollow of his hand, in the first caricature, is in the second concededly of considerable European importance.

I.

For the first decade of the nineteenth century there was but one important

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source of caricature, and one all-important subject—England and Bonaparte. America at this time counted for little in international politics. The revolutionary period closed definitely with the death of Washington, the one figure in our national politics who stood for something definite in the eyes of Europe. Our incipient naval war with France, which for a moment threatened to assign us a part in the general struggle of the Powers, was amicably concluded before the close of the eighteenth century. Throughout the Jeffersonian period, national and local satire and burlesque flourished, atoning in quantity for what it lacked in wit and artistic skill. Mr. Parton, in his *Caricature and Other Comic Art,* finds but one cartoon which he thinks it worth while to cite—Jefferson kneeling before a pillar labelled "Altar of Gallic Despotism," upon which are Paine's *Age of Reason* and the works of Rousseau, Voltaire and Helvetius, with the demon of the French Revolution crouching behind it, and the American eagle soaring to the sky bearing away the Constitution and the independence of the United States, and he adds: "Pictures of that nature, of great size, crowded with objects, emblems and sentences—an elaborate blending of burlesque, allegory and enigma—were so much valued by that generation that some of them were engraved upon copper."

France, on the contrary, the central stage of the great drama of nations, might at this time have produced a school of caricaturists worthy of their opportunity—a school that would have offset with its Gallic wit the heavier school of British invective, and might have furnished Napoleon with a strong weapon against his most persistent enemies, had he not, with questionable wisdom, sternly repressed pictorial satire of a political nature. As the century opens, the drama of the ensuing fourteen years becomes clearly defined; the prologue has been played; Napoleon's ambition in the East has been checked, first by the Battle of the Nile, and then definitely at Aboukir. Henceforth he is to limit his schemes of conquest to Europe, and John Bull is the only national figure who seems likely to attempt to check him. The Battle of the Nile was commemorated by Gillray, who

" THE CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY IN A SAD PLIGHT."

From a French cartoon of the period.

depicted Nelson's victory in a cartoon entitled "Extirpation of the Plagues of Egypt, Destruction of the Revolutionary Crocodiles, or the British Hero Cleansing the Mouth of the Nile." Here Nelson is shown dispersing the French fleet treated as crocodiles. He has destroyed numbers with his cudgel of British oak; he is beating down others; a whole bevy, with hooks through their noses, are attached by strings to the iron hook which replaced his lost forearm. In the distance a crocodile is bursting and casting fire and ruin on all sides. This is an allusion to the destruction of the *Orient,* the flagship of the Republican Admiral, the heroic Brueys, who declined to quit his post when literally cut to pieces.

Another cartoon by Gillray which belongs to this period is "The French Consular Triumvirate Settling the New Constitution." It introduces the figures of Napoleon and his fellow-consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, who replaced the very authors of the new instrument, Sièyes and Ducos, quietly deposed by Napoleon within the year. The second and third consuls are provided with blank sheets of paper, for mere form—they have only to bite their pens. The Corsican is compiling a constitution in accordance with his own views. A band of imps is beneath the table, forging new chains for France and for Europe.

In England, the Addington ministry, which in 1801 replaced that of William Pitt, and are represented in caricature as "lilliputian substitutes" lost in the depths of Mr. Pitt's jack-boots, set out as a peace ministry and entered into the ne-

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gotiations with Napoleon which, in the following March, resulted in the Peace of Amiens. Gillray anticipated this peace with several alarmist cartoons:—"Preliminaries of Peace," representing John Bull being led by the nose across the channel over a rotten plank, while Britannia's shield and several valuable possessions have been cast aside into the water; and "Britannia's Death Warrant," in which Britannia is seen being dragged away to the guillotine by the Corsican marauder. The peace at first gave genuine satisfaction in England, but toward the end of 1802 there were growing signs of popular discontent, which Gillray voiced in "The Nursery, with Britannia Reposing in Peace." Britannia is here portrayed as an overgrown baby in her cradle and fed upon French principles by Addington, Lord Hawkesbury and Fox. Still more famous was his next cartoon, "The First Kiss this Ten Years; or, the Meeting of Britannia and Citizen François." Britannia, grown enormously stout, her shield and spear idly reposing against the wall, is blushing deeply at his warm embrace and ardent expressions of joy: "Madame, permit me to pay my profound esteem to your engaging person, and to seal on your divine lips my everlasting attachment!!!" She replies: "Monsieur, you are truly a well-bred gentleman; and though you make me blush, yet you kiss so delicately that I cannot refuse you, though I was sure you would deceive me again!" In the background the portraits of King George and Bonaparte scowl fiercely at each other upon the wall. This is said to be one of the very few caricatures which Napoleon himself heartily enjoyed.

From now on, the cartoons take on a more caustic tone. Britannia is being robbed of her cherished possessions, even Malta being on the point of being wrested from her; while the bugaboo of an invading army looms large upon the horizon. In one picture Britannia, unexpectedly attacked by Napoleon's fleet, is awakening from a trance of fancied peace, and praying that her "angels and ministers of *dis*grace defend her!" In another, John Bull, having waded across the water, is taunting little Boney, whose head just shows above the wall of his fortress:

If you mean to invade us, why make such a rout?
I say, little Boney, why don't you come out?
Yes, d—— you, why don't you come out?

In his cartoon called "Promised Horrors of the French Evasion; or, Forcible Reasons for Negotiating a Regicided Peace," Gillray painted the imaginary landing of the French in England. The ferocious legions are pouring from St. James's Palace, which is in flames, and they are marching past the clubs. Their practice of patronising democracy in the countries they had conquered has been carried out by handing over the Tories, the constitution and the crown to the Foxite reformers and the Whig party. The chief hostility of the French troops is directed against the aristocratic clubs. An indiscriminate massacre of the members of White's is proceeding in the doorways, on the balconies, and wherever the republican levies have penetrated. The royal princes are stabbed and thrown into the street. A rivulet of blood is running. In the centre of the picture is a tree of liberty. To this tree Pitt is bound, while Fox is lashing him.

The increasing venom of the English cartoons, and their frequent coarse personalities, caused no little uneasiness to Bonaparte, until they culminated in a famous cartoon by Gillray, "The Handwriting on the Wall," a broad satire on Belshazzar's feast, which was published August 24th, 1803. The First Consul, his wife Josephine and the members of the court are seated at table, consuming the good things of Old England. The palace of St. James, transfixed upon Napoleon's fork; the tower of London, which one of the convives is swallowing whole; the head of King George on a platter inscribed: "Oh, de beef of Old England!" A hand above holds out the scales of Justice, in which the legitimate crown of France weighs down the red cap with its attached chain—despotism misnamed liberty.

For the next year, parliamentary strife at home, fostered by Pitt's quarrel with the Addington ministry on the one hand and his opposition to Fox on the other, kept the cartoonists busy. They found time, however, to celebrate the coronation of Napoleon as Emperor in December, 1804. Gillray anticipated the

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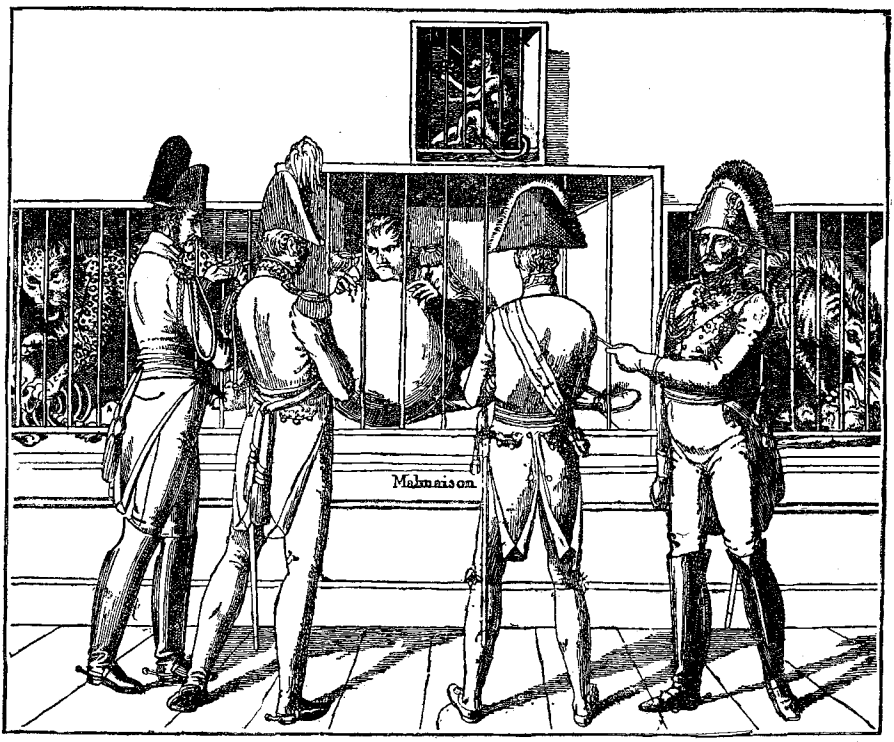
event with a cartoon entitled "The Genius of France Nursing her Darling," in which the genius, depicted as a lady with blood-stained garments and a reeking spear, tosses an infant Napoleon, armed with a sceptre and vainly tries to check his cries with a rattle surmounted by a crown.

Rowlandson, Gillray's clever and more artistic contemporary, commemorated the event itself in a clever cartoon, "The Death of Madame République," published December 14th, 1804. The moribund République lies stretched upon her death-bed, her nightcap adorned with the tricoloured cockade. The Abbé Sièyes, in the rôle of doctor, is exhibiting the Emperor, portrayed as a new-born infant in long clothes. John Bull, spectacles on nose, is regarding the altered conditions with visible astonishment. "Pray, Mr. Abbé Sièyes, what was the cause of the poor lady's death? She seemed at one time in a tolerable thriving way." "She died in childbed, Mr. Bull, after giving birth to this little Emperor!"

This was followed on the 1st of January by a large satirical print by Gillray, of "The Grand Coronation Procession," in which the feature that gave special offence was the group of three princesses, the Princess Borghese, the Princess Louise and the Princess Joseph Bonaparte, arrayed in garments of indecent scantiness, and heading the procession as the "three imperial Graces." The caricatures of this period relating to the new Emperor and Empress are as a rule not only libellous, but grossly coarse. At the same time, the political conditions of the times are cleverly hit off in "The Plum Pudding in Danger; or, State Epicures Taking un Petit Souper," published February 26th, 1805, which depicts the rival pretensions of Napoleon and Pitt. They are seated at opposite sides of the table, the only dish between them being the Globe, served up on a shallow plate and resembling a plum pudding. Napoleon's sword has sliced off the continent—France, Holland, Spain, Italy, Prussia—and his fork is dug spitefully into Hanover, which was



"NAPOLEON CAGED BY THE ALLIES." FROM A FRENCH CARTOON OF THE PERIOD.

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then an appanage of the British crown. Pitt's trident is stuck in the ocean, and his carver is modestly dividing the Globe down the middle.

During the summer of 1805 the third coalition against France was completed, its chief factors being Great Britain, Russia and France. A contemporary print entitled "Tom Thumb at Bay" commemorates the new armament. Napoleon, dropping crown and sceptre in his flight, is evading the Austrian eagle, the Russian bear and the Westphalian pig, only to run at last pell-mell into the gaping jaws of the British lion. It is somewhat curious that the momentous events of the new war—the annihilation of the French fleet at Trafalgar, the equally decisive French victory at Austerlitz—were scarcely noticed in caricature, and the few exceptions have little merit. But in the following January, 1806, when Napoleon had entered upon an epoch of king-making, with his kings of Wurtemburg and Bavaria, Gillray produced one of his most famous prints. It was published the 23d of January (the day that Pitt breathed his last), and was entitled "Tiddy Doll, the Great French Gingerbread Baker, Drawing out a new Batch of Kings, His Man, 'Hopping Talley,' Mixing up the Dough." The great gilt, gingerbread baker is shown at work at his new French oven for imperial gingerbread. He is just drawing from the oven's mouth a fresh batch of kings. The fuel is shown in the form of cannon-balls. Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Venice and Spain are following the fate of the French Republic. On the store cupboard for "kings and queens," "crowns and sceptres," "suns and Moons," is arranged a gay parcel of little dough viceroys intended for the next batch. Among them are the figures of Fox, Sheridan, Derby and others of the Whig party in England.

In the comprehensive and ill-assorted coalition ministry which was formed soon after Pitt's death, the caricaturists found a congenial topic for their pencils. They ridiculed it unmercifully under the title "All the Talents," and the "Broad Bottomed" ministry. A composite picture by Rowlandson shows the ministry as a spectacled ape in the wig of a learned justice, with episcopal mitre and Catholic crozier. He wears a lawyer's coat and ragged breeches, with a shoe on one foot and a French jack-boot on the other. He is dancing on a funeral pyre of papers, the results of the administration, its endless negotiations with France, its sinecures and patronages, which are blazing away. The creature's foot is discharging a gun, which produces signal mischief in the rear and brings down two heavy folios, the Magna Charta and the Coronation oath, upon its head.

This ministry's futile negotiations for peace with France are frequently burlesqued. Gillray published on April 5th "Pacific Overtures; or, a Flight from St. Cloud's 'over the water to Charley,'" in which the negotiations are described as "a new dramatic *peace*, now rehearsing." In this cartoon King George has left the state box—where the play-book of "I Know You All" still remains open—to approach nearer to little Boney, who, elevated on the clouds, is directing attention to his proposed treaty. "Terms of Peace: Acknowledge me as Emperor; dismantle your fleet; reduce your armies; abandon Malta and Gibraltar; renounce all continental connection; your colonies I will take at a valuation; engage to pay to the Great Nation for seven years annually one million pounds; and place in my hands as hostages the Princess Charlotte of Wales, with others of the late administration whom I shall name." King George replies: "Very amusing terms, indeed, and might do vastly well with some of the new-made little gingerbread kings; but we are not in the habit of giving up either ships or commerce or colonies merely because little Boney is in a pet to have them." This cartoon introduces among others Talleyrand, O'Conor, Fox, Lord Ellenborough, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Moira, Lord Lauderdale, Addington, Lord Henry Petty, Lord Derby and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Shortly afterward, on July 21st, 1806, Rowlandson voices the current feeling of distrust of Fox in "Experiments at Dover; or, Master Charley's Magic Lantern." Fox is depicted at Dover, training the rays of his magic lantern on the cliffs of Calais. John Bull, watching him, is not satisfied. "Yes, yes, it be all very fine, if it be true; but I can't forget that d—d Omnium last week. . . . I will

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tell thee what, Charley, since thee hast become a great man, I think in my heart thee beest always conjuring."

The cartoon entitled "Westminster Conscripts Under the Training Act" appeared September 1st, 1806. Napoleon, the drill sergeant, is elevated on a pile of cannon-balls; he is giving his authoritative order to "Ground arms." The invalided Fox has been wheeled to the ground in his arm-chair; the Prince of Wales's plume appears on the back of his seat. Other figures in the cartoon are Lord Lauderdale, Lord Grenville, Lord Howick, Lord Holland, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Ellenborough, the Duke of Clarence, Lord Moira, Lord Chancellor Erskine, Colonel Hanger and Talleyrand.

Gillray has left a cartoon commemorating the arrival of the Danish squadron, under the title of "British Tars Towing the Danish Fleet into Harbour; the Broad Bottom Leviathan trying to swamp Billy's Old Boat; and the Little Corsican Tottering on the Clouds of Ambition." This cartoon was issued October 1st, 1807. Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh are lustily rowing "The Billy Pitt;" Canning, seated in the prow, is towing the captured fleet into Sheerness, with the Union Jack flying over the forts. Copenhagen smoking from the recent bombardment may be distinguished in the distance. In Sheerness harbour the sign of the "Good Old George" is hung out at John Bull's Tavern; John Bull is seated at the door, a pot of porter in his hand, waving his hat and shouting: "Rule Britannia! Britannia Rules the Waves!" That the expedition did not escape censure is shown by the figure of a three-headed porpoise which is savagely assailing the successful crew. This monster bears the heads of Lord Howick, shouting "Detraction! Lord St. Vincent, filled with "Envy," and discharging a watery broadside; and Lord Grenville, who is raising his "Opposition Clamour" to confuse their course.

No period of the Napoleonic wars gave better opportunity for satire than Napoleon's disastrous occupation of Spain and his invasion of Portugal. The titles alone of the cartoons would fill a volume. The sanguine hopes of success cherished by the English government are expressed by Gillray in a print published April 10th, 1808. "Delicious Dreams! Castles in the Air! Glorious Prospects!" It depicts the ministers sunken in a drunken sleep and visited by glorious visions of Britannia and her lion occupying a triumphal car formed from the hull of a British ship, drawn by an Irish bull and led by an English tar. She is dragging captive to the Tower little Boney and the Russian Bear, both loaded with chains.

The dangers which threatened Napoleon at this period were shown by Gillray in one of the most striking of all his cartoons, the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," which was issued September 24th, 1808. The valley is the valley of Bunyan's allegory. The Emperor is proceeding timorously down a treacherous path, bounded on either side by the waters of Styx and hemmed in by a circle of flame. From every side horrors are springing up to assail him. The British lion, raging and furious, is springing at his throat. The Portuguese wolf has broken his chain. King Death, mounted on a mule of "True Royal Spanish Breed," has cleared at a bound the body of the ex-King Joseph, which has been thrown into the "Ditch of Styx." Death is poising his spear with fatal aim, warningly holding up at the same time his hour-glass with the sand exhausted; flames follow in his course. From the smoke rise the figures of Junot and Dupont, the beaten generals. The papal tiara is descending as a "Roman meteor," charged with lightnings to blast the Corsican. The "Turkish New Moon" is seen rising in blood. The "Spirit of Charles XII." rises from the flames to avenge the wrongs of Sweden. The "Imperial German Eagle" is emerging from a cloud; the Prussian bird appears as a scarecrow, making desperate efforts to fly and screaming revenge. From the "Lethean Ditch" the "American Rattlesnake" is thrusting forth a poisoned tongue. The "Dutch Frogs" are spitting out their spite; and the Rhenish Confederation is personified as a herd of starved "Rats," ready to feast on the Corsican. The great "Russian Bear," the only ally Napoleon has secured, is shaking his chain and growling—a formidable enemy in the rear.

Gillray's caricature entitled "John Bull Taking a Luncheon; or, British Cooks

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Cramming Old Grumble-Gizzard with Bonne Chère," shows the strange appearing John of the caricature of that day sitting at a table, overwhelmed by the zealous attentions of his cooks, foremost among whom is the hero of the Nile, who is offering him a "Fricassée à la Nelson," a large dish of battered French ships of the line. John is swallowing a frigate at a mouthful. Through the window we see Fox and Sheridan, representative of the Broad Bottom administration, running away in dismay at John Bull's voracity.

As Gillray retires from the field several other clever artists stand ready to take his place, and notably Rowlandson. The latter had a distinct advantage over Gillray in his superior artistic training. He was educated in the French schools, where he gave especial attention to studies from the nude. In the opinion of such capable judges as Reynolds, West and Lawrence, his gifts might have won him a high place among English artists, if he had not turned, through sheer perversity, to satire and burlesque. Rowlandson's Napoleonic cartoons began in July, 1808. They are neither especially characteristic nor especially clever, but they certainly were duly appreciated by the public. Joseph Grego, in his interesting and comprehensive work upon Rowlandson, says of them:

> It is certain that the caricaturist's travesties of the little Emperor, his burlesques of his great actions and grandiose declarations, his figurative displays of the mean origin of the imperial family, with the cowardice and depravity of its members, won popular applause. . . . And when disasters began to cloud the career of Napoleon, as army after army melted away, . . . the artist bent his skill to interpret the delight of the public. The city competed with the West End in buying every caricature, in loyal contest to prove their national enmity for Bonaparte. In too many cases, the incentive was to gratify the hatred of the Corsican rather than any remarkable merit that could be discovered in the caricatures. Very few of these mock-heroic sallies imprint themselves upon the recollection by sheer force of their own brilliancy, as was the case with Gillray, and frequently with John Tenniel. Rowlandson and Cruikshank are risible but not inspired.

On July 8th, Rowlandson began his series with "The Corsican Tiger at Bay." Napoleon is depicted as a savage tiger, rending four "Royal Greyhounds," quite at his mercy. But a fresh pack appears in the background and prepares for a fierce charge. The Russian bear and Austrian eagle are securely bound with heavy fetters, but the eagle is asking: "Now, Brother Bruin, is it time to break our fetters?"

"The Beast as Described in the Revelations," published July 22d, 1808. The beast, of Corsican origin, is represented with seven heads, and the names of Austria, Naples, Holland, Denmark, Prussia and Russia are inscribed on their respective crowns. Napoleon's head, severed from the trunk, vomits forth flames. In the distance, cities are blazing, showing the destruction wrought by the beast. Spain is represented as the champion who alone dares to stand against the monster.

"The Political Butcher" bears date September 12th of the same year. In this print the Spanish Don, in the garb of a butcher, is cutting up Bonaparte for the benefit of his neighbours. The body of the late Corsican lies before him and is being cut up with professional zeal. The Don holds up his enemy's heart and calls upon the other Powers to take their share. The double-headed eagle of Austria is swooping upon Napoleon's head: "I have long wished to strike my talons into that diabolical head-piece;" the British bulldog has been enjoying portions of the joints, and thinks that he would "like to have the picking of that head." The Russian bear is luxuriously licking Napoleon's boots, and remarks, "This licking is giving me a mortal inclination to pick a bone."

The final failure of the Spanish campaign is signalised, September 20th, in a cartoon labelled "Napoleon the Little in a Rage with his Great French Eagle." The Emperor, with drawn sword and bristling with rage, threatens the French imperial eagle, larger than himself. The bird's head and one leg are tied up—the result of damage inflicted by the Spaniards. "Confusion and destruction!" thunders Napoleon, "what is this I see? Did I not command you not to return until you had spread your wing of victory over the whole of Spain?" "Aye, it's fine talking," rejoins the bird, "but if you

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had been there, you would not much have liked it. The Spanish cormorants pursued me in such a manner that they set me moulting in a terrible way. I wonder that I have not lost my feathers. Besides, it got so hot I could not bear it any longer."

In August, 1809, Rowlandson published "The Rising Sun." Bonaparte is surrounded by the Continental powers, and is busy rocking to sleep in a cradle the Russian bear, securely muzzled with French promises. But the dawn of a new era is breaking: the sun of Spain and Portugal is rising with threatening import. The Emperor is disturbed by the new light: "This rising sun has set me upon thorns." The Prussian eagle is trussed; Denmark is snuffed out. But Austria has once more taken heart: "Tyrant, I defy thee and thy cursed crew!"

The victories of the Peninsular war, and later of the disastrous Russian campaign, called forth an ever-increasing number of cartoons, which showed little mercy or consideration to a fallen foe. A sample of the titles of this period show the general tendency; he is the "Corsican Bloodhound," the "Carcass-Butcher;" he is a jail-bird doing the "Rogues' March to the Island of Elba." An analysis of a few of the more striking cartoons will serve to close the survey of the Napoleonic period. "Death and Bonaparte" is a grewsome cartoon by Rowlandson, dated January 1st, 1814. Napoleon is seated on a drum with his head clasped between his hands, staring into the face of a skeleton Death, who is watching the baffled general face to face. Death mockingly parodies Napoleon's attitude. A broken eagle, the imperial standard, lies at his bony feet. In the background the Russian, Prussian, Austrian and other allied armies are streaming past in unbroken ranks, routing the dismayed legions of France.

April 12th, 1814, a cartoon by Rowlandson, entitled "Bloody Boney, the Corsican Butcher, Left off Trade and Retiring to Scarecrow Island." He is riding on a rough-coated donkey and wearing a fool's cap in place of a crown. His only provision is a bag of brown bread. His consort is riding on the same beast, which is being unmercifully flogged with a stick labelled "Bâton Maréchal."

April 17th, 1815, "The Flight of Bonaparte from Hell Bay," Rowlandson.

Napoleon's escape from Elba is represented as a flight from the infernal regions. The foul fiend is amusing himself by letting his captive loose to work fresh mischief in the world above. He has mounted the Corsican upon a bubble and sends him careering upward back to earth, while hissing dragons pour forth furious blasts to waft the bubble onward.

April 18th, 1815, "Hell Hounds Rallying around the Idol of France."

The head and bust of the Emperor, drawn on a colossal scale, a hangman's noose around his throat, is mounted on a vast pyramid of human heads, his decapitated victims. Demons are flying through the air to place upon his brow a crown of blazing pitch, while a ring of other excited fiends, whose features represent Maréchal Ney, Lefebre, Davoust and others, with horns, hoofs and tails, are dancing in triumph around the idol they have replaced. Closely resembling this cartoon of Rowlandson is the German cartoon which is reproduced in this article showing a double-faced Napoleon topping a monument built of skulls. Rowlandson's "Hell Hounds Rallying around the Idol of France" was the last English cartoon directed against Napoleon when he was at the head of France. Two months later the Emperor's power was finally broken at Waterloo.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE LITTLE HAND

O moon-pale blossom that ruffles and dips
And ripples in wind that is sweet with your lips,
I have come to you, hot for the truth about truth.
I have come to find God. If I look in the dew
And the depths of your silk—shall I find Him in you?

How it stirs—little rose! How it stirs and is still!
How it blows, and is sweet, and is terribly still!

Little child, little child—with me here by the rose,
I can find you no truth. What the moon-blossom knows
Is its secret, for God; and they shut us away.
Take my hand. Let us search for the truth and the work.
Of the truth through the dead hush of earth.

How it clings—little hand! How it clings to my own!
Here is Truth! Ah, the little hand clings to my own!

Zona Gale.

WASHINGTON'S PRIVATE ACCOUNT BOOK

About fifteen years ago there was rescued from a fire in Alexandria, Virginia, a small paper-bound volume, with time embrowned leaves and faded ink, which upon examination proved to be George Washington's private account book for 1790-91, kept during his residence in New York, in the first and second years of his Presidency. The manuscript is not in his own handwriting, but in that of his assistant secretary, Major William Jackson,* who was his aide-de-camp during the War of the Revolution, and who in 1790 succeeded Colonel David Humphrys as the President's assistant or second secretary.

*Major William Jackson was born in Cumberland, England, March 9th, 1750, and brought as an orphan to this country. He entered the army in 1775, and was aide to Washington during the Revolution. He was secretary to the Federal Convention, and for twenty-eight years to the Society of Cincinnati. He delivered the funeral oration on Washington, and died in 1828. (See Columbia Historical Society Records, Vol. I.)

The book contains all household and other expenses in the minutest particular, and opens with the entry:

THE PRESIDENT'S private Act.
An act. of T. Green's printer at Annapolis for sund. previous to 1789. } $21.

That is to say, previous to Washington's inauguration as President.

It was at that time (1789) that Samuel Fraunces, keeper of the famous "Queen's Head" Tavern, in New York, where Washington took leave of his officers, was made steward of the President's household, and upon his appointment the following announcement was made public:

Whereas, all servants and others appointed to procure provisions or supplies for the household of the President of the United States will be furnished with money for these purposes: *Notice is therefore given* that no accounts for the payment of which the public

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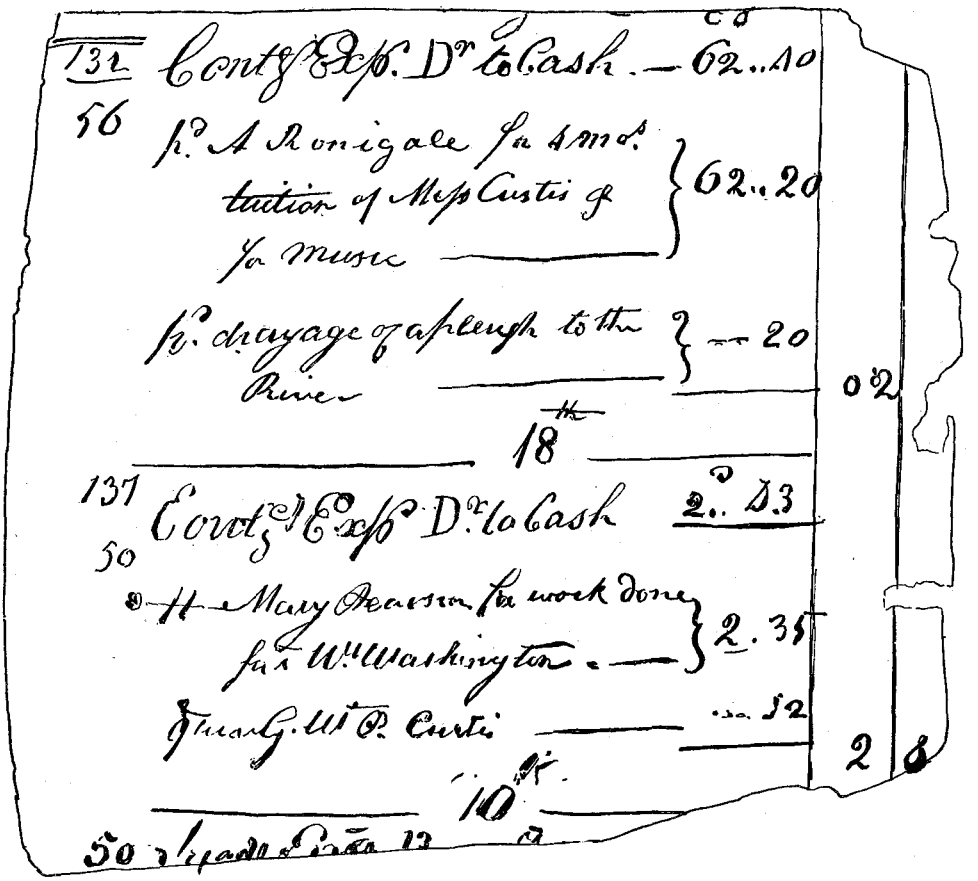
might be considered responsible are to be opened with any of them.

SAMUEL FRAUNCES,
Steward to the Household.

May 4, 1789.

The account book is replete with entries concerning money given Fraunces for the house expenses. A list, which occurs on the second page, will serve as an example:



House Exps. p. for by Fraunces:

1 barrell sugar	31.67
2 boxes spermt. Candles	32.57
Soap	27.47
Isinglass of Rose Water	3.87
Sweeping chimneys	5.88

This, however, is the only list in which the items are given in detail, the usual entry being "SAM'L FRAUNCES del'd him to purchase sund. for the H°."—any amount from $99.21 to $122.14. Though the President had implicit confidence in Fraunces, we are told in Custis's *Recollections of Washington* that he was greatly opposed to waste or extravagance of any kind, and often reprimanded his steward for unnecessary and extravagant expenditures. An extract from Fenno's Gazette of the day says: "We are happy to inform our readers that the President is determined to pursue that system of regularity and economy in his household which has always marked his public and private life."

Congress had in 1789 voted the salary of the President to be $25,000 a year, which, according to the account book, seems to have been paid in instalments of $1,000, as the following shows:

CASH Dr. to the Treas'y of the United States	1000
Received for use of the President	1000

and other similar entries.

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The name of Nelly Custis, the winsome girl who always awakens tender recollections in our hearts, finds frequent mention in the account book's pages.

pd. for a bonnet & trimmings for Miss Custis..... 2.75
pd. for gloves for Miss Custis..... 2.26
del'd to Mr. Dandridge to pay for h'd kerchf's for Miss Custis..... 3.2
pd. A. Renigale for 4 mo.'s tuition of Miss Custis and for music..... 62.20

It is perhaps a curious commentary of the prices of articles at that time, when Miss Custis paid only a few cents more for her bonnet and trimmings than for her gloves; and there is mention elsewhere of a pair of gloves for Mrs. Washington that cost $4.36.

Other very expensive articles to our modern minds are:

pd. for 2 Tin Ice-moulds..... 2.50
pd. for a yd. muslin for Mrs. Washington..... 1.66
pd. for 215 lb. loaf sugar to send to Mt. Vernon..... 60.15

But, in contrast, there are many entries of surprisingly cheap expenditures:

del'd to G. S. Washington to pay his college quarter-bill..... 9.33
pd. for shoes for Oney..... .40
pd. Mr. Anthony for earrings and necklace for Miss H. Washington..... 4.00

Wages were low also, as we find $10 paid one servant for two months' wages, and $15 paid another for "a quarter's work." The "Miss H. Washington" and "G. S. Washington" mentioned above are Harriet Washington, who became Mrs. Parke, and George Steptoe Washington, nephew of the President and son of his brother Samuel.

Linen, the delight and care of the true housewife in those, as well as in more recent times, played an important part in the monthly expenses. But, thanks to modern progressiveness, the making of shirts for the husband and son is, in the present century, no longer one of the necessary feminine duties.

del'd to Mrs. Wa. to pay for making shirts for the President..... 2.66
del'd to Mrs. Emerson to pay for making 4 shirts for G. W. P. Custis.... 2.00
pd. for 26 yds. linen for bl'k serv'nts' shirts..... 8.66
pd. for 4 cotton handkerchiefs for Mrs. Washington's maid..... 1.00
pd. for 20 yds. linen for the use of the kitchen..... 3.73
pd. for linen for Mrs. Washington's maids..... 8.88
pd. Bohlen for a pk. cambrick for the President's shirts..... 26.66
Mr. B. Dandridge Dr. to cash pd. for linen for him to be charged to act. of his salary..... 18.00

That the President took great interest in and paid most of the bills of George Custis and George S. Washington is shown by many entries of presents of pocket-money and the ofttime repeated item of "pd. to G. W. P. Custis" or "G. S. Washington to pay the barber" and "for the cleaning of his shoes." Also many itemised accounts for board, tuition and school books.

An interesting sidelight on the life of Washington is thrown by the many references to money given in charity; the most common and one that is echoed on nearly every page is: "Gave a poor woman —2." Also the item, "Gave a distressed mason —2," occurs frequently. The following are other specimens:

gave to two Turks a guinea ea..... 9.33
gave toward building a Dutch Roman Church in Baltimore..... 4.00
gave two frenchmen who applied to the President for assistance by order—one of whom had a letter to the President from Mq's delafayette... 10.00
gave a poor woman who br't a petition signed by Col. Hamilton and Bishop White (by order)..... 4.00

But, perhaps, the most interesting entries, and those which give us the best pictures of the life of the household, are found in the miscellaneous items scattered everywhere throughout the book. The list which is appended gathers together a few of the quaintest:

pd. the freight of a saddle of mutton from Baltimore by stage..... 1.75
pd. for 100 mulberry trees..... 2.66
pd. for 7½ cord wood..... 39.60
pd. for carrying in do. men employed by Fraunces..... 13.00
pd. D. Timmins for soup..... 16.00

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pd. Marey for dressing Mrs. Washington's agr'ts..... 26.44
pd. for livery-lace..... 59.33
pd. for Indigo..... .12
pd. for 33 lb. cheese..... 4.94
pd. for 8 pr. silk hose for the President and Mrs. Wa..... 14.94
pd. Dr. Thuber for attendance on G. W. P. C..... 35.66
pd. for shoe-blacking to carry to Mt. Vernon.....(Obliterated)
pd. for 6 qts. shells sent to do..... 2.88
pd. R. Campbell for the New York Magazine for 1791..... 2.25
pd. for 51 galls. Spermti. oil for lamps.. 24.36
pd. for dragage of a plough to the River..... .20
gave G. W. P. Custis..... .12
pd. for 100 lb. starch or glass stands by S. F..... 11.67

In this little faded, soot-begrimed book, affording us a glimpse of the domestic economy of the old Executive Mansion, on Broadway, near Rector Street, the home life of the President—Washington, the husband and host—is brought vividly before us. Perhaps it is because he was so eminently a public character that what little we can learn of his private life is made doubly interesting. Certainly few records, with the exception probably of a diary, can give us the little homely every-day incidents that bring us into such close touch with his family and its connections, for the dominant feeling after a reading of the book is a sense of great nearness and intimacy. It presents to the imaginative mind a series of vivid pictures, and, though it has been impossible not to leave out much that is of interest in the cursory glance that such an article can give, brief as it is, it is a record that brings us just a little nearer to that greatest of all Americans—our first President.

Irma M. Peixotto.

AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE JOURNALISM

When Professor Bernadotte Perrin said of his Alma Mater, "Whatever else may thrive at Yale, idleness does not. . . . The work may not be entirely the work of the curriculum, but *fervet opus,*" he struck a keynote, for most salient of all the characteristics of the large American universities of to-day is their activity. And in such strenuous and practically self-sufficient academic communities perhaps the most natural activity is journalism.

College papers certainly have flourished. Even daily newspapers have been published by students for over twenty years. These dailies, of which there are twelve well established, are, together with the college comics, the most noteworthy of all the college periodicals. The dailies in their limited field and for their necessarily small constituencies perform an important service. They serve as bulletins for the athletic and other student interests, publish as the news of the day concise records of games, lectures, social doings and the like, in which the college takes an interest, and furnish a medium for the discussion of important college problems, chiefly those pertaining to the students. At New Haven it is a common and a true saying that the *Yale News* chairman "runs the college." Usually the college dailies are quasi-official, though at some universities, notably the University of Wisconsin, they have the stamp of formal approval. Over the undergraduates the editorials in the college dailies have a considerable influence. Good training for professional journalism do the college dailies afford. This it was that Whitelaw Reid referred to at the Yale Bicentennial when he pointed to a boy selling copies of the *Yale News,* and said to Mark Twain: "That's how the colleges help us most."

The *Harvard Crimson,* the *Yale News,* the *Cornell Daily Sun* and the *Daily Princetonian* are the four oldest of these

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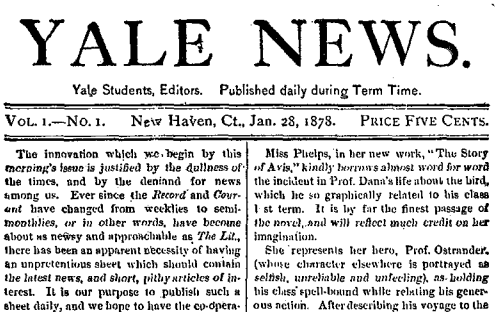
daily papers. Others are the *Pennsylvanian,* of the University of Pennsylvania; the *Brown Daily Herald,* the *Daily Californian,* the *Daily Student,* of Indiana University; the *Michigan Daily News,* a recent merger of two rival papers; the *Daily Palo Alto,* of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, an especially well-edited paper; the *Daily Nebraskan,* of Nebraska University; and the *Minnesota Daily,* of the University of Minnesota.

All these dailies, which generally appear in the morning, are of four pages, except on special occasions, such as Commencement, and the page is about eleven by sixteen inches in size. The paper's news is that of its own university almost exclusively, though some news of other colleges is inserted. Wonder that enough material can be found, with this limitation, is quickly dispelled by a visit to the office of one of them on a night of publication. The managers of the various student activities are always clamouring for "write-ups," the wording of which they want to dictate, in order to get candidates or money. Then, too, your undergraduate is critical, and sees many things to "kick" against in a letter to the editor. Special features are not infrequent. At Cornell, a year or so ago, when everybody was talking about the "cribbing," or cheating, in examinations, the *Cornell Sun* conducted a symposium on the subject. President Schurman and Dr. Thurston were among those whose views were presented. The *Harvard Crimson* has frequent symposiums; one of them was regarding the hour for beginning work in the morning, and some one's plea for "eight o'clocks" was smothered in it. But "heeling" brings in most of the material.

"Heeling" means trying for a position on a college paper. In few cases are the editors elected, except on the basis of this system. It is very valuable, because it brings in many contributions—often three or four times the paper's capacity—through the stimulus of competition, and because it furnishes students of some experience to take the places of those who graduate. The necessarily annual remodelling of its force is a college periodical's greatest handicap, particularly with reference to its business department. Able men grow grey in the service of most publications; on college papers it is comparatively rare for a man to be in an important position longer than a year. Comparatively stupendous is the amount of work necessary to obtain a place on several of these dailies. The work of many, because of sickness at a critical time or the pressure of competition, is unrewarded. Six or eight hours is a fair average of the amount of work a day a successful *Yale News* "heeler" has to do. The desire to "win out" in such a contest is accentuated by the fact that at most universities there are honorary societies, and distinction in college journalism is one of the reasons for electing men to them. At Yale, for instance, the undergraduate's greatest desire is to obtain a Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, or Wolf's Head badge, and to do notable work for Yale on the *News* or *Record* or other board is to make one's self a strong candidate for this honour.

Elections to the college papers are usually made at stated times, on the basis



YALE NEWS.

Yale Students, Editors. Published daily during Term Time.

VOL. I.—NO. 1. New Haven, Ct., Jan. 28, 1878. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

The innovation which we begin by this *morning's issue is justified by the dullness of* the times, and by the demand for news among us. Ever since the *Record* and *Courant* have changed from weeklies to semi-*monthlies, or in other words, have become* about as newsy and approachable as *The Lit.*, there has been an apparent necessity of having an unpretentious sheet which should contain *the latest news, and short, pithy articles of in*terest. It is our purpose to publish such a sheet daily, and we hope to have the co-operation and welcome so necessary to its success. *Our columns are open to free discussion on all* subjects "consistent with decorum and morality," and to contributions from any member of the university.

All communications should be addressed to the YALE NEWS, Box 494, or left at Gullivers'

As the *Courant* remarked in its last issue, THE NEWS is to be published for a few weeks as an experiment. If it meets with success, it will be continued through the year. The price, per copy, is perhaps somewhat exhorbitant, but it will be lowered as soon as we are assured of our financial support.

There is a prevailing sentiment among the undergraduates that a day set apart for prayer for colleges should be rightly observed by us at Yale. The Faculty, heretofore, have only partially set owledged the day, but it is hoped that, this next Thursday, they will suspend all recitations and have appropriate services.

Moody and Sankey, it is reported, will be in New Haven during the next moon. We hope that the Faculty will deem it advisable to omit a few recitations in order that the fruits of their coming may be enjoyed by "the digs," and by all without detriment to our temporal welfare.

Miss Phelps, in her new work, "The Story of Avis," kindly borrows almost word for word the incident in Prof. Dana's life about the bird, which he so graphically related to his class last term. It is by far the finest passage of *the novel, and will reflect much credit on her* imagination.

She represents her hero, Prof. Ostrander, (whose character elsewhere is portrayed as *selfish, unreliable and unfeeling), as holding* his class spell-bound while relating his generous action. After describing his voyage to the Coral Islands, and his happening upon the *bird, Prof. Ostrander proceeds as follows:*

"Gentlemen," the bird stood still. It turned its head and looked at me: its eyes shone with a singularly soft, pleased light. I lowered *the gun. How could I fire? I crept to*wards it. It was a beautiful creature. It did not move: I thought it was gratified at the sight of me. It acted as if it had never seen a *man before: I do not suppose it ever had.* I crawled along; I stretched out my hand: and yet it did not fly. I touched it—I stroked it. With this hand I stroked that magnificent, unknown creature. *It did not shrink.* I took out my knife, opened it, laid it down. The bird looked at me confidingly. I put the blade to its throat; but it would not stir. It trusted me. Gentlemen, I came away—I could not kill the bird.

THE LOWELL MASON MUSICAL.

The concert by the Lowell Mason Society at the Marquand Chapel last Friday evening, was quite an enjoyable affair. To criticise an amateur performance is a difficult task, for there is no settled standard of comparison; yet if correct time, good enunciation, and proper expression are worthy qualities, then the club sang well, for they displayed all these excellencies. Miss Sanford's singing is too well known to need further commendation; while Miss Hull's pleasing contralto received well merited applause. The able manner in which these ladies were supported by Mr. Carter, '78, was heartily appreciated by the audience.

FIRST NUMBER OF THE "YALE NEWS."

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of the amount and quality of the contributions. Elaborate rules generally govern the contest. For example, the "heeler" may receive "full credit" for a contribution that was printed, while all the others who contributed unaccepted articles the same day on the same subject may get "half credit." Entirely impartial, as a rule, are the elections, for your college undergraduate is jealous of his fair play. Generally there is a separate competition, on the basis of which men are chosen to the board for work in its business department. Their "heeling" is getting advertisements and subscriptions. The board, when remodelled after the election of new members, customarily chooses from its own membership a chairman or editor-in-chief, a business manager, and frequently other officers.

The dailies, as would be expected, are the most profitable as a class of the college papers. The *Crimson* nets an average of about $5000 a year; the *News*, $4000. These two are the most remunerative. A senior on either of them is apt to receive upward of $400.

Columbia Spectator

Vol. XLVI, No. 8. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1903. Price 3 Cents

HOCKEY SEASON

Good Work of the Team — Games Played

The work of the Varsity hockey team this year has been very encouraging indeed. Early in November all candidates for the team were ordered to report for practice in the handball courts of the gymnasium and a large number of men responded to the call. The practice consisted chiefly in training the new men how to handle the puck properly, so that they would be able to shoot well when they began playing on the ice. This work continued for over a month and proved very beneficial to all the players. About the middle of December, when the St. Nicholas skating rink opened, the team began their practice on the ice. Every Thursday the team met and spent at least an hour in practice. The men usually devoted a short time at first to individual work and then lined up for a practice game. In this way the good qualities of the candidates were soon shown. The team has been very fortunate in the fact that nearly all of last year's players have returned this year, and it has been further strengthened by the addition of F. McKeon Hecker, 1906, the former captain of the Drisler School hockey team, and one of the best known interscholastic hockey players in New York. He is an excellent forward and has scored a large percentage of the goals for Columbia this season. R. L. von Bernuth, 1904, last year's goal, has played in his old position, and, by his clever work in stopping the puck, has done much to bring about the good showing the team has made this year. H. Duden and W. Duden, who are two veterans at the game, have also been of great service to the team.

During the Christmas holidays the team played the hockey club of New York and the New York Athletic Club, and although they were unable to defeat them, they made a fine showing, considering the superiority of their opponents in weight and experience. Early in January the team played a game with a team composed principally of members of the St. Nicholas Skating Club. The score was a tie and gave complete proof of the ability of the Columbia men.

The team defeated the players from St. Francis Xavier's College in an exciting game, in which von Bernuth's good work at goal stood the Columbia team in good stead. A brilliant victory was also won last Saturday over the Morristown School by the score of 7 to 1. Perhaps the most disappointing game this season was the game with Yale, when Columbia was defeated by the score of 6 to 4. This, however, was really a very good showing, as Yale has won the hockey championship every year since the formation of the Intercollegiate Hockey League six years ago. The men are now in practice for their game with Harvard, January 31, at 8.15. The game will take place at the St. Nicholas Rink, and promises to be very interesting as the teams are evenly matched.

Second Hockey Team Defeated

The second hockey team, made up of men who have not played on the first seven, was defeated Wednesday evening by Heffley School in the Clermont Avenue Rink, in Brooklyn, by a score of 4 goals to 2. The game was the first of the new Scholastic Hockey League, made up of Columbia University (second team), College of the City of New York, Heffley School, St. Francis Xavier College and Stevens Institute.

Varsity Show Rehearsals

The cast and chorus of the Varsity Show having definitely picked regular rehearsals will from now on be held in Carnegie Lyceum. From indications at the present time the Show promises in every way to be a most decided success. The cast contains many men who have distinguished themselves in Varsity and Sophomore Shows, besides a number who have been prominent in private theatricals in and about New York. In former Shows the chorus has hardly been of exceptional merit, but this year it has been selected with especial care and having some of the best singers in the University among its numbers, should prove to be extremely good. The chorus is a more important feature than many people suppose, and with it in a large measure, lies the success or failure of the Show.

The play, a musical comedy, is fully up to the standard of the shows submitted in former years and gives to the cast very great opportunity for good acting. The lyrics were written by A. G. Hayes, 1905L, the music by C. J. Penney, 1900, and the book by E. A. Woolf, 1900.

Of course at the present time it is impossible to state anything definite in regard the finances of the Show, but it seems fair to assume that with sincere support by the student body it ought to be a success in this direction also.

The chorus has been finally determined, the following men being present at the last rehearsal:

R. C. Jones 1905S, J. L. Robinson 1904, H. K. Temple 1906S, M. Hardman 1905L, W. P. Lawson 1904, W. H. Beers 1903S, J. S. Fort 1903, R. P. Hoyt 1903, R. Kent 1904S, J. M. Thurlow 1906, E. C. Hall 1906S, R. C. Wilson 1904S, E. Scott 1906, L. B. Smith 1905, B. S. Palliser 1903S, L. Opper 1905, H. D. Bulkley 1904, M. E. Rosenwasser 1904, E. B. Close 1905L, K. H. Spence 1906S.

The men mentioned below who were absent last Tuesday should be present at the next meeting of the chorus tonight at Carnegie Hall. In the future everyone should be present as the roll will be called.

J. G. Roy 1905L, A. C. Willis 1905, F. Beekman 1903, T. G. Robinson 1905, R. S. Pierrepont 1905, H. L. Thomas 1905, L. E. Ferrara 1906, C. L. Williams 1905, C. A. King 1905.

Water Polo.

The Varsity will play the second team of the N. Y. A. C. at water polo to-morrow night at 8 o'clock at the New York Athletic Club. Columbia's line-up will be as follows: J. W. Spencer, 1903, right forward, A. R. Camp, 1904S, left forward, C. Abbot (captain), 1903, centre; L. B. Alexander, 1904, half-back, F. Duden, 1903, right goal, L. Henes, 1903S, left goal. C. D. Trabenbach will be substitute forward. J. B. Shoenfeld, 1903, and H. W. Albert, 1905, substitute defences. Besides the water polo game there will be a Yale-Columbia relay race of four men, 75 yards each.

There are also men entered in the 50-yard novice and the 100-yard handicap. There are to be prizes for each event.

The Varsity held its practice yesterday afternoon and are in hopes of defeating the N. Y. A. C. team.

President Butler in Chapel.

Through an error in the printed notices in regard to chapel speakers for the second half year, it has been announced that President Butler would speak on Feb. 7. The President's address will be on the first Monday in the term, February 9.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Twenty-nine Games—Six Home Games and Three Extended Trips

The Varsity baseball schedule for the coming season will be the most extensive which a Columbia nine has ever undertaken. It will contain 29 games in all, of which 27 have been thus far arranged. Of these, six will be home games and eleven will be played in this city. Three games will be played on South Field and for the remaining three no field has been definitely secured as yet.

There will be three extended trips, one up-State, one Eastern and one Northern. Of these the one to Syracuse and Schenectady will take place during the college year, while the other two are scheduled to occur after examinations are over. The Eastern trip will be of six days duration and its severity will be lessened by the fact that it will include three journeys by boat, games will be played with Trinity, Wesleyan, Arlington Boat Club, Bowdoin and Bates. The Northern trip will be of three days duration and will include contests with Williams and the University of Vermont. There will also be three journeys by boat on this trip, which its the last of the season. In addition to these three trips there are several shorter one-day trips.

Columbia will meet Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Ilion State League, Dickinson, Arlington Boat Club, and University of Vermont for the first time. No games have been arranged thus far with C. C. N. Y., Fordham, St. Francis Xavier, Forest Hill Field Club and Englewood, which were on the schedule last year. The two dates still to be filled are open for games near New York.

Following is the schedule which has been practically approved by the Faculty Committee.

April 1 Brooklyn Poly Inst. at South Field
April 4 N. Y. U. at Ohio Field.
April 8 Rutgers at New Brunswick
April 10 N. Y. League at Polo Grounds
April 11 Open
April 15 Manhattan at Jasper Oval
April 16 Ilion State League at South Field
April 18 Williams at New York
April 22 Yale at New Haven.
April 25 Lehigh at South Bethlehem
April 28 Dickinson at South Field
May 1 Syracuse at Syracuse
May 2 Union at Schenectady
May 6 Pennsylvania at New York
May 9 Open
May 13 Lafayette at Easton
May 15 Cornell at New York
May 23 West Point at West Point
May 30, A. M. Crescent A. C. at Bay Ridge
May 30, P. M. Manhattan at Jasper Oval
June 2 Trinity at Hartford
June 3 Wesleyan at Middletown
June 4 Arlington Boat Club at Boston
June 5 Bowdoin at Brunswick, Me
June 6 Bates at Lewiston, Me
June 9 Harvard at Cambridge
June 11 Seton Hall at South Orange
June 13 Williams at Williamstown
June 15 U. of Vermont at Burlington

Owing to the fact that no second team has ever existed before at Columbia, it has been found difficult to arrange a complete schedule for it so early in the year. The games thus far provided for are as follows.

(Continued on page 2.)

Calendar of the Week

Notes for insertion in this column must be handed in at Spectator Office not later than 6 o'clock of the day preceding that of issue

Friday, Jan. 30

10.30 Fencing practice
2.00 Whist practice 510 W
3.00 Varsity water polo practice
5.45 Basketball practice.
7.30 Boys' Club, Speyer Hall

Saturday, Jan. 31

10.30 Fencing practice
2.00 Whist practice 510 W
2.30 Lacrosse practice in Gym
3.00 Cross Country practice.
5.45 Basketball practice
8.00 Mid-winter Games, Pastime A. C., 8th Reg. Armory
8.00 Water polo, Columbia vs. N. Y. A. C.
8.15 Hockey, Columbia vs. Harvard, St. Nicholas Rink

Monday, Feb. 2

3.00 Trustees' meeting
4.30 Lecture, "Greek Vases," Dr. Kresz, 305 H
5.00 Varsity water-polo practice
5.45 Basketball practice

UNIVERSITY NOTICES

Home Economic Exhibit

In the Educational Museum of Teachers College, the Mary Lowell Stone Home Economics Exhibit will be held from Tuesday, Jan. 20, to Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1903, from ten to six o'clock daily. This exhibit illustrates certain important features of Home Economics, including hygiene of the home, home economics applied to clothing and food, and business methods applied to the home. The Dean and Trustees of Teachers College cordially invite all students and their friends to attend.

Committee on Employment

Will all those students who have not yet returned to the secretary of the Committee on Employment for Students the reports of their earnings from October to January kindly do so at their earliest convenience

Whist Club

In preparation for the coming match with Yale, to be held on Feb. 14, the members of the whist club, and any who may desire to try for the team, will hold practice on Friday and Saturday afternoons of this week in 510 W. Play will start at 2 o'clock. It is earnestly desired that a number of men try for the team so as to pick the best players for the match.

President Hall to Speak

President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University is to deliver an address in Carnegie Hall next Sunday afternoon, Feb. 1, at 3.45 o'clock, on "Habits and Their Significance to Men." Gaul's oratorio, "The Holy City," will be rendered by the New York Festival Chorus of 300 voices, under the direction of Tali Esen Morgan. The meeting is for men exclusively.

Admission will be by ticket, which may be secured at the West Side Y. M. C. A., or from Dr. McCracken in Earl Hall, free of charge.

Sophomore-Freshman Debate

The Freshman Debating Society has challenged the Sophomore class to a debate, to be held in the latter part of April. The Sophomore committee to take charge of the arrangements consists of G. W. Tucker, Jr., J. P. Heaton and J. R. White, while P. Seme, K. S. Webb and W. L. Caswell compose that from the Freshman Society. A meeting of the committees will be held immediately after the mid-years and all arrangements for the debate will be made.

Cornell Daily Sun

Vol. XXIII. No. 78. ITHACA, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1903 Price Three Cents.

FIRST BASEBALL PRACTICE.

More Than Forty Men Register—Light Work Until Next Term.

The first baseball practice of the season was held in the Armory yesterday afternoon under the direction of Coach Jennings. The work consisted of batting and pitching and was for the new candidates only. Last year's 'Varsity squad will not begin training for several days at least, possibly not until after examination week.

In opening practice yesterday light work was given the men for about two hours. Candidates for pitcher were tried, some fielding work was given the outfielders and everybody practiced batting. Training of this nature will take place daily at 1.45 p. m. until examination week. Upon resuming the work after examinations the first cut will be made in the squad. Over forty new men have registered thus far and this number will be reduced to a more convenient squad. Then from these and the old players a team for the Southern trip will be picked. Manager Brown is at present engaged in arranging the schedule for the latter. The new schedule will undoubtedly show several marked changes from previous ones.

Following is the registration to date: G. C. Patterson, '04; C. N. Glover, '04; C. P. Shaw, '05; P. R. Lee, '03; C. M. Cole, '06; K. S. Deitz, '06; J. G. Bower, '06; Whitney Merrill, '03; W. C. Sheppard, '05; F. J. Furman, '05; H. A. Bruce, '05; C. T. Darby, '06; E. P. Nelson, '03; C. D. Harris, G.; L. C. Welch, '06; N. H. Noyes, '06; P. S. Fitzpatrick, '06; O. A. Hall, '06; W. L. Wilson, '05; J. W. Horwood, '06; R. P. Butler, '05; E. W. Campion, '06; P. L. Brainworth, '06; F. C. Pitcher, '03; J. E. Goodrich, '05; A. J. Edge, '05; J. P. Stewart, G.; J. A. McKenna, '06; R. Sweeny, '06; J. L. Helm, Jr.; E. A. Renner, '06; A. Thompson, '06; W. Kalwrisky, '06; E. Warner, '05; W. W. Gill, '05; M. L. McKoon, '03; F. A. Mantel, '06; J. T. Foody, '06; L. M. Champaign, '06; P. E. Larkin, '06

Hockey Practice Opened

About 25 men reported for hockey practice yesterday, among whom were many new candidates. The practice was somewhat hampered as the rink is not yet in position, but the men played until dark, nevertheless. H. M. Wood, '02, captain of the team for the last two years, is in the city and will assist in coaching the men for a few days. Many of the men who played last year were not on the ice yesterday, and it is urged that they come out at once, as time for practice is very short. Negotiations are now pending for games with both Yale and Harvard, to occur about the 21st of this month. Games may be played with Syracuse at Ithaca, and with Princeton and other teams at Pittsburg.

The registration in the short courses in agriculture and dairy husbandry was completed yesterday. In the general agriculture courses here are 63, which is 21 more than in any previous year. Those who are taking the course in dairying brings the total up to 118 which is a substantial increase over the previous figures.

New Portraits for Law School

A number of valuable additions have been recently made to the Law school's collection of portraits of eminent jurists and advocates. Large mezzotint portraits of Judge Blackstone and Henry Clay have been presented to the school. Judge Alton B. Parker, chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals, and Judge Alfred G. Coxe of the United States Circuit court, who is also a special lecturer in the Law School, have sent photographs of themselves at the request of the school. Professor R. C. Minor of the University of Virginia has given a large etched portrait of his father, the late John B. Minor, once professor of law in the University of Virginia. Professor James B. Ames, dean of the Harvard Law school, also donated a portrait of Professor Langdell, who first introduced the case method of instruction into the law schools of the country.

Plans Now Completed for Sage Chapel Alterations.

Professor Babcock has just completed a set of plans for the renovation of Sage chapel. This work has been under consideration for some time, and the plans follow the general lines already discussed. The work will be done during next summer. It was at first planned to extend the west wing of the chapel towards Central avenue, but the addition, according to the new plans of Professor Babcock, will be built on the north side of the chapel and will extend towards Boardman Hall. The organ and the choir loft will be moved to this wing. The plans will be submitted to President Schurman upon his return from his western trip, and if approved arrangements for making the alterations will be consummated at once.

Organ Recital Program.

George Goldsmith Daland will give the usual organ recital in Sage chapel this afternoon at 5:05 p. m. Miss Lena Mae Weller, contralto, will be the soloist. The program:

Fugue in D .... Guilmant
Piano Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2 (Moonlight) (transcribed for the organ .... Beethoven
Recitative, "Then shall the eyes of the blind,"
Aria, "He shall feed His flock," and Aria, "He was despised" (The Messiah) .... Handel
Austrian Hymn, with variations (77th String Quartette) .... Haydn
Overture, Don Giovanni .... Mozart

Ice Thin on Beebe Lake.

The new toboggan slide is not yet open to the public as the ice at the bottom of the slide is still too thin. It will probably be ready for use Monday. There will be skating for a few days on account of the thin ice.

Still More Track Men Needed.

Several more men appeared yesterday in response to Mr. Moakley's call for track candidates. The work consisted chiefly in short runs and dashes. Today the weight men will commence outdoor practice.

SIBLEY COLLEGE LECTURE.

Dr. A. E. Kennelly Will Speak on Submarine Cable Construction.

The courses of Sibley lectures for the winter of 1902-3 will be inaugurated Friday, January 9th, at 3 p. m., in the auditorium of Sibley College, by a discussion of submarine cable construction.

The lecturer, Dr. A. E. Kennelly, is professor of Electrical Engineering at Harvard. He is well-known to Ithaca audiences as a regular member of the corps of non-resident lecturers and an annual visitor for years past whose lectures have always been interesting.

Dr. Kennelly is of English birth, born in India and educated in England. With a genius for mathematics and for physical science, he was, after acquiring a knowledge of those subjects, promptly introduced into the profession of electrical engineering and took part in cable-laying under the Atlantic and elsewhere in the employ of the great manufacturers of Great Britain. He was ship's electrician and, for fifteen years or more, held important positions in connection with the work of laying submarine telegraph cables. He was, for a time, the mathematical expert for Mr. Edison and has for a number of years been member of a firm of consulting engineers in Philadelphia with Professor Houston, the inventor, and Professor Thomson, of the General Electric company.

Dr. Kennelly is now Professor of Electrical Engineering at Harvard. He is a D.Sc. of University College, London, and Ph.D. of the University of Pennsylvania. He is author of a number of books and many papers relating to scientific matters especially to electricity.

1904 Debate Club Meeting.

The Benjamin Ide Wheeler Debate club, which has not been holding regular meetings this year, will meet today at 7:30 p. m. in Boardman C. for the purpose of electing a team to represent that club in its debate against the Goldwin Smith club for the interclass championship and the privilege of meeting the Cornell Congress team for the University championship. Every member of the club is asked to be present at this meeting.

Communication.

(The Sun invites communications, but does not, by publication, necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed therein.)

Editor of the Sun:

In the Sun for Dec. 15 appeared an article upon a coming intercollegiate whist tournament. Cornell has, I believe, no whist club, although there must be many players in our University. Would it not be well to organize such a club with a view, perhaps, to entering a team in the tournament?

1903.

Crew Practice Commences Today.

Candidates for the 'Varsity crew must report at the crew room in the Gymnasium at 4:30 p. m. today. Freshman crew practice will be resumed today at 4:30 p. m. and will henceforth be held daily at that time.

University Notes.

During the Christmas holidays, Mu Sigma Nu fraternity moved into its new house on Osmun place above Buffalo street.

The current number of Marine Engineering contains an article upon "The Design of Motor Launches" by Professor Durand.

The managers of the different athletic teams are now arranging for the completion of the schedule for the use of the Armory.

C. E. Mott, '03, leader of the Glee club last year, has left the University to accept a position in an architect's office in New York City.

Professor Martin of the College of Architecture will deliver a lecture on fire proofing before the Society of Civil Engineers in the Architectural lecture room, Friday at 2.30 p. m.

The next meeting of the Cornell section of the American Chemical society will be held in Morse Hall lecture room No. 1 on Monday, January 12th, at 8 p. m. Professor W. D. Bancroft will make an address upon "The Theory of Indicators."

At a meeting of the Sophomore Cotillon committee yesterday it was decided to issue a number of inexpensive dance programs for free distribution. They can be obtained after Saturday at the Co-Op. or either of the Corner bookstores. There will be another meeting of the committee at the Delta Upsilon lodge at 5:15 p. m. Friday.

New Books.

Professors Bennett and Hammond have just published a translation of the "Characters" of Theophrastus. There has been no translation of this work in print for half a century, and the work of the Cornell professors is being commended as painstaking and true to the spirit of the original. The book is published by Longmans, Green & company of New York.

Professor B. E. Fernow director of the College of Forestry, is the author of a comprehensive work entitled "The Economics of Forestry." It aims to be a reference work for persons interested in scientific study of the problem of fuel supply in the United States.

Professor V. A. Moore of the Veterinary College has written a volume on "The Pathology and Differential Diagnosis of Infectious Diseases of Animals." The book is particularly timely, owing to the prevalence of several epidemics among cattle in this country, and its conclusions are being well received.

Another Chess Cup Offered.

At yesterday's meeting of the Brooklyn Chess club, Professor Isaac L. Rice of New York City announced that he will offer another silver trophy cup for competition among the universities of the Triangular Chess league, to take the place of the one which was won permanently by Cornell at the annual tournament last week. Professor Rice is an enthusiast on the subject of amateur chess, and has done more than any other man to encourage the game in American colleges.

The dailies, of course, find in the printers bill by far the greatest item of expense. Salaries there are usually none, and rent amounts to little or nothing. A relatively small sum is spent for illustrations and telegraphing. As a rule, the daily maintains a bulletin service when an athletic contest is in progress out of town, and it frequently gets out an extra to meet this expense. Several of the college dailies in large cities have access to the Associated Press offices. At times the college daily is useful to the general press, particularly on the eve of a big football game, when the eligibility of players is being questioned. To the college dailies the college correspondents of newspapers are apt to go for their information, and in this way many of the dailies exercise practical censorship and prevent the dissemination of false and hurtful reports.

Interesting offices are maintained by most of the dailies. At Harvard the *Crimson* has excellent quarters in the Harvard Union, the big student clubhouse. A piano owned by the board is one of its appurtenances. The *Cornell Sun* is ensconced in the building of the

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Ithaca Daily News, in attractive offices. In White Hall, New Haven, are the quarters of the *Yale News,* handsomely fitted out in hard oak. The *Pennsylvanian,* of the University of Pennsylvania, like the *Crimson,* has an office in the student club-house, in this case Houston Hall. The *Princetonian* is issued from one end of Reunion Hall. As a rule, the student body is encouraged to make use of the daily's offices, and the files of other college papers kept there are much read.

The Daily Princetonian

VOL. XXVII. NO. 138. PRINCETON, N. J., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1902. PRICE THREE CENTS.

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN ELECTED.

John Riegel DeWitt is Unanimously Chosen Captain for Next Year.

At a meeting of the football team held last evening at the Princeton Inn, John Riegel DeWitt of Riegelsville, Pa., was unanimously elected captain of the 1903 football team, Ralph Tipton Davis, who was unanimously elected to the captaincy, declining to accept the captaincy for a second term. The following members of the team voted: Ames, Barney, Bradley, Brown, Bush, Crawford, Davis, DeWitt, Foulke, Hart, Henry, R. McClave, S. McClave, Pearson, Rafferty, Reed, Short, Tooker.

DeWitt prepared at Lawrenceville where he played for three years and was captain of the team in his last year. He was prevented from playing in Freshman year by an injury received early in the season, but last year he played tackle and this year guard on the University team. He has also been on the track team for two years and at present holds the Intercollegiate record for throwing the sixteen-pound hammer, with a throw of 164 feet 10 inches.

He is twenty-one years old, six feet one inch in height, and weighs two hundred pounds.

PRELIMINARY HOCKEY.

About thirty candidates for the hockey team reported at the Casino yesterday afternoon. The men were first divided into squads of convenient numbers and given the usual preliminary drill in passing, shooting goals and working the puck down the floor. In the practice game which followed, the team work of both sides was ragged, although the individual playing of the forwards of the University team showed improvement over Wednesday's practice. In the early part of the game Doyle scored for the second team, and soon after Purnell made three goals in succession for the University team.

The teams lined up as follows:

University Team.		Second Team.
Brown,	goal	Malcolm
Speer, Sanford	point	Armstrong, Holbrook
Auerbach, Stevens, S. McClave	cover point	Brower, Updegraff
Leake, Purnell, Alexander, Lloyd, Carter	forwards	Doyle, Roche, Perry, Paxton, Smith

CURRENT ALUMNI WEEKLY.

The busy life of the president of the modern university, as exemplified by President Wilson's recent schedule of dinners and addresses, is the subject of the leading editorial in the current issue of *The Alumni Weekly,* which will appear this afternoon. The number also contains a noteworthy communication from Mr. Henry B. Thompson '77, a former member of the Graduate Athletic Advisory Committee, criticising certain alleged evils of the modern game of football. There is an editorial reply to this letter, in which strong exception is taken to some of the points raised therein. In other editorial comment reference is made to the conduct of English athletics as illustrated in the book entitled "An American at Oxford," by John Corbin, a former prominent athlete. The remaining editorial deals with the coming dinner to President Wilson. Among the news features, President Wilson's western trip is fully covered, with reports of his speeches before the Princeton Club of Chicago on November 19, and before the Commercial Club of Chicago on November 20. An interesting paragraph that heads the alumni news mentions the surprisingly large number of Princeton men now working on New York newspapers. The number closes with the usual campus news, class chronicles and obituaries. Among the latter is mentioned the death of W. F. Barrett, Jr., '98, former third baseman on the University baseball team, who recently died in Arizona.

SENIOR CLASS COMMITTEES.

Men Chosen to Represent the Class on Various Important Committees.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held in Examination Hall yesterday afternoon, the following class committees were elected:

Class Day Committee—Frederick Cole Fairbanks, chairman, John Gassaway Armstrong, Edward Bush, Axtell Julius Byles, Halstead Gurnee Freeman, Robert Wilds Gilchrist, Otto Anthony Hack, James Edgar Hustead, Roscoe Parker McClave, Stephen Wood McClave, Arthur Scranton Morris, Gustavus Ober, Elliot Wilbur Pitkin, Percy Rivington Pyne, 2d, William Bacon Roys, Albert Bigelow Schultz, Robert Williams Singer, Percival Tillinghast, Erastus Wells, Franklin Loch Wright.

Nassau Herald Committee—Walter Franklin Hollenbach, chairman, James Sprague Conrad, Frank Hoyt Little, John James McDonald.

Class Memorial Committee—Chase Andrews, Jr., chairman, Kenneth McPherson Coolbaugh, George Stribling Couch, Jr., George Edward Munger, George Paull.

Class Ode Committee—Raymond Bolleau Mixsell, chairman, John Stewart McKaig, James Roberts Miller.

Class Album Committee—John Ireland, chairman, Cortlandt Nicoll, August Roche.

Cap and Gown Committee—Walter Foote Sellers, David Baird.

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL SERIES CHANGED.

The regular practice of the University basketball squad was held in the gymnasium yesterday afternoon at the usual time. The thirty-six candidates who reported were divided into two squads and given the regular preliminary work in passing and goal throwing. Captain Wrightson instructed the men in passing the ball from points outside the line but near the basket, for a try at goal. After the preliminary work, the candidates were divided into six teams and five short games were played. The present squad will be reduced on Monday.

Although no regular University and second teams were selected, the first and second squads excelled the others both in individual and in team work. Shortly after the beginning of play, Gerhard threw a goal from field and a little later scored again after carrying the ball down the floor unassisted. After he had caged the ball for the third time, Vanderbilt made the only tally for the opposite team, and Bard threw the final goal of this half.

In the second half, Gerhard scored on a foul, Wrightson and Ely quickly following with goals from the field for the opposing team. Gerhard again caged the ball and Wrightson scored on a foul. After Hardenbergh had thrown a goal from field, Wrightson scored twice in quick succession, leaving the final score 13 to 11 in favor of team two. After the completion of the games, Captain Wrightson coached the men in carrying the ball down the floor after the toss up.

The line-up follows:

Team 1.		Team 2.
Ely, Seely	forwards	Gerhard, Uptegrove
Batten (Wrightson)	centre	Bard
Vanderbilt, Highbee	guards	Hart, Hardenbergh

Six new men reported for the first time yesterday: A. J. Pilgram, P.G., T. H. Sammis 1904, F. C. Havens 1905, J. G. Rouse 1905, W. L. Schmitz 1905, P. E. Obendorf 1906.

Regular practice will be held in the gymnasium to-day at the usual time.

The interclass games will take place one week earlier than was announced, the changed schedule being as follows:

December 8—1904 vs. 1905.
December 9—1904 vs. 1906.
December 10—1905 vs. 1906.
December 10—1903 vs. winner of the above series.

GYM. TEAM SCHEDULE.

Increased Number of Exhibitions Indicate an Exceptionally Successful Season.

The schedule of the University gymnastic team this year includes ten events, of which all but one are exhibition meets. Rutgers College is on the list for the first time this year, and the joint exhibition with the University of Pennsylvania is the first since 1897. The exhibition at the Lawrenceville School will be held at the formal opening of the new Lawrenceville gymnasium. A quadrangular meet between Princeton, Yale, New York University, and University of Pennsylvania will be held this year at University Heights, New York, during the month of February, and the Intercollegiate meet will also be held in the gymnasium of the New York University. An exhibition will be given on the Tuesday of Commencement week in the Brokaw building. The improvements in the Brokaw building will include a greater seating capacity, still allowing sufficient space for exhibitions on the flying trapeze.

The team will be chosen shortly before the Christmas vacation, and will be composed of about fifteen men.

The schedule is as follows:

February 7—University of Pennsylvania in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia.
February 11—Lawrenceville, at Lawrenceville.
February 13—Quadrangular exhibition meet between Princeton, Yale, New York University and University of Pennsylvania, at University Heights, New York.
February 21 or 23—Washington's Birthday exhibition in the gymnasium.
February 27—Yale, at New Haven.
March 7—Newark Academy, at Newark, N. J.
March 14—Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, N. J.
March 21—Open.
March 27—Intercollegiate Meet, at University Heights, New York.
June 9—Exhibition in Brokaw Tank Building.

INTERCOLLEGIATE WHIST TOURNAMENT.

The National Whist Association of America has offered a handsome cup for an intercollegiate whist tournament. The cup is to be held temporarily by the team winning each year and is to be the permanent property of the college winning it five times.

Harvard, Yale and the University of Pennsylvania are now ready to enter teams, and Brown, Columbia and Cornell are organizing teams. It is planned to hold the first intercollegiate tournament in New York City next March. Columbia has already received a challenge for a dual match with the Houston Club of the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard and Yale will meet before the intercollegiate tournament. A whist club was organized at Princeton some years ago, but a lack of interest caused the discontinuance of the organized tournaments. The gift of a trophy cup as a prize for contesting colleges should act as a stimulus to the interest in whist in the University.

SEMINARY CONFERENCE TO-DAY.

The annual conference of the Eastern Seminary Young Men's Christian Associations will open this afternoon at the Princeton Theological Seminary and will continue on Saturday and Sunday. At the first session, which will be held in Miller Chapel from three until five o'clock, Doctor Patton will deliver an address of welcome to the delegates. Immediately following this meeting, a reception and dinner will be given in Stuart Hall by the Board of Trustees of the seminary. The second session of the conference will be held in the evening from 7.30 until 9.15.

UNIVERSITY NOTICE.

JUNIOR OPTIONAL ENGLISH.
The Junior Optional English Class will meet to-night at 6 South Dod.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Meeting Addressed by the Reverend Henry S. Coffin, of New York City.

Reverend Henry S. Coffin, pastor of the Bedford Park Presbyterian Church, of New York City, addressed the weekly meeting of the Philadelphian Society in Murray Hall, last night. He chose his text from Matthew, ii: "I have been called the friend of sinners." The three attributes of Jesus which this passage reveal, he said, are: "His way of getting at men," "His way of changing men," and "His way of getting men to work." Mr. Coffin, in discussing the first characteristic, said that Jesus was never patronizing in His manner; He wished to be a true friend to men and to help them. After Jesus had talked with men they felt that he had "somehow influenced" them.

Jesus' way of changing men is illustrated by the twelve apostles. Mark says that Jesus chose them in order that they might be "with" him. Contact with Christ changed the disciples involuntarily. The change was gradual, but irresistible.

"How did Jesus dare to leave His great work after his death, to those twelve men," continued Mr. Coffin. It was because Jesus called his disciples "friends" and not "servants." It was on this friendship alone that Christ based his assurance. It was love that kept the disciples strong and unflinching in their Saviour's work.

In conclusion Mr. Coffin said: "Is Jesus making a mistake in trusting in us simply through friendship? What are we doing, fellows, with this friend who is the best one we have ever had or ever will have?"

Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Outlook,* will be the speaker in Murray Hall, next Thursday evening.

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM.

The second team will play its first game of the season to-morrow against the George School, of Langhorn, Pennsylvania. J. Z. Batten 1904, has been appointed temporary captain. The team for this game will be picked to-day.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

PRINCETONIAN BOARD MEETING.
Meeting of PRINCETONIAN Board this afternoon at 1.30 o'clock.

SOPHOMORE ENGLISH LITERATURE.
There will be a written recitation, covering the first 186 pages of "Pancoast's Introduction," to-morrow, at 10.30 a. m., in Room 2, Dickinson Hall.
Stockton Axson.

TICKETS FOR LUNCHEON.
There are a limited number of tickets for the luncheon to be held at the Inn to-morrow, after the exercises commemorating the founding of the American and Canadian Student Young Men's Christian Associations. These may be had from the members of the class prayer meeting committees, and from the general secretary in Dodge Hall. Price one dollar.

LECTURE TICKETS.
Tickets for the lecture by Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf on "London and the Coronation," in Alexander Hall next Monday night, are now on sale at Briner's. Reserved seats will be 75 cents, and gallery seats 35 cents.

ST. PAUL'S SOCIETY.
Important meeting of St. Paul's Society delegates to C. S. M. A. Convention at 1.30 o'clock to-day, in 13 W. Witherspoon.

COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE.
Meeting of the Commemoration Committee in Dodge Hall at 7 p. m.

HOCKEY CANDIDATES.
Hockey practice in Casino this afternoon at 1.15 o'clock.

POLITICS 5.
Both Senior Sections in Politics 5 will meet to-day at 9.30, and both Junior Sections at 10.30, in the Astronomical Lecture Room. John H. Finley.

The *Printsanything* and the *Crimesown* are names given the Princeton and Harvard dailies by the comic papers of those two colleges. The hoax played about two years ago on the *Harvard Crimson* by the *Harvard Lampoon,* the Harvard comic, was eminently fit to rank with that masterpiece of practical jokes—the pamphlets of Jonathan Swift and his friends, the first predicting the death of Partridge, the astrologer, and the second announcing, much to the living Partridge's discomfiture, that the prediction had been fulfilled on the date set. The *Harvard Lampoon* issued a "fake" number of the *Crimson,* delicately enough caricatured to fool all but the observant readers. Information that the janitor at one of the college laboratories had upset a jar of microbes, that So-and-So of the crew squad had rowed himself out of his shell, but had swum ashore without ill effects, and that "the president and fellows of Harvard College" had decided not to offer to President McKinley an honorary degree, was given with the utmost gravity. A Boston newspaper was deceived by the last-named announcement, and the page reprinting it is said to have been stereotyped and on the press when the managing editor, glancing at the wet sheet, suddenly decided the announcement was bogus.

A statement in the "fake" that the *Crimson* was making more money than was warranted, and that a dollar and a half would be returned on all three-dollar subscriptions that afternoon, brought many freshmen to the *Crimson* office at the appointed time. A sign hung in the night over the *Crimson* office reiterating this announcement was another part of the hoax. Its complete success was for long the talk of Cambridge, and a forbidden subject of conversation in the *Crimson* sanctum. The *Crimson* editors disclaimed responsibility for the "fake" in their next issue.

The *Harvard Lampoon* is the oldest and probably the best known of the college comic papers. Others are the *Widow,* of Cornell; the *Yale Record,* the *Princeton Tiger,* the *Columbia Jester,* the *Wrinkle,* of the University of Michigan; the *Punch Bowl,* of the University of Pennsylvania, and the *Chapparal,* of Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Most of them are bi-weeklies.

More interesting to the average reader than the dailies, though less necessary to the colleges, the comics illustrate remarkably the cleverness and enterprise of American college youth. For they *are* funny. In all respects except the drawings several of them come dangerously near the high standard of the best professional humorous papers. The *Cornell Widow,* owing partly to the influence of Cornell's excellent school of architecture, stands especially high in its

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BOARD OF EDITORS. "YALE DAILY NEWS."

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The Harvard Crimson.

EXTRA

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1905

THE HARVARD SQUAD.

EXTRA

HARVARD WINS

Pennsylvania Defeated for the Fifth Consecutive Time.

SCORE 11 to 0.

illustrations. The college comics are funny, moreover, to one who has never been in a college town. The local allusions that are not easily understood by no means fill them up, nor even a large part of them. Occasionally local allusion hides risky humour, patent to the undergraduate but unintelligible to others. Such a joke appeared in the *Harvard Lampoon;* and the Harvard man thought it "bully," but did not explain it in polite society. Some exchange editor found it, and reprinted it with the criticism that Harvard humour was marvellously poor.

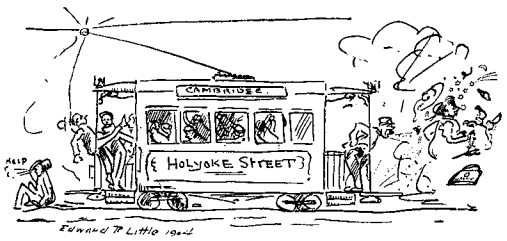
No subject but furnishes "copy" to the college humourist. There is no hesitation at poking fun at the professors. The *Cornell Widow* pictured President Schurman of Cornell in a golf match. Nearly beaten, Dr. Schurman is represented as confounding his adversary by proposing to give him his impressions of the Philippines. The *Harvard Lampoon* had a clever parody on "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "roasting" President Eliot for not bowing to the students while passing through the Harvard Yard.

Mock grewsome couplets are frequent. The *Lampoon* had these ones on "Parental Solicitude":

Algernon Jones ate Paris Green,
And died all over the carpet clean.
The loss of the rug piqued Algie's father,
Who remarked: "He always was a bother."

Ermintrude Hopkins broke her spine,
And passed away at half-past nine.
Her mother was sorry, and said: "What a pity,
I'm already late for my train to the city."

The *Lampoon,* too, had a picture of a trolley accident, with these lines:



The man who runs the trolley car,
Oh, my! but he's a joker!
His aunt was sleeping on the track,
And this is how he woke her.

Perhaps the most successful series of this kind appeared in the *Cornell Widow,* and the verses were afterward reprinted as "The Johny Book" and had a wide circulation. They were exceptionally well illustrated. This was one of them:

Johny with a bowie knife
Separated ma and life.
Now he's in another mix.
Ain't he cute, he's only six.

Father was next slain, and as he had been the last surviving member of Johny's family, the editors offered a prize for the most appropriate disposal of Johny himself. This was the winning couplet:

Johny saw a buzz saw buzz
Like a bike, and thought it wuzz.
Johny's corpse is full of nicks.
Ain't he cute, he's cut in six.

Puns bearing on athletics are, of course, frequently put in. For example, this from the *Chapparal,* of Leland Stanford:

"I say, how did you get off on the Glee Club try-out?"

"Made first base on four bawls."

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A hackneyed subject is thus freshly treated by the *Princeton Tiger:*

"This," said the goat, as he returned from the tomato can and began on the broken mirror with relish, "this is indeed food for reflection."

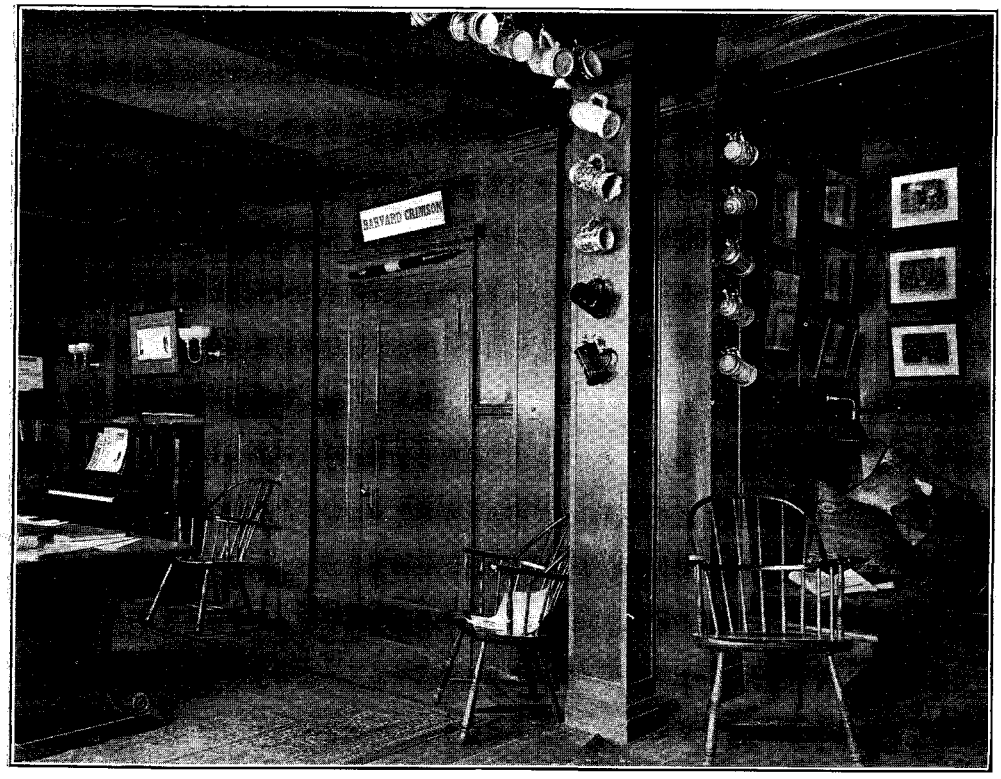
And this should make the *Wrinkle,* of Michigan, famous:

"Do you drink pale beer, Miss Milwaukee?"
"No, indeed. Papa buys our beer in bottles."

for printing this advertisement: "250 rooms; 125 bathrooms; all outside exposures."

The absurd, of course, is often a source of humour. The *Cornell Widow,* for instance, prints this, with a clever drawing:

There was a table in our house,
And he was very wise, sir;
The maid took off his glasses, so
He couldn't use his eyes, sir.



EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE "HARVARD CRIMSON."

Intercollegiate rivalry is frequently a subject. "I wonder," says a character in a *Harvard Lampoon* skit, "why the best port is old port?" "Because port means haven," is the answer he receives, "and the worst haven is New Haven." The reader is then told that the speakers, "having stored away the wine, set sail from the editorial haven of the Star Board, with a decided leaning to port."

It was the *Harvard Lampoon* that laughed at the *Yale Alumni Weekly*

But when he found he couldn't see,
And heard the chairs "haw, haw," sir,
He turned the laugh right back at them,
He took a cup and saucer.

These on romantic subjects are typical:

From the *Cornell Widow:*

"And so you obeyed the call to arms?"
She asked of her soldier beau.
"Yes," he replied, quite modestly,
"For my duty called, you know."

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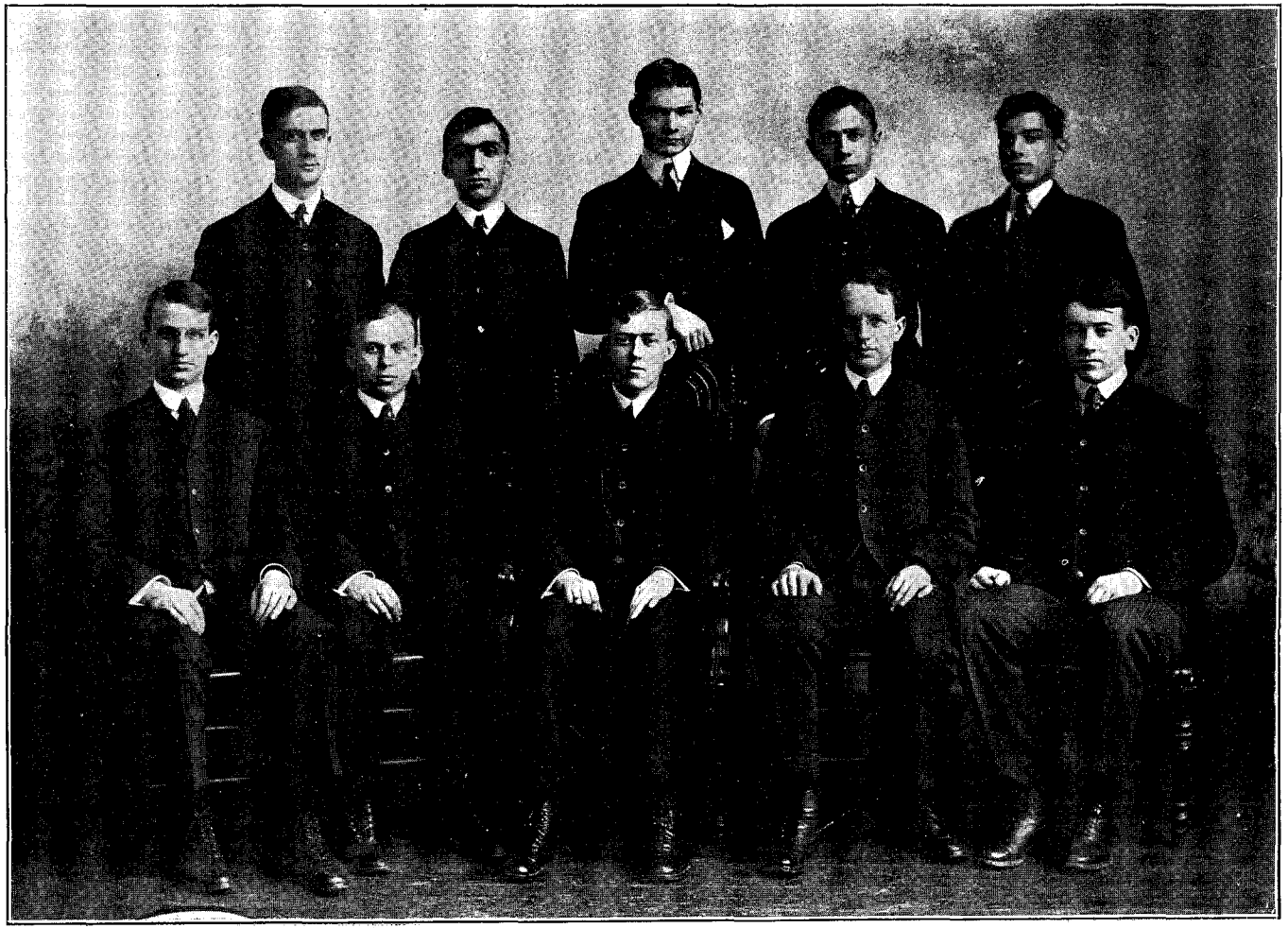

BOARD OF EDITORS, "CORNELL DAILY SUN."

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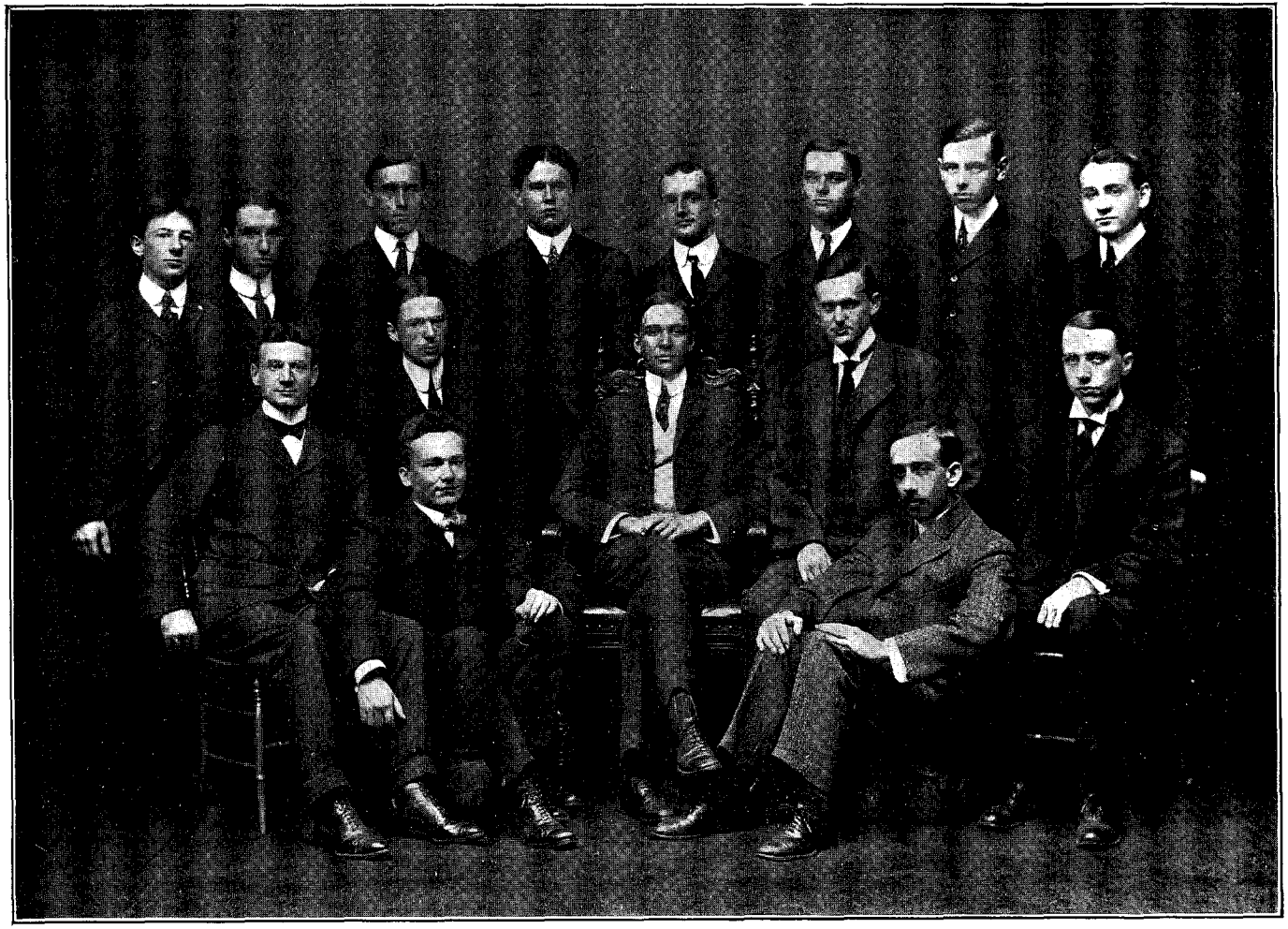

BOARD OF EDITORS. "COLUMBIA SPECTATOR."

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"Would you do it again?" "I would," he said;
Then coyly without more fear,
"I issue," she whispered, "a call to arms."
He answered: "I volunteer."

From the *Yale Record:*

First Fusser: "What do you see attractive in that girl?"

Second Ditto: "Why, man, her hair."

First Ditto: "Oh, I see! Just capillary attraction."

Yale News

Vol. XXVI. No. 69. NEW HAVEN, CONN., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1904. Price Three Cents.

ANNIVERSARY OF "YALE NEWS"

FORMER CHAIRMEN WRITE.

LETTER FROM FORMER.

ALUMNI WEEKLY GREETINGS.

YALE NEWS BOARD, '04.

CONSIDERED THE BEST NUMBER OF THE "YALE NEWS" EVER PRINTED.

The *Lampoon's* description of a mock Harvard faculty meeting is famous. The professors were represented as discussing the length of the Christmas vacation. Barrett Wendell, whose home is in the Back Bay district of Boston, says: "Er, er, I don't think we ought to have a vacation. Those who live in Boston have one every week, and as for those who don't live in Boston—er, er, they don't deserve one, you know."

Besides the dailies and the comics, the literary magazines, usually monthlies, are notable. Such are the *Yale Literary Monthly* and the *Nassau Literary Magazine* of Princeton, both referred to as "Lits"; the *Harvard Monthly*, by some considered the best college paper published; the *Cornell Era*, which was originally a newspaper; the *Red and Blue*, of the University of Pennsylvania; the *Columbia Literary Monthly;* the *Williams Literary Monthly*, and the *Amherst Monthly*. At some of the smaller institutions very creditable weeklies or semi-weeklies are published. Especially well edited among these are the *Williams Weekly* and the *Amherst Student*. Others are the *Syracuse University Herald*, the *Union Concordiensis*, the *Oberlin Review* and the *Lehigh Brown and White*. The *Columbia Spectator*, for a long time a semi-weekly, was this year changed to a daily. Other college papers with varying aims are the *Yale Courant*, composed largely of he-and-she dialogues; the *Trinity Tablet*, the *Rutgers Targum;* the *Tech*, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which has excellent illustrations; the *Columbia Morningside*, and the *Harvard Advocate*. President Roosevelt, when an undergraduate, was an editor of the *Advocate*. Among the papers of the women's colleges, the *Vassar Miscellany* has a deservedly high reputation. Annuals—heavy books with many illustrations and statistics of the college year, and usually literary matter also—are published at almost every college, sometimes by editors chosen from the senior class, sometimes by societies, but more often by editors elected by the junior class. Among them are the *Yale Banner* and the *Yale Pot Pourri*, rival publications issued respectively under the auspices of the Skull and Bones and Scroll and Key senior societies; the *Cornellian*, of Cornell University; the *Bric-à-Brac*, of Princeton; the *Gulielmensian*, of Williams College, named from the Latin word for William, but always shortened to "Gul"; the University of Michigan *Oracle;* the *Columbian*, of Columbia University; the *Amherst Olio;* the *Scarlet Letter*, of Rutgers, and the *Liber Brunensis*, of Brown, issued by the Greek Letter societies of those two colleges; the *Violet*, of the New York University; the *Transit*, of the Rensselaer Polytechnic

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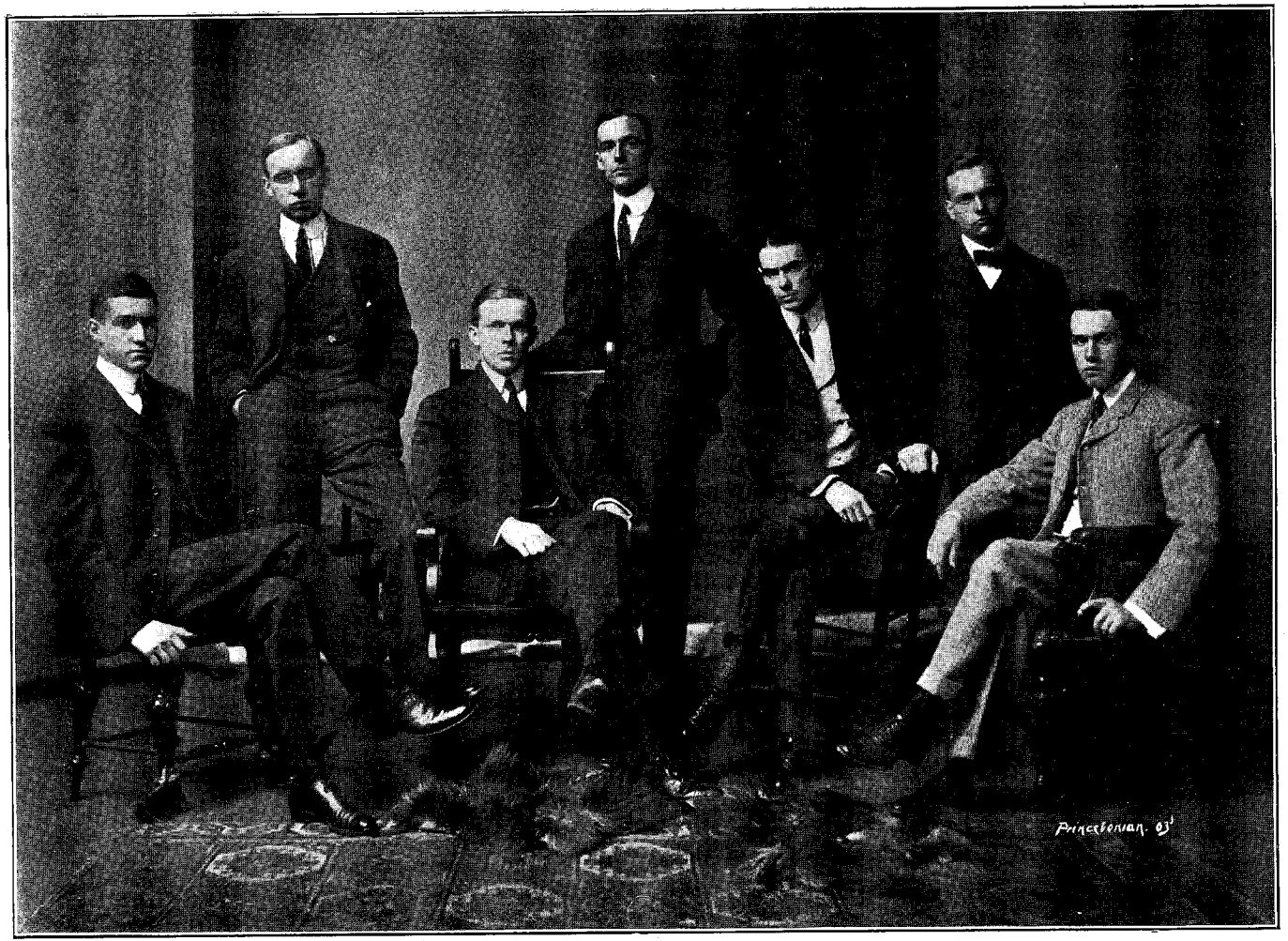

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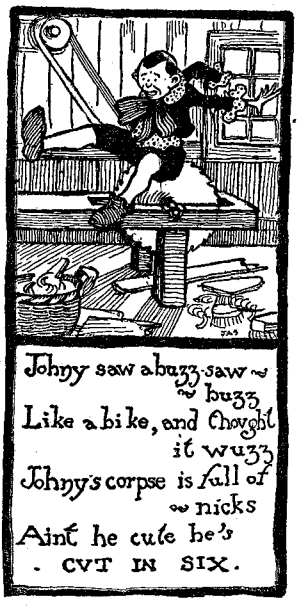

THE "JOHNY SERIES." FROM "THE CORNELL WIDOW."

An Excellent Specimen of Undergraduate Humour.

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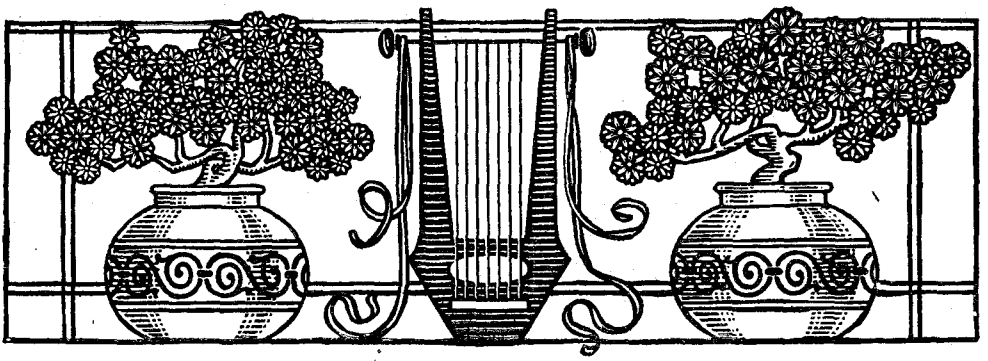
Institute; the *Lehigh Epitome;* the *Union Garnet;* the Trinity *Ivy;* the *Blue and Gold* of the University of California; and the *Technique,* of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The *Technique* is always very well illustrated, as is the *Cornellian.* At some of the colleges the annual contains pictures and brief sketches of all the members of the class that is publishing it. At some institutions, however, distinctive "class books" or "class albums" are issued by the seniors.

Of recent years an entirely new class of college papers has sprung up—those which circulate among the "grads." They cannot properly be classed among the undergraduate publications, although undergraduates usually help to get them out. A typical alumni paper is the *Yale Alumni Weekly.* At Princeton, Jesse Lynch Williams, the well-known writer of short stories of newspaper life, conducts the *Princeton Alumni Weekly.* A stock company of Princeton men publishes this paper. The same system is in vogue at Cornell, where the paper is the *Cornell Alumni News.* The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine,* a monthly, is particularly well conducted.

Altogether, college journalism since its beginning at Dartmouth College in 1800, when Daniel Webster started the *Gazette,* has done well. *Floreat semper!*

L. G. Price.



THREE BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

I.

Holbrook's "Dante and the Animal Kingdom."*

Of all the great poets of the modern world, Dante is at first blush the one with whom Americans could least be expected to sympathise. It is a far cry from the age of intellectual, political and religious tyranny, of which he is the perfect exponent, to that era of science, material interests and democracy in which American manhood lives and has its being. Yet of all foreign poets he has made the deepest appeal to the finest minds, and from the days of Parsons and Lowell, Dante scholarship has been one of the proudest possessions. Societies devoted to the study of Molière, Goethe, Browning, or even Shakespeare, may come and go, but the Dante Society seems to continue its uninterrupted growth.

It is natural that a poet of Dante's encyclopædic mood, a poet teeming with obscure allusions, should flourish chiefly at our universities. There, despite the tradition of Lowell, Tickner and Norton, dulness is only too often the fruit of advanced literary study; and yet, especially of late, some very attractive volumes have come to us as dissertations presented for the doctor's degree. Of such is Dr. Holbrook's interesting study, in which an attempt is made "to set forth Dante's whole philosophy of the animal kingdom, to show from what sources he derives his knowledge, and to what ends his knowledge is employed."

Dr. Holbrook's introduction is a most acute survey of the whole subject of

* Dante and the Animal Kingdom. By Richard Thayer Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Company (Columbia University Press).

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mediæval science and of Dante's intellectual attitude toward this traditional material. His artistic attitude is merely suggested in a brief paragraph, and throughout the book too little attention is paid to this important phase of the subject. Dante saw external nature clearly and directly, and he describes animal life for the most part with minute accuracy, but the knowledge derived from observation never interests him for itself; it is always co-ordinated with the impulses and acts of human life, and used to explain them or heighten their interest. The cranes that

> Stretch out their lengthened line against the sky,

help us to visualise the shadowy array of spirits that greet the poet in hell. The natural imagery is directly given, and never merely to suggest atmosphere or for the presentation of the life of nature in its own perfect loveliness, like the martlet which helps the imagination to soar to its "pendent bed and procreant cradle" on the airy tops of Macbeth's towers.

The lives and habits of animals have haunted the minds of men from the days of the oldest Indian fables, and literature has known their artifices in a complete chain of tradition which connects Æsop and the *Romance of Reynard the Fox* with the *Jungle Books* of our own age. But of this Dr. Holbrook says not a word; and in short, despite the promise of his preface, he has not, as it were, "philoophised" his subject.

But what he has consciously attempted and actually accomplished is sufficiently noteworthy in itself. He has extracted from Dante's work every significant reference to animal life, in the more inclusive sense in which mediæval men understood that term; he has accurately traced the sources of Dante's knowledge, and illuminated the research by continual citation of quaint animal legends from contemporary literature. The book is therefore a fascinating study of beast stories, and of their treatment by a great poet, vitalised by a broad outlook over the realms of general literature and of natural science. It will be alike read with profit by the Dante scholar, the student of folk-lore, and the biologist, while its pleasing style will recommend it to a wider circle of general readers.

J. E. Spingarn.

II.

Jack London's "Children of the Frost."*

That the peoples of the earth known collectively as The White Man's Burden talk in a curious style, betwixt the grandiloquent and the Biblical, is an accepted condition of story-writing. Mr. Kipling heightened the colour of this jargon and improved its quality, but still with him it remains an obtrusive medium, like coloured glass over a picture. Even the animals of the jungle use the same elaborate speech—they particularly, in fact—and this, perhaps, is the best evidence that its use in general is owing less to its supposed resemblance to the rhetoric of the unchristian than to its being convenient and conventional. After a fresh experience of its wearisome artificiality, one is inclined to favour the latter view, and to reflect that such work would gain incomparably in vividness were the author to cast about him for a dialect seemingly closer to the life.

It may be that it is closer to the life than outsiders are aware of; perhaps one of our bushranging citizens of the world, hearing some such story read aloud, would recognise at once that some of his acquaintance—Ojibway, Siwash, Red Indian, Arab, Hindu, Blackamoor, Filipino, or what not—were giving tongue; but then, without some lucky clue, he could never tell which kind. It gives us a sense of the handicap imposed upon fiction that deals with strange, crude, untranslatable conditions to glance at our precious volume of the stories of Uncle Remus, and then to compare it with the chaste version which makes the folk-loreists happy. And if one goes a step further and imagines Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit done into flagrant Kiplingese . . . one feels a new accession of gratitude for the true and humorous Negro dialect.

Admitting the handicap, Jack London accomplishes wonders in *Children of*

*Children of the Frost. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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the Frost. It is "Nay, but hear, O white man!" "Ay!" . . . "Well did I know it . . ." "I had no heart for anger nor belly for stout words . . ." and so on in the jargon, from beginning to end; but in three, at least, of these stories, "The Law of Life," "Nam-Bok, the Unveracious," and "The Master of Mystery"—in the last-named above all—the subject is so interesting and the treatment so powerfully simple and sincere that the picture stands out clear and flawless, and one is instantly impressed with a sense of something solidly achieved. "The Law of Life" recounts how an old man, deserted by his tribe as a member of usefulness outworn, is left to die. His mind runs back and he recalls what was stirring and important in his life; among other things, recurs the vision of a moose that he saw pulled down by wolves; as soon as his scant supply of firewood is burned the wolves will have him, too. In the texture of his dreaming is woven the picture of the moose and the wolves, and it touches him, not with horror, but simply as a fact. As a fact, too, the narrative touches the reader—as a commonplace of life; and it has power, therefore. "Nam-Bok the Unveracious" offers another revelation of the *naïve* self-sufficiency of these people of the Alaskan forests, and of their calm reliance on the wisdom of the tribe. Nothing hinders here the just appreciation of the reader; the incredulity greeting Nam-Bok, the wanderer in far countries; the frowning reception of his impossible account; and the conclusive casting back of him into the sea out of which he came—these things are true, are authentic, are just as much existent as the attitude of a New York policeman toward the reform party, or as the mental state of one of Mr. Howells's Boston ladies. The strangeness, or rather the conventionality, of the talk drops from one's mind, because of the note that is genuine and familiar, the note of life. In "The Master of Mystery" Mr. London develops a theme less amiable, for the story deals with the rivalry of two "shamen," the soothsayers of the tribes, and it ends with the savage triumph of one and the pitiless stoning to death of a victim. The material is fresh, and it is handled with such conciseness and vividness that the effect is brilliantly striking; the subject is less interesting and subtle than the subjects of some of the inferior, cruder tales, but in this story Mr. London shows his special effectiveness as a writer.

Of the other stories in the book not so much can be said in praise; the first one, "In the Forests of the North," with its cheap effects and hackneyed drama, is unworthy, certainly, of its author, forming a bad introduction to the volume, belonging rightfully with the plentiful work of the many purveyors of harsh, fierce life in foreign parts. Some of the others, much more worth while and lacking the claptrap, are still tainted with this ostentation, and perhaps spun out by it. One may readily believe that the Romance of the North and of savage, unvisited peoples may become strong enough to overcome at times a writer's natural sense of fitness.

And when what is good is so rarely good, landing with a bold home thrust of the imagination, one wonders again if it is not possible for some writer—for this writer, perhaps—in writing of savages to drop for good and all that unimpressive language of the pow-wows and to tell his tale, not in the blatant person of his hero, but in his own straight English, so that we may get, at the worst, something besides the blatancy, and, at the best, nothing diluted.

Carl Hovey.

III.

The Journal of Arthur Stirling.

There are undoubtedly a great many people without any knowledge whatever of the facts of the case, who believe that to be a literary genius a young man has only to be unkempt, to disregard the amenities and the decencies of life, and noisily to profess scorn for what is referred to vaguely as "the commonplace." These are the people who foster the affectation of eccentricity. If a young man calls himself "a poet," and shows himself fresh and ill-mannered in the bargain, they point to his freshness and ill manners as unmistakable and indisputable evidence that he is a genius. It was to trade upon the ignorant gullibility and the misdirected sympathy of these

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people that *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* was published. The book is an offence; and we have not been able to find one extenuating circumstance.

In the first place, we do not believe that Arthur Stirling ever existed or that he wrote any such journal—though on this point we may be quite wrong. We believe it to have been concocted out of the whole cloth, as a direct result of the large sale of *The Story of Mary MacLane*. There is not a line that does not ring hollow and insincere. If, on the other hand, the *Journal* is genuine, its publication is still more offensive—it is not only an indelicacy, but an indecency, and it would not be easy to find words to express an opinion of "S," the alleged editor of the work, who, after his profession of friendship at the beginning of the book, exposes to the public gaze the egotistical and silly maunderings of "his friend's" distorted and diseased mind.

The book would have you believe that Arthur Stirling, having written a drama in blank verse, called *The Captive*, and finding it impossible to dispose of it to a publisher, committed suicide by drowning in the Hudson River, in the twenty-second year of his age. The suicide story is supported by a clipping which is said to have appeared in the New York *Times* for June 9th, 1902. During the time that he has been going about in New York seeking a publisher, he has supported himself as a waiter in a Sixth Avenue restaurant, and afterward as a clerk in a wholesale paper house, and devoting his evenings to writing in his idiotic journal.

Here is a sample:

They have rejected *The Captive!* They have rejected *The Captive!* In God's name, what does it mean? They have rejected *The Captive!*

I stare at the paper in blank consternation! I couldn't realise the words. I couldn't understand what they meant. Such a thing never occurred to me in my wildest moments.

What is the matter with them—are they mad? Great God, that any human creature! And without a line about it!

"We have carefully considered the MS. which you have kindly offered us, and regret that we are not advised to undertake its publication. We are returning the MS. with thanks for your courtesy in submitting it."

That letter came to me like a blow in the face. I have spent hours to-night pacing the street, almost speechless. Fools!

But I will not let such a thing disturb me for an instant. Yes, they are a great publishing house—but such things as I have seen them publish! And they "regret." Well, you *will* regret some day, never fear!

JUNE 19.

The manuscript arrived this morning. I took it upstairs and sat down, trembling, and read it all again. I wish that I could see the man or woman who read that poem and rejected it—just that I might see what kind of looking person it is. Oh, the wildness of it, the surge and the roar of it! The glory of it!

I cannot afford to waste my time worrying over such things. I only say: "Fools!"

At another publishing house the manager reads to him the opinion upon the book that has been written by one of the house's readers.

He read me that criticism—great God, it made me writhe! It was like a review of the Book of Revelations by Bill Nye!

That my work should be judged by such men!

But enough of it. We have not selected those passages which irritate us most because through many of them there runs a nasty vein of blasphemy. *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* is an outrage against every man or woman who is honestly trying to win money or reputation with his or her pen. Many young men of talent have met with failure at the beginning of their literary careers. Some even have have felt the pangs of actual want. But none ever kept a journal like that of Arthur Stirling; and this book is designed to make them all appear as whining lunatics to people silly enough to read it seriously. In the opinion of the present writer, *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* is the most vulgar and impudent humbug that has been perpetrated for years. But it won't work.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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AN AMERICAN EDITION OF PETRONIUS*

One of the best things accomplished, when American scholarship broke with English classical traditions and gave the German influence full play, was the broadening out of our students' reading, especially in Latin. English Latinity, ever since Milton's day, has been ruled by those canons which were established when the intensely Ciceronian spirit of the early Renaissance prevailed in Italy. In the strong reaction against the mediæval schoolmen who had reduced the Latin language to a grotesque jargon, the Italian scholars, such as Bembo and Laurentius Valla, sought from their studies purity of style above all else. They would employ no word, no phrase, no turn of speech or form of sentence, unless it could be definitely stamped as Ciceronian; and they did, in fact, attain an absolutely Ciceronian elegance. Form with them was more than substance; the casket was prized above its contents. Only let the periods move on with rhythmic smoothness and in cadences that charmed the ear by the sonorous music of their golden words, and no one would have the heart to criticise potential poverty of thought concealed beneath that splendid flow of harmony.

Thus arose the Italian school of Latinity—a school, as has been said, concerned with diction first of all. The foremost representatives of this Ciceronianism did admirable work in restoring all the classical traditions and in cultivating with a passionate enthusiasm the classical ideal of beauty and of grace. But, very naturally, and because of their particular preferences, they took a somewhat narrow view of the great body of Latin literature which the energy of Poggio and others had recovered from its mediæval prison-houses. They seized with wonderful avidity upon whatever ministered to the cult of style; they cared far less about those Roman authors whose language was not that of the Golden Age. Having acquired elegance of diction and having revived a Latinity that was absolutely faultless, they feared lest in studying or reading any other form of prose, their own purity of style might be affected. It is even told of one of these illustrious purists that he would not permit any less accomplished scholar to speak to him in Latin, for fear that solecisms might be uttered in his presence.

Of course, this devotion to an ideal standard could not possibly prevail in other lands. It must be remembered that with the Italians a thrill of patriotic pride intensified their scholarly enthusiasm for antiquity. In reviving the intellectual splendour of ancient Rome they felt that they were recovering in part a noble heritage which was theirs by right of birth and blood. Rome was no longer the capital of a united, conquering race; yet the classical Renaissance was making her, though in another way, once more the mistress of the world. Her stately speech, her rich and varied literature, and the unforgotten magnificence of her past, seemed to assure to her a new and wider glory, in establishing her as a mighty central source of civilising, humanising influence for all the earth. Such was the unspoken thought of many an Italian in those marvellous years when the long night of mediævalism ended amid a sunburst of intellectual light and freedom. And so it was, that devotion to a form of speech which had received the final touch of its embellishment when Rome still reigned supreme was not a scholar's fad or a linguistic eccentricity. It was the expression of an ardent patriotism, and not at all the pretentiousness of pedantry; and it was to find a parallel centuries after in the fervour of the neo-Greek, Koray.

But outside of Italy, the case was otherwise. Erasmus represents a transition from the Italian strictness of Latinity to the freer, looser usage of the German school. This man, the greatest of all the humanists, as he was the most fascinating personality of his time, threw the weight of his influence and example on the side of a Latin style which neglected Ciceronian precision in order to gain in flexibility and raciness; and though the elder Scaliger thundered at him and even covered him with foul abuse, Erasmus wrote and spoke and thought in the Latin which best suited his own temperament—a fluent, pungent, vivid Latin

* Petronius: the Cena Trimalchionis. Edited with Introduction and Commentary by William E. Waters, Ph.D. Boston: Benjamin H. Sanborn and Company.

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that was, indeed, the only language which he really knew. This was the end of Ciceronianism on the Continent outside of Italy. There was still no lack of individual purists; and one of them, Marc Antoine Muret—that dissolute, brilliant Frenchman—exercised an enduring influence upon classical learning by his superb orations which were actually studied in the schools down to the middle of the eighteenth century, so eloquent were they and so faultless in their diction. Yet in general it may be said that the stricter canons were neglected in Germany and France; and the so-called Triumvirate—Casaubon, Lipsius and the younger Scaliger—established a Latinity which was something less than classical.

In England alone did the Italian example find acceptance. At first this acceptance was more theoretical than practical. There were no great British Latinists before the time of George Buchanan (1506-82), and the example of Erasmus, who resided and taught at Oxford and at Cambridge, did not encourage scrupulosity of style. Again, after the so-called Reformation, English youths of promise no longer, as before, spent a part of their *tirocinium* at the universities of France and Italy, but visited the Protestant seats of learning, such as Utrecht and Leyden, or else remained at home. Hence, it was not precisely the influence of Italy which made England's Latinists so like the Italians in their devotion to a pure Latin style. Even Milton, whose Italian journey was a delightful episode in his life and who knew personally many of the Italian *litterati,* wrote Latin which must have made some of these purists gasp and stare. It was vigorous, individual Latin; but the verse took liberties with the laws of prosody, while the prose had in its phrasing an unmistakable savour of modernity.

How did it come to pass, then, that the English universities in the end came to cultivate as finical a feeling for mere style as ever marked the teachings of a Valla or a Muret? The true cause is to be found in the gradual isolation of academic England from the university life and thought of the Continental countries. More and more the English drew into their shell, losing the cosmopolitanism which was once a national trait and becoming the insular, self-sufficient race that they have since remained. Down to our own time, English scholarship has gone its own way, fatuously ignoring the immense strides which have been made by investigators in other lands, and quite content to tread the beaten paths that were laid out in centuries gone by. The sketch which George Eliot drew of Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch* gives us in reality an incarnate type of English learning in the nineteenth century. Mr. Casaubon's *Key to All the Mythologies*—that pathetic, pitiful attempt at an epoch-making work prepared by a man who did not even know what the Germans had discovered in his own field—how illustrative is it of the kind of learning which produced Greek-play bishops and which still writes *sylva, Sylla, cœna* and *Caius,* and reads Max Müller's *Science of Language* with reverential admiration!

Thus it befell that the English classicists, having shut themselves away from intellectual contact with their foreign brethren, worked a limited field in a laboriously thorough fashion. They sought to find out nothing that was new, but they resolved to master what was already theirs. They did not attempt creation and discovery; they set their hearts instead on erudition. Even when a great original genius, such as Bentley, arose among them—a scholar whose brilliant ingenuity and critical acumen made his name immortal in other lands—his own countrymen never more than half appreciated him; and to this day they recall more readily the memory of Porson, that uncouth, drunken monster who drank in facts as greedily as gin, and whose prodigious learning gave nothing to the world beyond some scattering notes and commentaries, and a few grotesquely ludicrous bits of personal *memorabilia.* And so, in time, the English conception of a classicist, on the side of Latin, was narrowed down until it meant simply one who had a few famous authors at his fingers' ends, who could write Latin prose with elegance and ease, and who could knock you off a set of smoothly sinuous elegiacs without a moment's hesitation, and in the very words and cadences of Ovid. For these English dilettanti, with their facile gift for making classic tinsel and imitating gems in paste, at last found even Vergil lacking in perfection of ar-

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tistic workmanship, and sought a model in the Pælignian poet of light love. Cicero for prose and Ovid for verse—and all the rest impossible! When the present Pope, some years ago, published a little book of charming Latin poetry, redolent of the past and instinct with the grace and loveliness and warmth of a truly classic inspiration, these English hammerers at longs and shorts picked half his lines to pieces because, forsooth, they showed the freedom of Vergil and the easy *negligentia* of Horace. Vergil and Horace were good enough for Augustan Rome, but they could not always pass muster before the keen gaze of a master at Eton or Shrewsbury or Harrow! Even Ovid himself was open to occasional criticism, as falling at times below his own high level; for the English maker of elegiacs is *plus royaliste que le roi.* It is related of Shelley that once, at Eton, he handed in a set of Latin verses among which was the pentameter:

Iamiam tacturos sidera celsa putes.

This drew down the scorn of the master; but, as it turned out, Shelley had conveyed the line bodily from Ovid. Mr. Charles Astor Bristed tells of an examiner at Cambridge who in like manner insisted that the expression *freno non remorante dies* was an impossible one, on finding it in the work of a candidate for a place in the Tripos; yet this phrase also is Ovidian.

This almost morbid sensitiveness over the anise and cumin of mere phraseology gradually restricted the reading of the typical English scholar to the Latin of one particular period, and made him a devotee of preciosity. It shut him out to a great extent from an enjoyment of the great body of Latin literature as a whole—and especially from an appreciation of the later masterpieces of that literature in which the modern spirit begins to filter through the severe and stately forms of earlier composition, like sunshine sifted through the dense foliage of an antique grove. The Oxford don could heartily enjoy the eloquence of Cicero, the noble lines of Vergil, the mellow philosophy of Horace, and even Livy's lax but lovely prose; but he dared not let himself admire without reserve the magnificent rhetoric of Lucan, or the *urbanitas* of the younger Pliny—much less the piquant pages of Suetonius, the curiously oriental fancies of Apuleius, or the sensuous feeling for nature which thrills in some of the lines of Ausonius and in the minor poetry of the later centuries. Mr. Cruttwell's popular book on Latin literature affords a very interesting example of this deficiency of breadth in the cultivated Englishman. When he writes of Vergil or of Horace, he writes with the sure sympathy which comes from intimate understanding; but what he says of the archaic poets and of the later ones, such as Statius, for example, shows not only lack of critical appreciation, but even inadequacy of knowledge. And even so accomplished a scholar as Professor Tyrrell, in his *Latin Poetry,* speaks in a casual way of the faulty Latin of Petronius —which is as though he were to call Thackeray's English bad because Captain Costigan speaks with a rich Irish brogue and Harry Foker in the language of the stables and the prize-ring.

A very convincing proof of the narrow range of reading, self-prescribed by the general run of English Latinists, is found in the conspicuous absence of good English commentaries upon many of the most famous Roman writers when these happen to lie beyond the limits of the Golden and Early Silver Ages. Thus, until within a very few years, no Englishman had made a scientific edition of Tacitus, or even of any part of Tacitus. Even now there is no English edition of the whole of Livy. The younger Pliny has been edited only in selections. Martial, as a whole, still remains without an adequate interpreter, and so also the two Senecas, Statius, Apuleius, Aulus Gellius, and Ausonius. Even of Quintilian's Tenth Book there was a good American commentary in use at least twenty years before any modern Englishman thought of annotating this famous piece of ancient criticism. Americans, indeed, have shown a much more liberal appreciation of Latin literature than have Englishmen; for they have made accessible to schools and to undergraduates in college some of the Roman authors who lie wholly outside of the usual range of the reading done in England. A striking illustration of this

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fact is found in the volume now before us.

It is surely odd that English scholars should have persistently passed Petronius by. He has always been read with so much attention upon the Continent, and there exists so large a literature relating to him, as to make this English indifference inexplicable. From every possible point of view, the *Satira* of Petronius occupies a position in Latin literature which is entirely unique. First of all, and in spite of the fact that only a part of it has been preserved, it is by far the best representative of ancient prose fiction that we possess. In the second place, its archæological value is inestimable, giving as the story does an insight into the life of the Roman *bourgeoisie,* and the still lower life of the slums of ancient Italy, together with a multitude of minute details of usage and custom whereof no other record has been preserved. Again, on the linguistic side, parts of it embody those modes of speech and peculiarities of vocabulary which distinguished the everyday language of the man in the street from the polished literary language of Roman men of letters. This makes it of especial interest to students of Romance philology, since the Romance languages took their rise, not in the Latin of the educated, but in the *sermo plebeius,* the *sermo castrensis* and the *sermo rusticus*—the crude speech of the city rabble, the unlettered soldier, and the uncouth peasant. Finally, the pure literary interest of the book is very great, since here we have the work of an accomplished man of the world who had seen everything, and experienced everything, and who had the art of saying what he wished to say in a pungent style which exhibits much of the *curiosa felicitas* that Petronius himself ascribes to Horace. Of course, one excuse for the neglect which Petronius has received in England may be found in the fact of his too frank realism; yet this excuse has no pertinence to the most famous episode in the *Satira.* The *Cena Trimalchionis,* while it contains a few passages which are as coarse as some in *Tom Jones* and *Humphrey Clinker,* is free from anything which could repel or disgust a healthy-minded person; while the whole of this story within a story is characterised by a spirit of fun and humorous exaggeration which makes it admirable reading.

It is this part of Petronius which Professor Waters has now made accessible to English-speaking students. His edition contains an introduction on the literary character of the *Satira;* a section relating to the peculiarities of the *sermo plebeius* as exhibited in Petronius; an exegetical commentary; a critical appendix, and an index.

It must be remembered that just because Petronius is unique, there is room for great differences of opinion among scholars with regard to the interpretation of what he wrote. The question of authorship, the further question of the text, the theory that part of what remains to us is in reality an abridgment made by some unknown epitomiser, the characterisation and literary classification of the book, and the explanation of many difficult and some almost inexplicable passages—here is room for any amount of mingled ingenuity and learning. No two Petronians are in agreement with regard to many of these topics; and whenever anybody puts forth a theory, the whole *grex* cheerfully fall upon it and him, and there ensues a merry war in which every one has an opportunity of airing his own views and of tearing to pieces the views of everybody else. This is why it is so delightful to be a Petronian. You publish something and take your punishment with a good grace; and presently one of your fellow Petronians will venture into print, and then you in your turn can have your innings.

Such being the case, it is obvious that any criticisms which may be passed upon an edition of the *Cena* involve no reflection whatsoever upon the scholarship of the editor. They rather represent a difference of opinion as to matters regarding which such difference is inevitable. Therefore, if the present notice of this book of Dr. Waters contains more of dissent from his views than of commendation, the fact must be understood in the light of what has just been said. Indeed, it is only fair to premise our remarks with the general statement that the editor has done his work extremely well, with excellent judgment, and with a correct appreciation of what the beginner in Petronius most needs to know.

The Introduction commences with a

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brief account of the relation of Petronius to earlier writers of history and romance. The impression made upon us by this account is that Professor Waters has gone over a large amount of literary material, but that he has failed to get this material well in hand or to see quite clearly the special point he wished to make. Thus, to cite only one or two of his statements, Professor Waters tells us that "Petronius was not a satirist, but a romancer," and he goes on to compare the Milesian Tale generically with Stevenson's *Treasure Island!* Surely no comparison could be more infelicitous, and we fancy that Professor Waters would find considerable difficulty in establishing the parallel. Moreover, a few pages further on, Petronius is suddenly shifted into the position not only of a satirist, but of a Menippean satirist. This notion that there is anything specifically Menippean in Petronius is a favourite one among the Germans, but it is based upon the most superficial examination of the *Satira*—an examination totally devoid of *Innigkeit.* One may argue that the true Menippean satire contained a mixture of prose and verse, that it dealt freely with a variety of subjects, and that it was written, to use Cicero's expression, *dialectice;* and it is true that the *Satira* of Petronius contains a good deal of verse intermingled with its prose; that the author deals very freely with a variety of subjects *en passant;* and that some of the characters speak colloquially. Therefore, the German critics say that his work is an example of the Menippean satire. But so might they argue that because a cow has two ears and a mouth and four legs and a tail, and because a tiger has two ears and a mouth and four legs and a tail, therefore the cow and the tiger belong to the same zoölogical group. A more intelligent view is that Petronius, a novelist, writing a long novel (it must originally have been considerably longer than *Vanity Fair*) made it a satirical novel; but that his freedom of treatment is not the heterogeneous freedom of the Menippeans, nor is the variety of his themes greater than the variety which one finds in any novel of modern life which aims to present a picture of contemporary society. As for the verse which is found in many of his chapters, most of it is quoted conversationally by the characters themselves, or composed by them and introduced quite in the manner of many modern novelists, from Mrs. Radcliffe to Sir Walter Scott.

The remarks made by the commentators upon some of this quoted verse are singularly disingenuous. Thus, they assume that the lines in chapter 55, which are there ascribed to Publilius Syrus, are in reality only a burlesque imitation of Publilius. Why should they say this? Because, they answer, this verse occurs in a Menippean satire. But how do they know that it *is* a Menippean satire? Because, they say, it contains this sort of imitated verse. Thus they argue in a vicious circle and really beg the question. It shows the weakness of their case. When Trimalchio quotes Vergil in chapter 68, we know that it is a genuine quotation, because the *Æneid* is extant and we can prove it. Had the *Æneid* been lost, this line would undoubtedly have been set down as a burlesque of a very different original. As to the passage from Publilius, it contains no internal evidence whatever of spuriousness, being wholly Publilian in style; and, in fact, Ribbeck had the courage of his convictions and included it in his *Scænicæ Romanorum Poesis Fragmenta.* Again, in the matter of the passages in dialect, they are not a part of the author's narrative, but are put into the mouth of the different characters who use dialect exactly as they would have used it in life. Therefore, because Petronius has followed the fundamental law of fiction-writing and has depicted human beings exactly as he knew them, even down to their very tricks of speech, it seems most unreasonable to see in this fidelity to life a resemblance to the macaronic structure of the Menippean. If the Menippean satire was anything at all, it was scrappy, eccentric, and purposely grotesque, and it must have borne about as much resemblance to the artistically developed novel of Petronius as a topical song, half spoken and half sung, bears to Thackeray's *Shabby-Genteel Story* or the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon.*

Certain omissions in the Introduction are likewise to be noticed. It would have been well to give at least a brief account of the history of the Petronian manuscripts, especially of the Codex Traguriensis and of Frambotto's premature pub-

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lication of the text. The curious attempt which François Nodot made to foist a forged "complete Petronius" upon the learned world is also worth recording as an interesting chapter in the history of literary frauds. In the bibliography, too, some of the standard translations of Petronius should have been included, since a good translation is, in its way, a commentary upon the text. Thus, the Italian version by Cesareo, the sprightly French paraphrase by De Guerle, and, particularly, the German rendering by Heinse, deserved citation. This last was for a long time out of print, but it has lately (1898) been republished by Weigel in Leipzig.

In the commentary there are several instances of what we consider to be inaccurate exegesis. Thus, in chapter 28, the phrase *hoc suum propinasse* is clearly misunderstood; since here *propinasse* must have the sense which it bears in Martial (ii. 15)—"give to drink." For Trimalchio, far from upbraiding the *masseurs*, who are spilling his Falernian wine, is ostentatiously showing off his own lavishness. Professor Waters, however, thinks that he is grumbling in a fit of stinginess, and says: "With all his wealth, Trimalchio can be close." And then we are referred to chapter 34, which is certainly a most unfortunate reference if it is intended to prove that Trimalchio was niggardly; for that is the passage in which he scolds a slave for picking up a silver dish that had fallen on the floor, and where he orders the dish to be swept out with the rest of the rubbish. In fact, if there is any passage in the *Cena* that represents Trimalchio as being anything but absurdly lavish, that passage has escaped our notice. Professor Waters in one other place tries to find evidence of Trimalchio's stinginess. This is in chapters 69 and 70, where goose, fish, and various kinds of birds are served to the guests, who discover that these are all in reality made of pork; and Trimalchio tells the company that he has a cook who can serve pork in such ways as to make it appear almost any sort of meat. This Professor Waters characterises as "disgusting economy." It may have been disgusting, but it surely was not economy, since pork was more highly esteemed by the Romans than any other meat, as any one must remember when he recalls the gluttonous rhapsodies of the parasites in Plautus. Hence, when Trimalchio serves up mock-chicken made of pork, he is once more making it clear that money is no object to him, and this is why he boasts of the thing so persistently. In chapter 44 (*amor cancer*), *carcer*, a much better reading, is ignored both in text and in the critical appendix. Again, in the next chapter *duræ buccæ* can hardly mean "bombastic." In chapter 69, where the editor wishes to illustrate the contemptuous reference to the Cappadocians, instead of the far-fetched reference to the scholiast on Persius, which after all has a very unconvincing appearance, a citation of the old Greek maxim τρία κάππα κάκιστα would have been much more natural. In the astrological nonsense of chapter 39, with its string of puns, the editor clearly misses one very obvious point. Trimalchio says: *in aquario capones* [*nascuntur*]; on which Dr. Waters makes the comment: *"In aquario;* because of its malign influence." But surely, here is the old Roman joke about the winesellers who watered their wines—an ancient prototype of the modern joke about the milkman. A comparison of this passage with Martial i. 56 will establish our view of the matter; and indeed, it may be said that Martial is by no means often enough referred to by Dr. Waters. In the same chapter (39) the editor has again, we think, gone astray, being misled by an assumed parallel with the Greek. Trimalchio says that whoever is born under the constellation Aries has *frontem expudoratum*. Hence, says he, very many *scholastici et arietilli* are so born. Now what does *arietilli* mean? Dr. Waters translates it "thankless persons," because κριός in Greek is a term applied to one who is thankless. But in the first place, there is no evidence that *aries* is used in this way, nor would it suit the context if it were so. As *scholastici* were noted for their bumptiousness, so *arietilli* are likewise contentious people who "butt into everything." Thus the whole thing hangs together.

There are renderings which do not seem very felicitous, e. g., *penthiacum* (47) is hardly "beef stuck through with pork;" "Merry Christmas" in some places might be a good rendering for *Io Saturnalia!* but not in chapter 58, where

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Dr. Waters gives it; and the *catillus concactus,* in 66, less likely refers to a meringue than to mustard. These are all minor matters, however, and do not impair the value and interest of a commentary which on the whole shows an excellent conception of what such a commentary should be. It will do in part for the general student what Friedländer's edition of the *Cena* has done for those who have already begun to be Petronians. *Harry Thurston Peck.*

NOT INSPIRED

He had no message for the world of men:
God gave him form and filled his soul with fire;
His art drew colour from the very mire,
And filtered sweetness from the marshy fen;
The songs of birds, from thrush to tiny wren,
Had thrilled his ear with nature's soft desire;
He touched all hearts whene'er he swept his lyre,
And perfect taste adorned his facile pen.

But still he lacked a purpose in his lays,
A purpose that should lift them into song,
Enduring through the lapse of many days,
With life, like that of Truth, both long and strong,
And winning at the last unstinted praise:
He had no mission to the 'wildered throng.

Charles Woodward Hutson.

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A TENDERFOOT IN GRUB STREET

For eighteen months I have been following literature—so far following it at a run. The reason which led to this is the same which induced the lady to take up lion-taming; she was so tired of puppies and monkeys. I had been teaching for ten years. Having decided on a new trade, I naturally looked about for an opening, which soon presented itself, in the shape of an invitation to attend the formal dedication of a new place of amusement in a distant city. At once I suggested to the editor of a local paper that he should let me try my hand at a descriptive article on the hall itself and the ceremonies which were to take place. He took kindly to the idea, but sent word the next day that the description would have to go to press just ten days before it was possible for me to leave home, one fortnight before the opening. When I reached my destination, without waiting for bath or breakfast, I drove straight to that hall in considerable anxiety to see how far my description tallied with the original. My guardian angel had put in a good day's work, and no one who hadn't seen the hall could find much amiss in my account of it.

Encouraged by this success, I tried another editor, and he was kind enough to give me a little advice. "Now," he said, "we like something personal; put in plenty of names, get photographs of well-known people if you can, and above all, forget the fact that you are writing. Try to feel just as if you were telling the whole thing to *me!*" I did honestly try to feel that way, but was disappointed in the result; the idea of him left me quite uninspired. The next editor was of an entirely different stripe. "You want to write for *us,*" he said, not unkind but a trifle remote. "Well, you know, *we* are very particular." I feebly murmured that I was particular too; but it made no impression, and he went on explaining that dignified as they were, they had no positive objection to something delicately humorous, but "above all, nothing personal." My fourth editor was of a totally new kind. After asking if I understood writing to space, and giving some sound, practical directions, he ended up with "Turn the column, just turn the column, and always remember, twelve hundred words means exactly twelve hundred words, no more, no less; and, above all, *feel* what you write."

Hearing that another paper was interested in a certain class of subjects, I took a list of possible articles and one finished as a sample to submit to the literary editor. This gentleman seemed very tall, imposing and inaccessible. He glanced at my copy with infinite weariness, and said, "Call to-morrow."

To-morrow, he looked even taller and more imposing. He said, "Your article is long." I was wondering what had ever brought me there, when he added, "but I'll take it, and want another for next week, and the rest are Sunday subjects, and we'll go with them to the Sunday editor now. Come!" The Sunday editor sat in an immense vaulted hall, as long as a livery stable, where, amid wreathes of smoke, I dimly saw countless, gigantic, malicious-looking fellow-editors sitting in their shirt sleeves, with their feet on high desks.

A subsequent experience of that office gradually revealed that these terrible beings were a perfectly harmless set of young men, none above the middle height. That vast apartment shrank into a small room, holding at a pinch four people!

For some time I wrote special articles, till three things disgusted me with the newspaper business. To begin with, it was too refined; chasten my vocabulary as I might, there never was an article which came up to the journalist's standard of diction for a high-class family paper. If, in describing a scene in Little Italy, I was at all realistic in the matter of dialect, quoting, for instance, a Dago mother's graphic account of the sequelæ of green apples by saying, "his belly hurts," the chances were ninety to one that it would come out in some such expurgated form as, "He has a pain in his eyelashes." Then the proofreader was such a stickler for spelling that if, with infinite trouble, you unearthed a choice seventeenth-century document for the sake of its vivid, picturesque or-

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thography, he would conscientiously tame it down to the characterless correctness of a department-store advertisement.

All this would have been bearable but for the editor's scissors. Some one must have given him a new pair, for he suddenly took to snipping off the end of every article. No matter if it were long or short, or how much padding you put in the middle to lure him into leaving the last paragraph, he cut off the end as invariably as if it had been a fox terrier's tail. Then I tried a new dodge, at a certain point I concluded every article by the simple device of wiping the pen and closing the inkstand. This worked like a charm. So long as an article was unfinished, he didn't care a bit who unfinished it, but my literary conscience, not generally overactive, took alarm, and I decided to write for the magazines.

The first magazine editor not only sent my MS. back, but took the trouble to write a line of remonstrance. Did I really think that was the kind of thing a tired railway magnate or a summer hotel lady would enjoy? I tried number two with a very interesting production which had been indignantly rejected by four Sunday supplements; this, for a wonder did not come home. Evidently, before choosing a subject, it was well to understand the precise magazine angle of mind, so blocking out a plan on a promising topic, I visited the office of the A. B. C. Monthly. They didn't keep me standing in the hall or shove me downstairs, or follow any of the time-honoured traditions of brutal and tyrannical editors. On the contrary, a very polite young lady thanked me for coming, but said my subject, "The Trade and Social Aspect of a New Profession for Women in America," was not really "broad" enough for magazine use. She thought, however, there would be an excellent chance of the A. B. C.'s accepting an account of the commercial side of art in Berlin. As my plans did not comprise an immediate trip to Germany, I thanked her and carried my scheme to the office of X. Y. Z. Another very polite young lady also regretted that my topic wasn't "broad" enough for magazine use, but their newspaper syndicate editor would doubtless be glad to consider it, so I was passed on to another room, where the syndicate editor said, "That is an excellent subject, new and vital, but it is much too *broad* for a newspaper. I advise your trying the X. Y. Z."

Everything seemed to point toward fiction, and at first I followed Anthony Trollope's advice as set forth in his autobiography, and got up, laid down, ate, drank and slept with my characters, never let them out of mind till, being a rather mature, unsentimental person, I grew extremely tired of the society of my love-lorn youth and maiden, and decided to imitate Stevenson, who says somewhere that if you put on the lid and leave the pot, when you come back you often find the kettle boiling. I don't know which advice is sounder; but the Stevenson method certainly makes a writer pleasanter company to the family.

Finally, the story went off only to come back with a really considerate note from the editor, saying that he was not condemning it, but having enough fiction on hand for the next three years, he thought it fairer to return *Why Women Marry* unread. Let no one misunderstand this melancholy history; it is not a complaint. There can be no possible obligation resting on any editor to accept material for which he has no use; moreover, on glancing through my large collection of rejected manuscripts, it has occurred to me that some of them are not exactly works of imperishable genius.

Mary Moss.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

TOLSTOY AS MAN AND ARTIST. With an Essay on Dostoievski. By Dmitri Merejkowski. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Every fresh book on Tolstoy is a gain, because however inadequate a critical study on him may, nay, must be, Tolstoy's colossal life work is seen and felt afresh behind each critic's conclusions, much as a great mountain is seen looming up behind the driving mists. Merejkowski's book is decidedly interesting, none the less because there is a personal note of jealousy in it which the author has not been able to conceal. Merejkowski, himself a Russian, is best known to the English reader by his novel *The Death of the Gods*, a study of the life of Julian the Apostate, which reveals the author as a clever scene painter of picturesque historical drama, with but little original temperament, and no special creative insight. Merejkowski is a learned and clever man, but the English critics who have hailed him "as a worthy successor to Tolstoy and Dostoievski" might as well affirm that Alma Tadema is a worthy successor to Rembrandt. Merejkowski decidedly has talent, but he is not a creative genius, not a creator. In *Tolstoy as Man and Artist,* Merejkowski now comes before us as a critic and man of culture, who has been not a little influenced by Nietzsche, and has a semi-Nietzscheian theory of Pagan *v.* Christian art. The first half of the book, dealing with Tolstoy the man, reads like the work of a dilettante who, jealous that Tolstoy's fame should overshadow all his contemporaries, is trying to say all that he can to belittle it; but in the second half of the book the author seems to become conscious that he has gone too far, and he tries to establish firmly his critical argument and free it in a measure from the clouds of his personal feeling. In the picture of "Tolstoy as Man," Merejkowski rather cleverly dwells on various inconsistencies in Tolstoy's character and conduct, and seeks to throw ridicule on him for living in a comfortable home while he is preaching "self-denial" and "asceticism" to the world, but Merejkowski's tone is so spiteful as to betray malice. In his lecture to Tolstoy teaching the great man how to live, Merejkowski becomes at times both a little offensive and a little ridiculous:

"Does the worm gnaw at his heart? Is he pursued and harassed by the consciousness that he has not done the bidding of Christ, that, while the body is gratified the soul is mortally troubled?" (page 66.) "Is it not dreadful that even this man, who has utterly thirsted for truth, who has so remorsefully found fault with himself and others, should have admitted such a crying deception to soul and conscience—such a monstrous anomaly? Despite all appearances, the smallest and the strongest of the devils, the latter-day Devil of Property, of Philistine self-content and neutral pettiness, has won in this man his last and greatest victory" (page 80). "Will he at last realise that here there is nothing high nor low, that paths diverse, yet equally true, lead to one and the same goal; that in reality all paths are one; that it is not against and not away from things earthly, but only through things earthly that we attain the more than earthly, not in conflict with, or divested of, but only through the bodily that we attain the spiritual?" (page 95.) "His illness is shown by a gradually increasing silence, callousness, decline, ossification and petrification of the heart, once the warmest of human hearts. It is because his ailment is inward, because he himself is scarcely conscious of it, that it is more grievous than the malady of Dostoievski or the madness of Nietzsche. . . . And Tolstoy, too, has deserted us" (page 272), etc., etc., etc.

In like vein Tolstoy is gravely reproved because his wife puts a sachet of scent among his linen; because he sleeps tranquilly on a "ventilated leather bolster;" because the "thin mutton broth which he loves is scarcely less tasty than the most expensive and complicated soups;" because he jumped over a hedge to get away from a peasant who begged for a foal, etc., etc. That Tolstoy has sacrificed the spirit within him for the sake of worldly ease, and that the spirituality of his teaching is invalidated by the fact that he "loves" thin mutton broth, and is particular about his gaiters, this assertion may please petty-minded people who judge great men by themselves, but it is given the lie by the whole meaning and effort of Tolstoy's life. Leaving, then, "Tolstoy as Man," an attack which recoils on its author's

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head, let us turn to the critical argument in Merejkowski's book.

The critical argument is original, but very paradoxical. Tolstoy, in Merejkowski's eyes, is the great Pagan representing the preponderance of the flesh over the spirit, while Dostoievski, as the great Christian, represents the preponderance of the spirit over the flesh. Tolstoy, our author argues, is unequalled in depicting the human body, the greatest analyst, known in literature, of bodily sensations. "His sensual experience is inexhaustible, as if he had lived hundreds of lives in various shapes of men and animals." He fathoms the unusual sensation of her bared body to a young girl, before going to her first ball; he understands the sensations of a nursing mother "who has yet not severed the mysterious connection of her body with that of her child;" he knows "the feelings of a woman old and worn out with child-bearing, who shudders as she remembers the pain of her quivering breasts;" and lastly, the sensations and thoughts of animals, as in the case of Levin's sporting dog, and the whole range of the consciousness of man's animal nature possessed by war, sport, love, work, etc.; all this it is Tolstoy's triumph to have explored. "Tolstoy is the greatest depicter of this physico-spiritual region in the natural man; that side of the flesh which approaches the spirit, and that side of the spirit which approaches the flesh, the mysterious border-region where the struggle between the animal and the God in man takes place. Therein lies the struggle and the tragedy of his own life. He is a 'man of the senses,' half-heathen, half-Christian; neither to the full." But if he essays the opposite region: "human spirituality, almost set free from the body, released from animal nature, the region of pure thought (the passionate workings of which are so well embodied by Dostoievski and Tiutchev)," the power of artistic delimitation in Tolstoy "decreases and collapses." "But within the limits of the purely natural man, he is the supreme artist of the world." When Tolstoy, however, abandons the life of the body for the life of the soul, says Merejkowski, "we get a crystallised, lifeless abstraction, a moral and religious vehicle for a moral and religious deduction. Thus Nekliudov, the hero of *Resurrection,* is "a dreary megaphone, through which the 'gentleman author' behind proclaims his theorems to the moral universe." Dostoievski, on the other hand, "has an accumulating superfluity of vitality, a carrying over to the utmost limit of the refinement, acuteness, and concentration of spirituality." "To Dostoievski the revealing light comes from within." All his life he sought out what was most difficult, disastrous, hard, and terrible, as if he felt suffering necessary to the full growth of his powers. In Siberia he wrote to his brother, "This is my cross, and I have deserved it." "The fire of love penetrating and purifying Dostoievski glows even in his most commonplace acts." Dostoievski is "superior in tragedy" to Tolstoy, superior in his "characters' conversation," in their "mental life." Finally, Merejkowski argues that the two great Russian writers represent two halves of the Russian soul, two diverse sides of the Russian nature, each incomplete without the other:

"Tolstoy and Dostoievski are the two great columns, standing apart in the propylæum of the temple—parts facing each other, set over and against each other in the edifice, incomplete and still obscured by scaffolding, that temple of Russian religion which will be, I believe, the future religion of the whole world" (page 121).

That there is a great deal of very able criticism and many brilliant observations in Merejkowski's analysis of Tolstoy's art, no critic of intelligence would wish to deny. There is, in fact, much penetration shown throughout, and some illuminating pages (as pages 184, 188, 203, 205, 207, 208, 211, 231, 245, 249, 250, 251), which more than counterbalance some bad pages (such as 154, 208, 222, 226, 228, 230, 271, 297, etc.), where Merejkowski either draws unfair comparisons, or is borrowing from Nietzsche wholesale, and gets out of his depth. It is not our author's insight that is at fault, not the threads of his criticism, but the fabric that he weaves out of them. His main conclusion, that Tolstoy is the great Pagan, that he fails in depicting "the life of the soul," that it is only within the limits of the purely natural man "he is a supreme artist," is little but a great pardox. For what is "the natural man?" And who are the "Christian" artists? To conclude that Dostoievski is more "spiritual" than Tolstoy, because the latter deals with our actual bodily sensations, whereas the former dwells chiefly in the rich world of his own hallucinations, is an absurdity. And what does "pagan" mean in the connection? If the antithesis between "pagan" and "Christian" can hold good, then Plato and Sophocles are far more Christian, in the sense of representing the preponderance of the spirit over the flesh, than nineteen out of twenty Christian writers. If, on the other hand, a perfect equipose between the body and the spirit is the mark of the great pagan writers,

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then Turgenev is a great pagan. But Turgenev's work is far more "spiritual" than Dostoievski's work, and yet the latter is held up as being predominantly spiritual! The fact is that Merejkowski's argument, though ingenious and presenting strongly interesting half-truths, rests on a very partial interpretation of the word "spiritual." A great writer may indeed, as Tolstoy does, in analysing human life, show us the preponderance of the body over the spirit, but he may be far more deeply "spiritual in his attitude to life than the writers who show us the preponderance of the spirit over the body. It is not by shutting off from us, by avoiding, or by being incapable of understanding, the world of man's animalism, that a writer proves his spirituality. Tolstoy's very penetration into life springs chiefly from his moral dissatisfaction with it. We cannot, therefore, see in Merejkowski's thesis anything beyond a convenient platform which serves his purpose of showing some of Tolstoy's artistic defects, and of exalting Dostoievski. "As a matter of fact," says the author, "I only wished to pull back and fairly adjust the rope, too far strained by the popular Christianity of Tolstoy and of Europe to-day." "I own from the first chapter of my inquiry the reader has cause to suspect me of a prejudice against Tolstoy, and in favour of his contemporary." The attempt is an interesting one, and though the impression that remains after finishing the book is as though some clever sculptor had been trying his chisel on the face of some great antique bas-relief, and had found the marble uncommonly hard, and the proportions impossible to alter, still we are not sorry Merejkowski should have attempted it, if for his remarks on Dostoievski alone.

We must thank the unknown translator and editor of the English version, who, no doubt through modesty, have not let their names appear. There are a few slips in the few notes given.

Edward Garnett.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The majority of the sketches in this book have appeared from time to time in various New York journals, daily, weekly or monthly. But when we see them here together, gathered into a book, linked in coherent sequence, and with the links welded into a perfect and complete whole, we realise for the first time the importance of what Mr. Hapgood has done, and how well he has done it. He has gone forth on a voyage of discovery into darkest New York, entirely setting aside the point of view of the politician or the church worker, discarding even the broader ideals of the sociologist, and has given us a study of the Ghetto as it is, not as its various former explorers would show it—to serve a purpose. The Jewish East Side of New York is a city of itself, a transplanted phase of the Old World growing up within the New. It is like no other Ghetto in the world, for here the racial traits that hark back to the dim red dawn of man and have outlasted the civilisation of Asia and Europe meet with the keen sharp edge of a civilisation of yesterday working itself out of chaos. And the Russian and Polish Jew, because of incidents in racial experience, differs in many ways from the Jew of other nations, in just those traits which, in the New York Ghetto, come most into prominence by force of contrast with Americanising influences. As Mr. Hapgood shows us, the commercial instinct, which is considered usually the strongest racial instinct of the Jew, is least developed in these emigrants from Russia and Poland, and when the Russian Jew comes to New York, to the Empire of Commercialism, he is hopelessly out of touch with its ideals and requirements. The gulfs of misunderstanding are too wide for a single generation to bridge, and the old Jew repays the strenuous world of action, which holds him submerged because he cannot keep up with it, with an equally strenuous contempt for its lack of interest in higher abstract principles. The peculiar character of the Russian Jew, born of the mingling of Jewish intensity with Muscovite passivity and moulded into shape by a long term of persecution for the sake of race and religion, is well drawn for us by Mr. Hapgood, with all its fanaticism, its theoretic violence, its intense and unselfish devotion to religious and social ideals. He has painted for us, with a vividness which leaves no doubt of the accuracy of the portrait, a large community of Jews who are not primarily interested in the dollar, and who, in the midst of poverty and squalor, give more of strenuous activity to the discussing of abstract principles, of theories of universal brotherhood, of philosophies of life, than to questions of how to gain a livelihood. The Jews of the Ghetto are very much less Jewish in the sense that this word is understood by the average Philistine than that Philistine himself, who dwells in other parts of New York. But new influences are

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at work upon him, and with the adaptability of the race, the son of the old Jew becomes more of an American, and losing in part the old respect for religion and reverence of things traditional, becomes in many cases mentally unsettled, uneasy and unhappy. Those boys of the Ghetto who become truly American, that is, who completely lose reverence and respect for the teachings of the ages to their race, are perhaps the most fortunate in that they then find a place in the New World, achieve riches and move to another part of the city. But in many the springs of higher ideals are too deep, and these become the uneasy spirits, the poets, the artists, the actors, the journalists and socialist orators, of whom so many are to be found in the teeming life of the Ghetto. They have lost the Old to a certain extent, and although desiring to find what is good in the New, cannot yet reconcile its cold commercialism with the craving for ideals in their nature. All the many types within these lines are shown us in the book, which is full of quotable passages, and bits of genre painting which would stand well of themselves, but are of infinitely more value here as the parts rounding out the whole. One of these bits is so excellent and so characteristic of that Spirit of the Ghetto which gives the book its title, that it deserves to be quoted here. The following criticism of American art given to Mr. Hapgood by a Ghetto Jew in a shabby coat, in the squalid surroundings of a little café in Grand Street, will probably come as a decided surprise to many patriotic Americans living in well-appointed houses with unlimited opportunities for cleanliness.

He loves literature with an absorbing love, and is pained constantly by what he deems the chaos of art in the United States. The Americans seem to him to be trivial and immature in their art, lacking in serious purpose.

"It is a vast and fruitful land," he will say, "but there is no order and little sincerity as far as art is concerned. Your writers try to amuse the readers, to entertain them merely, rather than to give them serious and vital truth. Why is it that a race which is clever and progressive in all mechanical and industrial matters, which in such things has no overpowering respect for the past, is weighed down in art by a regard for all the literary ghosts of bygone times? Look at the books put forth in any one year in the United States. What a senseless hodge-podge it is." . . . The Americans have great tact in most things. They are the cleverest people in the world and yet they are very backward in literature. Indeed the whole Anglo-Saxon race, great economically and practically as it is, is curiously at sea and chaotic in all that pertains to literary art. There are men of genius among them, great artists, but they are artists only in part, artists without being aware of it, with no consistent and clear understanding of what art is. Your great men are hindered by their environment. America and England are the most difficult countries in the world for real art to get a hearing, for the people insist on being amused by their authors. They treat them as they do their actors, merely as public servants whose duty is to amuse the public when it is tired. But art is a serious thing, instinct with sincerity, and should never be lightly approached either by the artist or the reader.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON. By Austin Dobson English Men of Letters Series. New York: Macmillan Company.

Of all the earlier biographies in the Men of Letters Series there is none more fascinating than that of Fielding. Scholarly, exhaustive, and, like all Mr. Dobson's work, extremely entertaining, it has the further merit of illuminating Fielding's character and writings by the sympathetic light of genuine affection. Few readers can leave this book without feeling that their capacity for understanding and appreciating all that is best, both in the general literature of the eighteenth century, and in the particular work of Fielding, is vastly increased.

But enthusiastic admirers of Fielding are not always equally just to his great contemporary and rival, Samuel Richardson; and it is therefore a matter of congratulation to find that Mr. Dobson's biography of the older writer falls very little short of his life of Fielding. His extraordinary familiarity with the by-ways of eighteenth-century literature is equally in evidence, and his capacity for enveloping his readers in the atmosphere of the time is equally striking. One seldom reads a book by Mr. Dobson without falling a victim to this illusion; while we are beneath his spell we are no longer living in the London of the present time, a London of smoke, and motor-cars, and jerry-building; we are transported into a more serene environment, where sombre mansions tower in unadorned simplicity above placid gardens, and lumbering coaches trundle up the highway past the royal palace at Kew.

It has been said that the present biography falls very little short of the same author's life of Fielding. Yet there is, notwithstanding, a difference in quality between the two books, a difference so slight as to be almost indefinable. Is it due to the fact that while Mr. Dobson is at pains to be scrupulously fair to Richardson,

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he is no perfervid admirer of his genius? Or is it that Richardson's personality, being really less interesting than that of his rival, gives less opportunity to his annalist?

Both causes are probably responsible, but it may be noted that the enthusiasm of Richardson's critics seldom extends to his biographers; or rather, that no genuine Richardsonian has yet accomplished the task of writing his life. Possibly the ardour that is kindled by the "divine Clarissa" vanishes in the laborious task of examining the South Kensington correspondence. It is certainly hard for any one who has plodded through the wearisome twaddle of the majority of the letters to maintain the proper attitude of admiring reverence toward their writer.

For it must be confessed that most of this unpublished correspondence is very dull indeed. It is contained in six folio volumes, and it is perhaps natural that those persons who have not examined them should be inclined to think that they contain much interesting matter, and therefore blame those who have done so for not having derived a larger amount of entertainment from them. Readers familiar with the delightful gossip of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Delany imagine that all letters of the same period must possess similar characteristics, and approach the correspondence with these expectations. But it needs the test of actual experience to realise the depths of banality and triviality to which our first novelist could sometimes descend. The letters which are not concerned with the discussion of characters in the novels are given up to the ponderous badinage of elderly flirtation, or to equally tiresome descriptions of the symptoms of failing health. Even Mr. Dobson, who can be trusted to extract the utmost entertainment from the material before him, and has evidently bestowed the most patient investigation on his subject, has brought to light few picturesque details. What is new and illuminative in his book—and it is much—is due not to the letters, but to his unrivalled knowledge of the subject and to the fascination of his style.

This being the case, it is to be regretted that Mr. Dobson has devoted so little space to the criticism of the novels. Richardson himself is a comparatively unfruitful subject, but the characters of his creation are endlessly interesting, and a more exhaustive criticism from a writer of Mr. Dobson's eminence would have been very welcome. We would rather have had his own estimate of Richardson's immortal heroine than the quotation which he supplies from Mrs. Oliphant. And there is just enough original criticism to make us wish for more. It is interesting, for instance, to find that he gives no countenance to the enthusiastic admirers of the villain Lovelace, and agrees with Mr. Leslie Stephen in his main conclusions. "Lovelace," he says, "is much more constructed, or rather concocted, than Clarissa;" and by quotations from Richardson's letters he illustrates the difficulty that the author experienced in rendering his hero at the same time so attractive as to justify Clarissa's attachment to him, and so far lost to all sense of honour as to stoop to the methods of the lowest criminals. Mr. Dobson, however, gives Richardson credit for having succeeded, "notwithstanding the improbabilities of the portrait, in making the picture still deceptive." This, most likely, will be the final verdict of all unprejudiced critics. Lovelace is a bundle of contradictions, of conflicting qualities that could not possibly co-exist in the same person; and yet the total effect is so dazzling as to deceive and fascinate the observer who does not pause to analyse him too closely. But Richardson, after all, like Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, excelled mainly in feminine portraiture, and to class him with these distinguished authors is no mean tribute to his genius.

For, to tell the truth, the novel of the eighteenth century is not to be compared with that of the nineteenth, and, as Mr. Dobson says, the readers of to-day have come into a not inconsiderable inheritance of fiction since *Pamela* was published. Richardson was a pioneer, but his books have the drawbacks and defects of all pioneer work, and it is not likely that they will ever prove widely acceptable to the less leisured public of the present time. Only a student here and there, content to linger in the less frequented paths of English literature, will still pause to admire him; and since the finest flavour and aroma of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* are inseparable from the mouldering calf and faded gift of their first bindings, let us hope that not too many enterprising publishers will flood the market with new editions.

THE OLD BAILEY AND NEWGATE. By Charles Gordon. New York: Messrs. James Pott and Company.

Since the Paris reds razed the Bastile there has remained no other gaol for political and criminal offenders with so important a record as Newgate prison. The venerable building in Old Bailey is the father of English prisons. Though time has eaten away structure after

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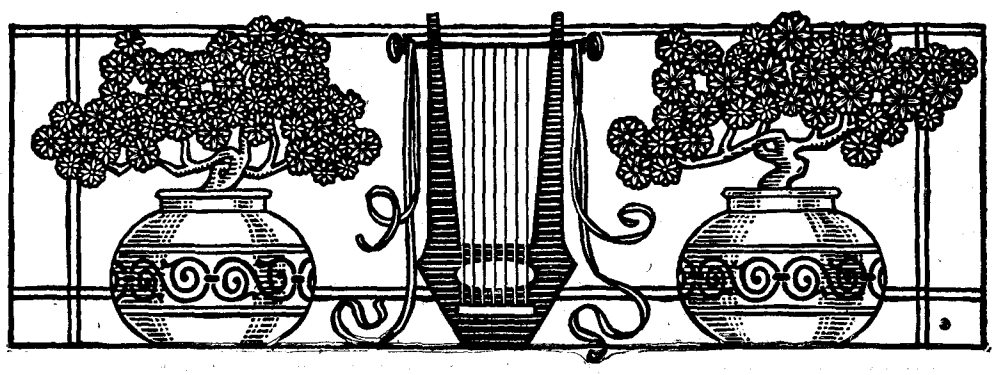
structure, the spot has been devoted to the single purpose for nearly ten centuries. It has housed all grades of criminals, from the most obscure and petty offenders to the most illustrious men and women of succeeding generations. It is a landmark in English history and literature, as well as in crime. By token of this wealth of highly coloured material there is splendid promise in taking up *The Old Bailey and Newgate,* by Charles Gordon, a large octavo arrayed in all the substantial luxury that the modern press furnishes. It repays attention. The author has denoted that he possesses diligence in research, acquaintance with abundance of historical material, and that the fecundity of every source touched upon justified the admirable enterprise on which he entered. He exhibits himself a sincere compiler, but without adding any original graces which might assist the fancy and direct the perception of the reader. It is a procession of curious and celebrated personages he marshals in review, the aristocracy of crime, the peerage of their degenerate kind. They were amusing rascals, picturesque in all their misdemeanours, inventive in their methods, staunch in their standards of perfidy, unqualified in knavery, unblushing, unflinching, enterprising and professional. The old prison has been glorified in its wretched children. There were, ages ago, those shrewd bakers with their trick table, which levied on all the dough that came to its kneeders' hands; the mendacious brothers of "the order of the whetstone;" priests detained for conscience' sake; "many Jacobins of high degree;" Moll Cutpurse, in breeches, pickpocket, receiver of stolen goods, and everything that was bad, but devoted heart and soul to the King and hating a Rounhead like poison; Claude Duval, bewitcher of the beautiful; Mary Carlton, "the German Princess," guilty of endless felony, not least in finally appearing on the stage in a play fashioned on her own sensational career; immortal Jack Sheppard; Jonathan Wild, who organised crime and directed it officially; Jenny Diver, a truly versatile, an imaginative pickpocket; Beau Maclean, "the gentleman highwayman;" Bob Woodward, the public-house keeper with his club of boys, whom he trained in crime, in all respects a prototype of Fagin and a convincing witness that Dickens did not exaggerate his rascal; "Sixteen-string" Jack Rann, the flowered and ribboned dandy; "the Monster," whose career puts the modern Jack the Ripper in the light of a mere imitator, and who gave a celebrated ball in the prison; admirable Barrington, friend of royalty, ode writer and pickpocket. These are a few whose careers ended in old Newgate and give variety and spice, colour and picturesqueness to the calendar of the celebrated gaol. Old Bailey is made as integral a part of the narrative as a street must be so intimately associated with the prison. It has a history, however, quite apart from its questionable distinction as the doorstep to Newgate. Here lived Peter Bales, the writing master, whose masterpiece was the Bible, so copied by hand and in full that it was enclosed by a walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. Hogarth's father kept a school in Old Bailey. In Breakneck Stairs, round the corner, dwelt Oliver Goldsmith, and here he wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield, The Traveller,* and other pieces. As Old Bailey is inevitably associated with Newgate, so, too, is Tyburn, the last bourne of those who issued forth under death sentence. Some of the lore of Tyburn is included, furnishing several examples of the verse which certain of the more celebrated executions brought out. Dean Swift's *Clever Tom Clinch* is a notable instance.

Paul Wilstach.



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NOVEL NOTES

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GREY-HORSE TROOP. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

This is the story of an Indian reservation, and the establishing in it of a new agent who is in keenest sympathy with the redmen, and resolute to protect them against the encroachments of settlers and prospectors who are intriguing with the heads of political departments to oust them from the remnant of their land that is reserved to them. Captain Curtis, the agent, is a man of calm courage and resource; he has studied the habits and history of the redmen, and by his sympathetic understanding wins their entire devotion. He meets with Elsie Brisbane, the wilful, beautiful daughter of ex-senator Brisbane, the bitterest enemy of the redmen, and he finds she has imbibed all her father's intolerant hatred of that broken race, but not even his love of her and his desire to win her love can move him from his faith in the grateful people that are under his dominion. Her fierce opposition to him; his attempts to make her understand the race she despises, how he attests the strength of his loyalty to them, and finally, after much failure, wins her round to his standpoint—all this is told with such vigour and vividness as holds the reader absorbed. The book has the colour and atmosphere of the place and people it is concerned with, and the struggle of the old order as it slowly, inevitably gives place to the new is faithfully rendered throughout. It is a fine book; it has its humour, its touches of restrained pathos; and the characterisation is extremely able.

THE VULTURES. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

There is a certain easy strength and charm about Mr. Merriman's style that are difficult of definition; he does not rely on any niggling or juggling with fancy words and prettinesses of phrase, but writes robustly and imaginatively, and knows how to achieve a breadth and largeness of effect without violence or apparent effort. His descriptions of places and persons have a directness and severe simplicity of outline that give them the sharp-edged vividness of etchings. Take this of a place: "A muddy sea and a dirty grey sky, a cold rain and a moaning wind. Short-capped waves breaking to leeward in a little hiss of spray. The water itself sandy and discoloured. Far away to the east, where the green-grey and the dirty-grey merge into one, a windmill spinning in the breeze: Holland. . . . There must be land to the eastward, though nothing but the spinning mill is visible. The land is below the level of the sea." Or this of a person: "Cartoner was a dreamy man, with absorbed eyes, rather deeply sunk under a strong forehead. His eyelids had that peculiarity which is rarely seen in the face of a man who is a nonentity. They were quite straight, and cut across the upper curve of the pupil. This gave a direct, stern look to dreamy eyes, which was odd."

Cartoner, Mr. Joseph P. Mangles, and Monsieur Deulier are the "vultures"—secret agents in the diplomatic services of England, America, and France, always wandering about the world in the interests of their different governments, and, with others similarly engaged, flocking together wherever war or trouble is brewing. There is trouble brewing, here, in Poland, and soon after the story opens the "vultures" leave the social delights of London hurriedly and arrive one after the other in Warsaw, where rumours of a coming revolution are already in the air. The revolt unfolds absorbingly, from the time when Prince Bukaty and his son in London are arranging with Captain Cable (an admirably drawn typical British seaman) for the secret shipment of arms; to the meetings and plottings in Warsaw; to the assassination of the Czar, and the final fiasco. Which fiasco is partly brought about by the carelessness of Mr. Mangles' niece, pretty Netty Cahere, who has won the heart of Prince Bukaty's son, as she wins the hearts of most men who come near her. Her shallowness is finely contrasted with the womanly strength and constancy of the Princess Wanda (Bukaty's daughter), whose beauty and sweetness waken an abiding love in the breast of the unimpressionable Cartoner.

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THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

Studies in Zoölogy. By James Merrill.

The directions in this laboratory guide are simple and suggestive as well as comprehensive. The plan of the work was tested, before publication, with pupils of all grades in the high school.

The Children's First Story Book. By May H. Wood.

This book is designed to be used as a first supplementary reader.

Marianela. By B. Pérez Galdós. Edited by Edward Gray, A.B.

This touching and pathetic story of the popular modern Spanish author is here presented with the necessary assistance for reading in elementary classes.

Electra. By B. Pérez Galdós. Edited by Otis G. Bunnell.

This drama, which was first presented at Madrid on January 30th, 1901, made a deep impression on the Spanish people. It was written to give expression to the author's ambition for his country and his countrymen, and to urge them to social and political renovation.

A Laboratory Manual of Physics. By Henry C. Cheston, Philip R. Dean and Charles E. Timmerman.

The seventy-three experiments in this little manual include all those desired by the College Entrance Board, by Harvard University, and by the New York State Regents.

Le Gendre de M. Poirier. Comédie en Quatre Actes. Par Émile Augier et Jules Sandeau. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and a Vocabulary by Edwin Carl Roedder, Ph.D.

Some critics have gone so far as to call this the finest play of the French stage during the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, to see it or to read it is immediately to appreciate what a great play is. It is brilliant to the last degree, and it is absolutely clean.

Appleton:

For a Maiden Brave. By C. C. Hotchkiss.

An historical novel of early Revolutionary days, the action of which is supposed to have occurred some time after the battle of Long Island. Mr. Hotchkiss is also the author of *A Colonial Free Lance, The Strength of the Weak* and *Betsy Ross*. The present book is illustrated in colour by Frank T. Merrill.

The Story of Alchemy and the Beginnings of Chemistry. By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A.

This small volume belongs to the series of the Library of Useful Stories, and the author of it is Fellow and Prælector in Chemistry of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

The Journal of Arthur Stirling. Revised and condensed with an Introductory Sketch.

We refer our readers to a review of this book, which appears elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN. It is not expedient to say anything further here with regard to the book.

Chautauqua Press:

A Survey of Russian Literature, with Selections. By Isabel F. Hapgood.

In her preface, Miss Hapgood says: "In this volume I have given exclusively the views of Russian critics upon their literature, and hereby acknowledge my entire indebtedness to them. The limits of the work, and the lack of general knowledge on the subject, rendered it impossible for me to attempt any comparisons with foreign literatures."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Pit. By Frank Norris.

Mr. Norris's last novel is a story of Chicago, and is the second book in the trilogy which Mr. Norris intended to write, and which he called "The Epic of the Wheat." A review of this book appeared in the February BOOKMAN.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Extra-Canonical Life of Christ. By Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D.

In a sub-title, the author describes his book as a "record of the acts and sayings of Jesus of Nazareth Drawn from Uninspired Sources." The book provides miscellaneous records of Jesus, including testimonies to Jesus, descriptions of His personal appearance, and many sayings of Christ not recorded in the New Testament.

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Gorham:

Man: Men and Their Master. By Henry C. Potter.

The Bedell Lectures delivered at Gambier, Ohio, in November, 1901, by the Bishop of New York. These lectures are delivered biennially on Founders' Day (November 1st), and are called the Bedell Lectures, because, in June, 1880, G. T. and Julia Bedell set aside the sum of five thousand dollars to be devoted to the giving of these lectures.

The Household of Faith. By George W. E. Russell.

The author tells us that this book owes its existence to Dr. Robertson Nicoll, at whose suggestion these papers on religion were collected and printed in book form. Some of the chapter headings are: "Mr. Gladstone's Religious Development," "Archbishop Tait," "Cardinal Manning," "Archbishop Benson," "Zachary Macaulay and His Friends," "A Century of Evangelicalism," and "Prospects of Religion in the Twentieth Century."

Grafton Press:

Pen Lyrics. By F. Strange Kolle.

Fifty-six lyrics, printed in book form, in an edition of sixty copies.

Lane:

Man Visible and Invisible. By C. W. Leadbeater.

Mr. Leadbeater gives examples of different types of men as seen by means of trained clairvoyance. The book contains three diagrams and twenty-two coloured illustrations, and for these illustrations the author says that he is indebted to Count Maurice Prozor and to Miss Gertrude Spink.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Sophocles. Translated and Explained by John Swinnerton Phillimore, M.A.

Volume II. in the Athenian Drama Series, being translations from the Greek Dramatic Poets, with commentaries and explanatory essays for English readers. The translator is Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. The book is illustrated.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Great Boer War. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Complete edition.

This is the seventeenth edition of a book which up to the present time is the standard history in English of the Boer War, and which undoubtedly won for its author his knighthood. The present volume is almost double the size of that which represents the first edition, and the whole has been carefully revised.

Macmillan Company:

French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the Eighteenth Century. By Lady Dilke.

An imported volume, the last in the series in which Lady Dilke has sketched the leading features of French art in the eighteenth century. The book contains many engravings, and the author says that to M. André Marty and the skill of Paris printers is largely due the credit of satisfactory reproductions.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A small edition of Stevenson's "classic," containing notes and an introduction by Hiram Albert Vance, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Nashville. The portrait used as the frontispiece is from a hitherto unpublished photograph of the author.

Egypt. Painted and Described. By R. Talbot Kelly.

This book is published in London by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, and the Macmillans are the agents for it in this country. The author disclaims any attempt to produce a work of critical value, the aim being rather to give a broadly pictorial representation of the life and scenery of the country, particularly those phases of each which lie off the beaten track. The book is profusely illustrated in colour.

The Social Unrest. By John Graham Brooks.

Mr. Brooks writes of the labour question and socialist movements. Some of the chapters deal with the history and theory of socialism, "Socialism in the Making," "Socialism at Work," "Politics and Business," and "Man and Society *versus* Machinery."

Queen Victoria. A Biography. By Sidney Lee.

This work is based on the biographical notice of Queen Victoria which was published in the third Supplementary Volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* in October, 1901. Mr. Lee says in his Preface: "I have sought to record clearly and with such conciseness as coherence would permit the main facts known to me concerning the Queen's personal history in the varied spheres of life in which she played her great part."

Around the World Through Japan. By Walter Del Mar.

Persons who have taken a trip similar to the one which Mr. Del Mar describes will be particularly interested in this book. It also will appeal to those persons who are contemplating a similar tour. The volume is a large one, containing many illustrations.

The Dawn of Day. By Friedrich Nietzsche.

Johanna Volz has made the translation

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of this book of the "mad philosopher." Of his book, the author himself says: "My patient friends, this book only invites perfect readers and philologists: learn to read me well."

Sense and Sensibility.
Emma.
Mansfield Park.
Northanger Abbey and Persuasion.
Pride and Prejudice.
} By Jane Austen.

All the above volumes, in uniform binding, are illustrated by Hugh Thomson, and contain introductions by Austin Dobson.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The English Humourists, The Four Georges. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

Mr. Jerrold has written some biographical notes to this volume about the English humourists of the eighteenth century. Among the illustrations are pictures of Dean Swift and William Hogarth.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. Volume III.

This work is to be published in six volumes, and the present one is entitled *The Reaction in France (1874)*. The previous volumes are *The Emigrant Literature* and *The Romantic School in Germany*, and the volumes yet to be published are: *Naturalism in England, The Romantic School in France* and *Young Germany*.

London in the Eighteenth Century. By Sir Walter Besant.

In the preface to this important book, Sir Walter Besant points out that one may look in Fielding and in Smollett in vain for all the details of social life, of manners and customs in the eighteenth century. These were details beneath the notice of a pen which sought the broad effects and telling situations. To find them, the author had resource to lost satires, forgotten poems and novels whose authors are not known to lecturers on the period, nor to professors of literature. It is a strange London that the book describes—a coarse, bloody, flaring, tearing city—typical of the eighteenth century.

A Selection from Mrs. Browning's Poems. Edited by Heloise E. Hersey.

In addition to these selections, the book contains an introduction on the "Life of Mrs. Browning" and "Mrs. Browning as a Poet," also a Chronological List of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Works.

John Woolman's Journal.

A journal of the life, gospel, labours and Christian experiences of John Woolman, to which are added his last epistle and other writings.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The King of Unadilla. By Howard R. Garis.

A collection of "stories of court secrets concerning his Majesty," which are written in an amusing vein. Mr. Garis is also the author of *With Force and Arms*.

Oxford University Press:

Books on Egypt and Chaldea. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., D.Lit. Eight volumes.

A history of Egypt from the end of the Neolithic Period to the death of Cleopatra VII., B. C. 30. The author is the keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, and he has dedicated this work to General Lord Kitchener.

Select Passages from the Theological Writings of Benjamin Jowett. Select Passages from the Introductions to Plato. By Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol College and Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, Doctor in Theology of the University of Leyden. Edited by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews.

These are small companion volumes, each containing a photograph of Jowett, at the ages of fifty-four and seventy-six, respectively.

Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. Edited with Introduction and Notes by C. A. Buchheim.

This belongs to the series entitled Clarendon Press Popular Classics, and is a revised edition by Hermann Schienfeld, Professor of German and of Continental History in the Columbia University at Washington. A picture of Schiller's birthplace forms a frontispiece.

Putnam's Sons:

Saint Augustine. By Joseph McCabe.

Mr. McCabe, who is also the author of *Peter Abélard*, attempts to interpret the life of one of the most famous saints of the Christian Church by the light of psychology rather than by that of theology. "I have tried," says Mr. McCabe, "to exhibit the development of Augustine as an orderly mental and moral growth, and to present it in harmonious relation to the many other interesting figures and groups on the broad canvas of his age."

The German Revolution of 1849. By Charles W. Dahlinger.

Mr. Dahlinger gives an account of the final struggle, in Baden, for the maintenance of Germany's first national representative government. In presenting the narrative of Germany's mid-century upheaval, the writer has had the advan-

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tage of deriving many of his facts from his father and from friends who were participants in the struggle.

The Education of Christ. By W. R. Ramsay, D.C.L.

The author of this little volume is Professor of Humanity in Aberdeen University, and some of the chapters have previously served as material for lectures which Professor Ramsay has delivered at Aberdeen and at the Royal Geographical Society in London.

The Egregious English. By Angus McNeil.

The publishers describe this as "a vigorous and amusing national counterthrust at *The Unspeakable Scot.*" "As an easy-going, entirely confident, imperturbable piece of arrogance," says the author, "the Englishman has certainly no mammalian compeer. Even in the blackest of his troubles, he perceives that he is great." A notice of this book appears under "Chronicle and Comment" of the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Riggs Printing and Publishing Company:

Crœsus and Ione. By Charlotte Elizabeth Wells.

A drama in four acts, published in pamphlet form.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Pontius Pilate. Saint Ronan of Brittany. Théophile. Three plays in verse. By Henry Copley Greene.

Scribner's Sons:

Nova Solyma, or Jerusalem Regained. Two Volumes.

"An anonymous romance written in the time of Charles I. Now first drawn from obscurity, and attributed to the illustrious John Milton." The volumes contain an introduction, translation, literary essays, and a bibliography by the Rev. Walter Begley.

The Great Marquess. Life and Times of Archibald, Eighth Earl and First (and only) Marquess of Argyll (1607-1661). By John Willcock, B.D.

"The title of 'The Great Marquess' is one," says the Preface, "which has been applied both to the subject of the following biography and to his rival Montrose. . . . Those, therefore, who may have been accustomed to think of Montrose as 'The Great Marquess,' and have now this volume in their hands, are asked to read it with an open mind, and only to come to a final decision as to whether the claim put forward for Argyll's right to the title is valid after they have perused the story of his life."

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esquire. Edited by Lord Braybrook.

The publishers have imported a beautiful edition of this "Diary," bound in limp leather, which contains a full-length portrait of Pepys. The diary was begun in 1659, and the last entry bears the date, May 31st, 1669.

Hesperides; or, Works Both Human and Divine. By Robert Herrick. Together with His Noble Numbers or His Pious Pieces. Two Volumes.

These little volumes are also imported, bound in limp leather, and belong to the Caxton Series of illustrated reprints of famous classics.

The Poetry of George Wither. Edited by Frank Sidgwick. Two Volumes.

Volume I. contains a lengthy biographical introduction, and the editor says: "If it be objected that the biography allots too much space to the consideration of the poet's early life, my defence must be that the poetry of Wither, with which this edition is concerned, was written before 1622; hence the apparent lack of proportion." The volumes, which belong to the Muses Library Series, are imported.

Glimpses of Tennyson and of Some of His Relations and Friends. With an Appendix by the late Bertram Tennyson.

An imported book, which should prove of considerable interest to lovers of Tennyson. The book is divided into four parts: "Tennysons and Sellwoods," "Freshwater Days," "Some Isle of Wight Friends of the Inner Circle," and "Talks With Tennyson."

Agnosticism. By Robert Flint.

A history of agnosticism, by Dr. Flint, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Palermo, and Professor in the University of Edinburgh.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Barnas Sears, A Christian Educator. By Alvah Hovey, D.D., LL.D.

This life of the well-known theologian and educational leader is written by his pupil and life-long friend. The book is illustrated with portraits of Dr. Sears at different stages of his life, portraits of his family and views of his various homes.

Standard Power Company:

Continuous Power the Natural Result of Converting Heat into Work. In an Insulated Expansion Engine at Temperatures Below the Normal of the Atmosphere. By J. F. Place.

The long and complete title describes the contents of this book.

White and Company:

The Derby Anniversary Calendar. Compiled and Edited by George Derby.

The compiler of this little volume has

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collected six thousand noteworthy dates and birthdays in American history and biography, and has assorted them according to the days of the year, each day occupying a page of the book.

Young and Company:

The Art of Disappearing. By John Talbot Smith.

The publishers give six reasons why this novel should be read; one of them is that the author is a Roman Catholic priest, and another is "that its treatment of such matters as the much talked-of Anglo-American alliance, the sentimental description of election issues in New York City, the mingled satire," etc., etc., "really make the book a novelist's novel."

The Rose and the Sheepskin. By Joseph Gordian Daley.

A story of student days at St. Urban's, a Roman Catholic college. It is a tale of to-day, and the scenes are laid in the vicinity of New York City.

BOSTON, MASS.

American Unitarian Association:

Unitarianism in America. By George Willis Cooke.

Mr. Cooke has written a history of the origin of Unitarianism in the United States, how it has organised itself, and what it has accomplished.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

The Captain. By Churchill Williams.

A new novel by the author of *J. Devlin, Boss.* The present story is a romance dealing with life on the eve of the Civil War and during it. Most of the personages of the story come from south of Mason and Dixon's line. The "Captain" is General Grant himself.

The Life Within.

A new Christian Science novel, by an anonymous author, whom the publishers describe as "a trained writer of reputation." The book has a plot in spite of the fact that the author is wrestling with spiritual problems.

Page and Company:

The Philadelphians. By Katharine Bingham.

This story first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* It is a slight story, written in the first person, giving pleasantly and lightly a New York woman's views of Philadelphians.

Sanborn and Company:

Recent European History. 1789-1900. By George Emory Fellows, Ph.D., LL.D.

In his preface, the author says that he has made no attempt to give details of battles or wars, as they in themselves are of little interest except to the military student, while their causes, general character and political results are of universal importance. Prominence has been given to England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Spain, while Russia has been treated but briefly, as her internal political life is but slightly developed or known.

Turner and Company:

Greek and Roman Stoicism and Some of its Disciples. By Charles H. Stanley Davis, M.D., Ph.D.

The author has made selections from Epictetus, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, and he has given in a condensed form the teachings of ancient philosophy as applied to the problem of human existence. Dr. Davis is known to Egyptologists as the editor of *Biblia,* the official organ of the Egypt and Palestine Exploration Funds. He is also a member of many learned societies in Paris, Great Britain and America.

West Company:

Loyal Traitors. By Raymond L. Bridgman.

The publishers say of this "story of friendship for the Filipinos": "If in its dramatic representations of deeds in the Philippines the story is, in a sense, a terrible story, it is terrible only as history is terrible; it is terrible only as *A Tale of Two Cities* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is terrible. With both of those stories it will perhaps not fail to be classed."

LONDON, ENG.

Allen:

Man's Position in the Universe: A Rough Survey. By W. Sedgwick.

The author claims that his method of handling this subject is the right one.

Bell:

Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.
Frederic Lord Leighton. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D.
Holman Hunt. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D.
Greuze. By Harold Armitage.

These are small and attractive volumes, containing illustrations of the painters' masterpieces.

Sampson Low, Marston and Company:

Rex Regum. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., F.S.A.

A painter's study of the likeness of Christ from the time of the Apostles to the present day, by the President of the Royal Society of British Artists. The book is dedicated to "Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen Empress."

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LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Bell, Howard Wilford:

Quatrains from Omar Khayyam. Done into English by F. York Powell.

A note on Omar serves as an introduction to these Quatrains. In this note it is said that the quatrains were turned into English on the familiar model from M. Nicholas and Mr. Justin McCarthy's versions, for the pleasure of a friend, of whose kindness they form but an inadequate acknowledgment. They were first printed in the *Pageant*, 1897, at the instance of its editor, Mr. Gleeson White.

Some Impressions of Oxford. By Paul Bourget.

M. C. Warrilow has done this little book into English, and Mr. Edmund H. New has made the drawings which accompany it.

The American Invaders. Their Plans, Tactics and Progress. By Fred A. McKenzie.

The greater part of this book, which is not attractive in binding nor in printing, appeared in the London *Daily Mail*. The serial issue, it is understood, brought forth a large number of interesting letters from British manufacturers and workingmen.

All's Well. Being Optimistic Thoughts from the Writings of Robert Browning. Selected by Graham Hope.

A small book, whose sub-title describes very well its contents.

A Typical American. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Translated from the French of Th. Bentzon. By E. M. Waller.

Madame Bentzon's appreciation, originally published in the *Revue des deux Mondes* in June, 1901.

Fulbeck. A Pastoral. By J. Walter West, A.R.W.S. With illustrations by the Author.

A small book, a short poem and twelve illustrations.

University Magazines and Their Makers. By Harry Currie Marillier.

A paper read before the Sette of Odd Volumes, and dedicated to Sir Ernest Clarke, President of Ye Sette of Odd Volumes, 1898-99. The magazines referred to have been published by Oxford and Cambridge universities.

Father Damien. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Number One of the Bibliophile Series. Stevenson's scathing open letter to the Rev. C. M. Hyde, in defence of the memory of Father Damien. There is also a chapter on Stevenson's philosophy of life, and photographs of Stevenson, with James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "On a Youthful Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Pensées from the Journal Intime of Henri-Frédéric Amiel. Arranged by D. K. Petano.

The thoughts and personal journal of Amiel, preceded by the study of the man and his work, written by Paul Bourget.

Farther North than Nansen. Being the Voyage of the *Polar Star*. By H. R. H. The Duke of the Abruzzi.

An interesting description of a voyage of exploration. The author says that he received advice from Nansen, which enabled him to settle definitely the plan for an expedition to the Pole, the plan being to make Franz Josef Land a base, and then advance over the ice in sledges drawn by dogs. The scientific material was granted by the Administration of the Marines, and victuals were supplied in hermetically closed boxes.

CHICAGO, ILL.

House of the Blue Sky Press:

The Morning Road. A Book of Verses. By Thomas Wood Stevens and Alden Charles Noble.

A volume of verse, printed on Japan vellum, with a decorative title page.

Seymour:

Ceres and Persephone. A Child Play. By Maud Menefee. With the Hymn to Demeter. Translated by Andrew Lang.

A play in verse, which has grown out of the study of the Greek Myths with a group of children. It gathers up the main points of the Demeter Myth as found in Homer and Ovid, and re-embodies, for the most part, the vision of the Earth mourning her lost child, the Spring.

Thompson:

The Proofs of Life After Death. A Twentieth Century Symposium. By Robert J. Thompson.

The author is an *officier* of the Legion of Honour of France, and late special envoy of the United States to the President of the French Republic. The title page describes this book as an assembly and collation of letters and expressions from eminent scientists and thinkers of the world, giving the strongest and best reasons known to the world to-day, as substantial evidence of the continued existence of the soul after death. The volume is arranged under the several heads of Science, Psychical Research, Philosophy and Spiritualism, with a contribution on "Immortality from New Standpoints."

ALBANY, N. Y.

Munsell:

Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi, by Cavelier, St. Cosme, Le Sueur, Gravier

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and Guignas. With an Introduction, Notes and an Index by John Gilmary Shea.

The first edition of this book was published in 1861, and the present edition of five hundred copies has been reprinted for Joseph McDonough of Albany. The narratives collected herein form a sequel to those accounts already published of the explorations under Marquette and La Salle, and refer chiefly to the permanent French occupation of the Lower Mississippi.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Friedenwald Company:

Hebraisms in the Authorised Version of the Bible. By William Rosenau, Ph.D.

This investigation contains an examination of the Hebrew influence on the language of the Authorised Version. The subject was suggested to the author by Professor Paul Haupt in the autumn of 1894.

DETROIT, MICH.

Sprague Publishing Company:

On the Field of Honour. By Annah Robinson Watson.

Stories of young American heroes. being the second of the series of books for American boys. Mrs. Watson is a Southerner, and is the author of a book of verse called *Passion Flowers.*

CLEVELAND, O.

Clark Company:

Historic Highways of America. Volume III. Washington's Road (Nemacolin's Path). The First Chapter of the Old French War. Bv Archer Butler Hulbert.

A series of monographs on the history of America as portrayed in the evolution of its highways of War, Commerce and Social Expansion.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Strong:

The New Heaven. By William Strong.

"This little book," says the author, "has been written and published under the inspiration and guidance of the spirit world." He further says that "he has been in almost constant communication with the angels."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Under the Rose. By Frederic S. Isham.

A romantic love story, by the author of *The Strollers,* with kings and queens, and the usual trappings which go to make up a story of this character. Mr. Howard Chandler Christy has made the illustrations for the story.

Civil War Times. By Daniel Wait Howe.

Mr. Howe has written this narrative history from the standpoint of personal recollection, as well as with the authority of other writers. He has also drawn largely upon his diary written during the campaign. It will be remembered that he wrote *The Puritan Republic.*

What Manner of Man. By Edna Kenton.

A new novel by a new author. The man in question is endowed with the artistic temperament, and that quality alone has given the author an abundance of material for her story of "character and emotions."

MANCHESTER, N. H.

New Hampshire Publishing Corporation:

Soltaire. By George Franklyn Willey.

A novel which the author calls a romance of the Willey Slide and the White Mountains. Mr. Willey has been from childhood familiar with the White Mountain region, and he has put into his story something both of tradition and conjecture.

PRINCETON, N. J.

Princeton University:

Academic Honours in Princeton University. 1748-1902. Compiled and Edited by John Rogers Williams.

This volume contains a list of the Latin and English Salutatorians, Valedictorians, Honour Men, Junior Orators, Lynde Debaters, Prize Men, Fellows, First Group Men and University Debaters, from the first Commencement in 1748 until the present day. This is something that we believe is unique in the history of University publications.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Wilson Printing Company:

The Man with the Branded Hand. By Frank Edward Kittredge.

A sketch of the life and services of Captain Jonathan Walker, with portraits and illustrations, and a brief history of the Douglass Monument.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

California Promotion Committee:

San Francisco and Thereabout. By Charles Keeler.

An illustrated book of local interest. The author gives brief pictures of the past of San Francisco, of the days of the Spanish missions and of the pioneer days. A chapter is devoted to the bonanza and railroad kings, and the remainder of the book describes San Francisco as it is to-day.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30th, 1902.

This report contains maps and other illustrations.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Young Churchman Company:

Some Features of the Faith. By John Arthur Shaw, M.A.

A popular discussion of certain points of Christian doctrine, by the author of *Some Phases of Clerical Life, The Parson in the World* and *Choosing a Bishop.*

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between January and February, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK DOWNTOWN.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Henchman. Luther. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. John Ermine. Remington. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Tree. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
2. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
3. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Gabriel Tolliver. Harris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Up from Georgia. Stanton. (Appleton.) $1.20.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lavender and Old Lace. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
5. Danny. Oliphant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
4. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.00.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Hale's Memories. Hale. (Macmillan.) $5.00 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.00.
4. Twenty-six Historic Ships. Hill. (Putnam.) $3.50 net.
5. Three Years War. De Wet. (Scribner.) $2.50 net.
6. Donna Diana. Fagot. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) 75 cents.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.08.
4. The Shadow of the Czar. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.08.
5. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.08.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.08.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Ben Hur. Wallace. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Gods Out of Doors. Quayle. (Jennings & Pye.) $1.75.
6. Writings of John James Ingalls. Ingalls. (Hudson & Kimberly.) $2.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Love Story of Abner Stone. Litsey. (Barnes.) $1.20 net.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
6. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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2. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spy Company. Gunter. (Home Publishing Co.) 50 cents.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Son of a Fiddler. Lee. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Danny. Oliphant. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Bridge of the Gods. Balch. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Roger Drake. Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Francezka. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Emmy Lou. Martin. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. John Ermine. Remington. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Seedy Gentleman. Robertson. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
2. The Cynic's Calendar. Mizner. (Elder & Shepard.) 75 cents, net.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) $1.50.
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
6. Thoroughbreds. Fraser. (Morang.) $1.50.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Love and the Soul Hunters. Hobbes. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50.
4. The Splendid Idle Forties. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Francezka. Seawell. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. A Doffed Coronet. Anon. (Harper.) $2.25.
4. Out of Gloucester. Connolly. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list			receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	188
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	168
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	135
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50	110
5. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50	56
6. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	50

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